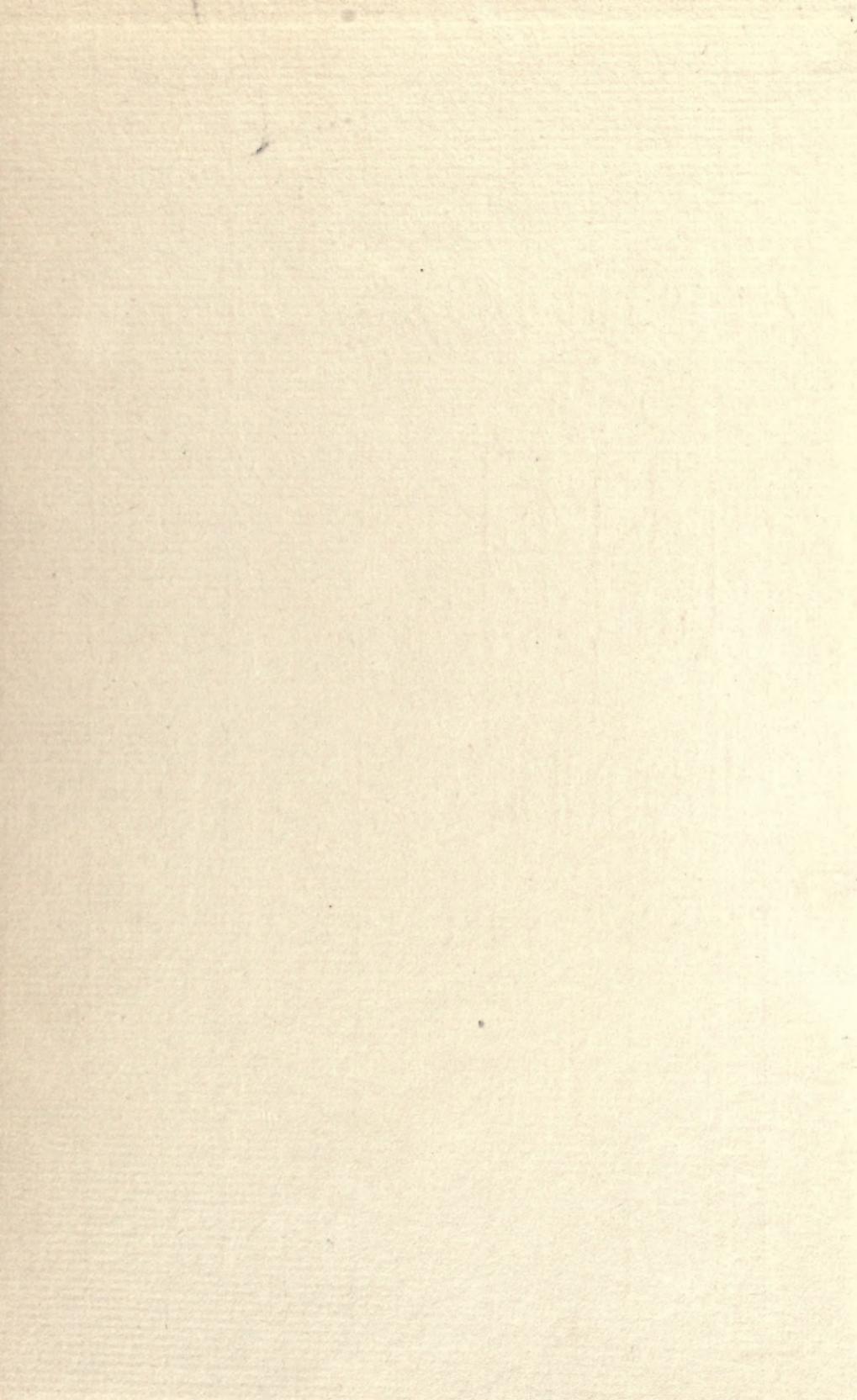


ALICE · WESTON · SMITH

1868 — 1908

LETTERS







ALICE WESTON SMITH

ALICE WESTON SMITH

1868-1908

LETTERS TO HER FRIENDS AND SELECTIONS
FROM HER NOTE-BOOKS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
RT. REV. C. H. BRENT, D.D.
BISHOP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

*"HE MAKETH HIS MINISTERS
A FLAME OF FIRE"*

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION AMONG THOSE
WHO KNEW AND LOVED HER



ADDISON C. GETCHELL & SON
P R I N T E R S
BOSTON

ALICE WESTON SMITH, An Interpretation.

Neither the face nor the manner of an invalid greeted me when I was first ushered into the presence of Alice Weston Smith. Her appearance was that of subdued strength, power in repose. Dark eyes full of sparkle and understanding met mine, firm, sensitive lips broke into a smile, a mellow voice rang out a welcome with the music of health in its tones, as a hand more like that of a worker than of a sufferer grasped my own. Save for the pillows among which she was couched there was nothing about her to indicate physical weakness, and her room, which seemed part of her personality, wore the same wholesome mien that characterized herself.

It was the hope that I might perhaps bring cheer to an invalid which moved me to seek her bedside. The first few minutes with her dispelled my illusion. In place of weakness, I found strength; instead of an appeal for consolation, I met a spiritual and intellectual challenge. I went to her bent on carrying a blessing; I left her after receiving the gift I had thought to bestow. I went expecting to form an acquaintance; I left with the consciousness that she had no lesser offering to make than friendship.

It was not my privilege to see much of her. A distant part of the world soon claimed me. Yet we had met often enough to form a tie that defied space and time. For this reason, perhaps, I, one of her later friends, have been chosen to write these prefatory words to her letters.

A short-sighted realist would probably say that the dominant note of her life was its pain and invalidism.

Those of us who knew her are aware that it is as little just to think thus of her as it would be of Robert Louis Stevenson. Both of them learned that the secret of health consisted chiefly in power to do without it. In thinking of a victorious general one does not contemplate his endurance of hardship except as belonging to the texture of a triumphant career. So why talk much about the sufferings of our friend? It was not a subject which often troubled her lips. It is symptomatic of defeat for a sufferer to enlarge upon his condition except to the doctor. Silence on the subject, not from Spartan suppression, but because mind and heart are full of outside interests and schemes and sympathies clamoring for utterance, is an index of victory. The selfish sufferer is fluent on the subject of his symptoms and pains, the stoical sufferer is dumb, the triumphant sufferer is eloquent on the lights and shadows of that big pulsating thing called human life. The defeated sufferer cuts himself off from the activities of men, the victorious sufferer identifies himself with them — "I am man; naught that touches humanity is alien to me."

She was no tame servant of pain. Suffering was her throne and sceptre. She was on high adventure bent, not on the acquisition of that un-Christian fatalism termed resignation. Her understanding of the meaning of the Cross was right. Because of what she had to bear, she was more rather than less fiery in spirit, her sympathies were broadened rather than straitened, her joyousness quickened rather than enfeebled. She did not hang upon her cross; she took it up daily and carried it, according to the commandment.

She shared her birthday (the 10th of November, 1868) with Shelley and Luther, and they shared with her the

poet's imagination and the prophet's faith. From early youth she had the physical handicap of a delicate body. But those who have best reason to know say that it did not fetter her spirit or stunt her character. Her childhood was joyous in a singularly happy home. During the period in which her girl's nature was mounting into womanhood she advanced steadily into the far recesses of that kingdom of pain from whence there was no retreat and where the throne was set from which she was to rule. It was a saying of hers, twinkling with the fun that was a symbol of her bubbling joyousness,— "I never found my feet until I put them up."

Then began her many years of shut-in life. When the doors were closed all the world was shut in with her. The wind and the sky, the patter of the rain and the sunshine's golden flood, gave her their confidences and in turn received hers. As for the stars, they sang her many a merry song when sleep denied his soothing touch. The birds chose her for a friend and were glad of it. Men bearing the burden of the world's work were among her intimates and received as well as gave counsel. Mourners weighted with sorrow felt for her hand and at its touch bore their grief worthily. Gifted women found their ability stimulated and freshened after looking into her luminous eyes and listening to the rich flow of thought, which was always ready to utter itself in response to the attraction of congenial personality.

Her clear intellect was not content to dwell in the region of abstractions. She was eager to know and quick to interpret human society and its movements in which she claimed place and part. Had her willing soul been clothed with a less fragile body she would have

An empty vesture. Let resounding lives
Re-echo splendidly through high-piled vaults
And make the grave their spokesman — such as she
Are as the hidden streams that, underground,
Sweeten the pastures for the grazing kine,
Or as spring airs that bring through prison bars
The scent of freedom.

Well-nigh forty years passed, and still she lived and loved. A lesser soul would have yielded to the solicitations of Death sooner than she. She made no pact with him. She saw and lived the whole of life, nor was afraid. Toward the last a dark cloud hid her from herself and us. She was draining the last dregs of the cup behind a veil. On the 5th of July, 1908, she was restored to the light, though not to us, for God took her.

We inscribe over her and the great company of whom she is not the least member, *Gloria victis!* which, I suppose, means, Blessed are the vanquished, for they shall be victorious.

C. H. BRENT.

BY SARAH WHITMAN.

O little Pilgrim in a narrow Room,
How wide thy windows open to the Sky !
What signs and portents in thy chamber loom,
What distant wonders yet drift closely by !

'Tis there that friends bring hearts and birds make song ;
There books lie open and there thought breathes free ;
There Time and Nature in an endless tryst
Speak of the truths which live eternally.

'Tis there that memory shines and hope aspires,
There breathes the faith born of the living will,
And there contentment finds its shining powers
In listening to the message, " Peace, be still."

O little Pilgrim in a narrow Room,
'Tis there, with thee, the flowers are all in bloom.

LETTERS

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

10 CLARGES STREET, LONDON,
Wednesday, June 23rd.

My Dear Bessie,

We reached London late in the afternoon of Monday and yesterday we all went to Baring's hoping, yet far from expecting, letters. What was my surprise and pleasure when I found six—all friendly looking and with a home-like expression almost equal to a smile. Two of them were from you and so, for once at least, my duty and pleasure are one. To begin then, but where can I begin? Well, (added at Miss Ireland's special request) we landed very early on Sunday morning after a tedious but not unpleasant voyage and went that same day to Chester in time to go to the Cathedral for afternoon service. I won't attempt to describe anything—the poverty of language is too great and I should get myself into a dreadful muddle. We have dragged round three Duke's places and explored ruins and churches until we have exhausted most of our strength and shoe leather. The walls round the dearest of towns (*i.e.*, Chester) are most interesting and I feel quite "up" now in Roman buildings but my "up" you know was always rather superficial. We stayed in Chester for four days and then started for Rowsley, Derbyshire, where we "turned in" (an innocent bit of steamboat slang) at the "Peacock" and a prettier old Inn and a more beautiful country I never expect to see. In fact I have become a decided Anglomaniac—that is I am a sincere admirer of the country itself. The travelling is very slow and would be stupid—were it not that its very newness is interesting. In going from Chester to Rowsley—the shortest distance

in the world—we were almost five hours and had to change actually five times—at each station hunting up our bags, “boxes” and various parcels. Getting to London was not quite so bad but I was cross all the way at leaving Derbyshire which of all places—but I’ve said that, haven’t I? Well, when we reached London I no longer regretted the hills and the woods. It is a worldly paradise and the sun—the real bright-faced American sun—has driven the smoke and clouds (if they are not entirely mythical) away for our express benefit. Green Park which reminds me strangely of our own Common is a perfect garden and nature not only smiles but grins upon us. Only a few moments after our arrival we went to Fortnum and Mason’s (mentioned you remember in Pendennis) and bought candy to our heart’s desire—then came home, eat a disgracefully large dinner and put on our best gowns (frocks I should say) and went to the theatre. I like the English way (of course!)—I like the boxes, the stalls and the dressing but oh the women! In America they would be used simply to scare crows with, but here they are bedecked in silks, diamonds and ostrich plumes and called beauties. The men are superb but the ladies are a lot of high-shouldered, big-footed, big-handed (perhaps big-hearted) awkward things. This isn’t malice I assure you, but just a vent for my disappointment. I wanted to find them high-bred looking at least—but I didn’t. Yesterday we went to the tower and were shown about by the Beef-eaters—they look so fat and jolly that I longed to be one—there is more in the armouries there than one could look at in a lifetime—at least any but that of Methuselah. We have just got back from a meet of four-in-hands in

Hyde Park. Every one must have been there. Tonight we go to see Mrs. Langtry in the "Lady of Lyons" and I intend to enjoy myself. Dear Bessie, I begin to be appalled at the length of my letter but when I once get talking — even through the chilling medium of pen and ink — I can't stop. It doesn't seem as though I had only been ten days in England — I have seen so much including (you are a Wordsworth maniac are you not) the river Dove. We saw too the Sands of Dee but Mary or some one had already driven the cattle home. When you see Dora give her my kindest respects (is that proper?) for honestly I think of you all a great, great deal and wish you were here. I should have enjoyed King Charles' tower at Chester and his armor here, a great deal more if I had only had you to argue with. I am very angry with you about the German for I have not had a second to look at mine. There, tearing off the sheet seems to have been a necessary precaution.

Yours as always,

A. W. SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

MALVERN, WORCESTERSHIRE,
Saturday, July 3rd.

My dearest Bessie,

What a good girl you are to write me so often. I received your fourth letter yesterday and this is only my second to you — well, I am a traveller and must be forgiven for seeming neglect, which is really only lack of opportunity. We reached this most delightful of places yesterday and are already at home here (living in our trunks as we do, it does not take us long to settle). It

is a most romantically situated place half up a hill from whose summit one can see thirteen counties (it is too steep to be climbed by the human donkey — but four-legged ones, mules and ponies can be found along the winding roadside and hired for sixpence) and behind us we have a superb view down a steep valley and across a long stretch of beautiful country to the Welsh hills. Behind us and so close that it has a private door into the hotel and casts a great shadow over our lawn is the Abbey Church — a great handsome stone building very much like Chester Cathedral full of the oldest and most interesting things — but there I have made an oath never to turn guide-book and have to keep strict watch upon myself in consequence. Since I wrote you last we have spent a week in that earthly paradise, London, and four days in Leamington, from where we drove to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Guy's Clyff. Can you imagine being eight miles from Stratford-on-Avon and yet not visiting it? but it was very hot all the time and we were none of us well. On the way here the train stopped ten minutes at the station but even for Shakespeare's sake we dared not venture into the boiling sun. We changed trains at Worcester, saw the Cathedral rising over the town and thought of poor Charles (not of course in connection with the minster however). We have also changed places at Rugby and I was disappointed to find it only a big town with a noisy station after all. It must have been pleasanter in Tom's time when there was nothing but a coach. We go back to London in a week and shall probably go down the Wye visiting Raglan Castle and the Cathedrals at Hereford and Gloucester on our way, but our plans are very unsettled as yet and it is too hot for much travelling. By

the way, the week we spent in London was one of the pleasantest in my life and we had most delightful weather — not a bit of fog or smoke or rain. As it was still the season (by the way I believe the G.O.M. dissolved parliament on purpose to spite me) the Park, theatre and streets were full of fashionables which added much to the gaiety of the scene. We went to the theatre three or four times and the evening we passed at the Criterion, Mr. Wyndham, who was acting in "Wild Oats" sent for papa between the acts and invited us all up the river to spend the day at his place as soon as we got back. We have also been invited to dine with a "Fellow" at Oxford. As far as England is concerned I am an Anglomaniac but when the time comes I shall be content to come home and settle down to my very neglected German. Isn't this a fearfully long letter?

Your loving friend,
A. W. SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

WESTON, Tuesday, July 23.

My dear Bessie,

I have just been struggling with my accounts so that my mind is hardly above summer squash, and Dickson and Anstiss and Jim Storrow are coming out tomorrow to stay so that everything I want for six or seven meals ought to be ordered today — even then the livery man may stroll up a few minutes before supper to say, casually, that he can't get that salmon I ordered (as he did last Saturday) or the butcher remark, with a gentle by-the-way, that he can't let me have those 'ere chickens today — can give them to me Tuesday if I like — however, avaunt house-keeping cares — for a few moments at least.

Paulina has just interrupted me to insist on my admiring a boy doll she is attiring for the Hindoo, and really you never saw anything more cunning or realistic from his gauze flannels up! She expends all her superfluous thought and energy on a succession of these charitable dolls while I sit by and try to discourage her by quoting lines to prove that "except a shell — a bangle rare — a feather here — a feather there — the South Pacific negroes wear — their native nothingness" and of course like their dolls to do the same. However I am regarded with scorn as a scoffer and a secret foe to Foreign Missions.

I have just finished "Diana of the Crossways" and have fallen in love with her and the book. I like it so very much that I hardly like to begin another and am resting on my oars. However when I *do* decide to read another which shall it be? What are *your* favorites?

I don't think I can ever thank you for overcoming my idiotic prejudice and introducing me to Meredith — "Meredith to *you* my dear," as Elinor Curtis would say, who is never tired of correcting me on the above little slip. Honestly though did you coax me into reading the "Egoist" — (by telling me I was like Clara) simply to make me ashamed of that theory I once broached to you as to what sort of a woman I should want if I were a man? Well, if I were a man — I should take that all back and marry a woman like Diana Merion if I could find one and she would have me — husband and lovers thrown in and a prize in every package! I am just finishing "Maria Stuart" with Paulina — reading "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Deutsche Liebe" on my own account — getting through Müller's "Political History of Modern Times" and the old "Pickwick Papers" in the bosom of my family besides reading to myself the "Life of Thomas Arnold," Erckmann-Chatrian's "Waterloo," Mrs. Oliphant's "Squire Arden," and "Castle Daly" — so you see with my housekeeping, daily struggles with Dante, driving, idling, napping and pets, my days are so full that I even begrudge the precious minutes callers take and long letters are out of the question (do I hear you murmur that you only wish they were?) — even if I had anything to say.

I have heard from Bessie F. who has gone to York and I have actually received an epistle from — — ! — and an invitation to — — — declined. I have just now written another "declination" — Mrs. Carlyle to the fore — to visit my dear — — at — — and I begin to feel a trifle ungracious all round. I told you, didn't I, how the indignant Elinor made her way *out* here and *up* here, unexpectedly, to demand the reason of my cold and

strange behavior? I enjoyed the dear thing beyond measure and we found so much to say we had to throw in nights and all.

You always answer well — like a duck — to

Yours as ever,

A. W. S.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

WESTON, Friday.

My dear Bessie,

How kind you are and how misguided! Why if you had me to visit you, you would cease to like me I'm sure! Such a hateful, sickly homesick guest as I make — you are just as sweet and dear tho' to ask me . . .

At last I have succeeded in getting "Rhoda Fleming" and am keeping and saving it like raisins to the very last — a chapter after so many pages in my solid books of which I seem to have the greatest number always going. They accuse me of retiring to lie down with seven books, a block and a dictionary — they don't know that I always take refuge in the most frivolous.

Last week however we had quite a gay week for us — Elinor spent Saturday and Sunday — Dickson came out several times and Dorr made us a visit of two or three days on his way West, and took Paulina and me for a four hours' row on the Charles River — of which, perhaps, you have sometime heard. Do you know what a lovely river it is near Riverview and Riverside? and the woods so full and green as they are now? I think it is much lovelier than the York about which

half-starved dwellers in the Marshall House make such a to-do!

Then we found a couple of great bends in the river just white with pond-lilies and spent a long time over them and brought home a great armful. What fun it is picking them — they have stems like hat-elastic — and we stuck in the pads and Paulina made jumps and nearly capsized us over each of hers and we lost our oars — and eat hideous Waltham chocolate creams and nothing broke the stillness of the primeval forest-shadowed spot but the squealing of an infuriated pig and a concealed hand-organ which was grinding out that novel air “the last rose of summer.” I have lots to do and the end of my paper as well as my conscience tell me it is high time to stop. If I can’t get “Beauchamp’s Career” which shall I read? and what next?

Yours as ever,
A. W. S.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

Wednesday.

My dear Elizabeth,

I was just on the eve of writing you, to apologize for my long silence, when I received your letter. I was very glad to hear altho' it filled me with some unpleasant sensations and remorse. However I *have* been at Manchester for a week and since I got back Weston has done its best to frivole itself into dissipation. There have been tennis-parties, tournaments, archery, church-fairs, barn-parties etc. — in the mildest of which I mildly join, rather against my will, and the last ripples of which rather disturb that calm spot of water in which I have

seen fit to anchor. Youth are continually dropping in to get Paulina for tennis (that worst kind of eighteen year old youth who is too shy to converse and much too shy to get away) or well meaning but tactless ladies to see if I am *sure* I won't come to a dance in the town-hall—a little dance— Young women as I told you before are very scarce in this part of the country and have to be imported on great occasions.

Then before I went to Elinor I was hardly fit to do more than crawl round and lose my temper—a feat I find I am able to accomplish when all else fails. There "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*" but I hope you will forgive me. Enter Paulina with a fat letter from Lucia F. whom I ought to have written long ago. My soul cleaveth unto the dust.

What a lucky girl you are to be able to survey whole lines of Meredith on your bookshelves while the rest of us hang about libraries hoping against hope to find him in at last— sign our names at the foot of a long list of other aspirants and return empty. However I shan't encroach on your kindness so far as to borrow but wait till my turn comes round at the Athenæum for "Richard Feveril" which I have been after all this time. However it is as well to take them slowly I think. The last I read was "Beauchamp's Career" and tho' I liked it the least of all when I began, I got to like it more and more—and now after chewing the cud of it all these weeks I put it way up almost above "Rhoda" and next to "Diana." How they stay by you, don't they? I mean the story and the characters — long after you have forgotten the name and the plot of the mere novel you read yesterday—and his women, like Renée for instance, who, while you read it, seem so delicately drawn

as to be shadowy stand out so clear — become real people to you afterwards. Isn't she fascinating? I wish she didn't slip back so mysteriously into the darkness without a word. Cecilia too — who is so fine tho' more comprehensible. As for Jenny I cared for her the least of all and understood her the best — but I wonder you don't like it more: Nevil was such an earnest, loyal, dear boy! and his uncle Romfrey is such an interesting character. You say you have no "go ahead" in you and add a "by-the-way" about a history course at the Annex that takes my breath away. I shall study Italian by my own unaided light at home next winter but shall attempt nothing outside but the concert and perhaps fencing — a fashionable form of gymnastics for which I feel a natural bent.

Dickson is staying with us for the next few weeks — Anstiss being at Mattapoisett — and has made himself very useful about our Rehearsal tickets — but he eats so much that my housekeeping outlook is a trifle depressing.

Uncle Melly landed in New York yesterday and we expect him today so that we are in a good deal of excitement. It seems as tho' he had been gone a year. I ought to stop and sign myself

Yours as ever,

A. W. SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

(Oct.)

My dearest Bessie,

I have just packed up "Richard Feveril" and I hope he will reach you safely. One of his corners was a little bit jammed in coming and I don't know how to forgive

myself for letting you send him. I enjoyed the book beyond measure and the tragedy was so much less grievous a one than I had expected that it was a relief to me. Fanny Curtis—who had not read it—told me that the father threw the son into every horrible temptation and that he sunk under them which is not true at all—indeed the whole book does not seem to be indecent at all—what mistaken notions people get! It strikes me as the cleverest one I have yet read. What one shall I read next, please? Uncle Melly has got home and promises to get me anyone out of his own particular library which is so secluded that the Meredith fever has not reached it.

When do you come town-wards? I hope we shan't leave this delightful spot till November. It is a perfect wonder of crimson browns now and all the marshes and meadows look like Persian rugs.

Dickson has just argued his first jury case in which he was senior-counsel (the cent having come down head upwards) and won it straight, to the great wonder of every one. We are doubly proud because — — lost it last year with better evidence, ten to two against him. I ought to go and tell my excited cook what we want for dinner.

Yours very lovingly,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

Dated from my bed
On this Thursday
The second of October
In the year of our Lord 1890.

My dearest Bessie,

I should have answered your pathetic letter at once only I was on my last legs when I received it and all yesterday lay in the dark with my head tied up in a wet towel like a studious little Harvard student! Today I am somewhat more rugged and hope to rally in time to go and lunch with my dear Mrs. Higginson. By the way, my dear, you are not to be uneasy about me whether you hear or don't hear, for tho' my pains and troubles increase rather than diminish I begin to feel stronger morally, mentally and physically than I have during the summer and more able to cope with them. As I tell Dr. Mason, what can't a person rally under with a steady pulse, splendid constitution and iron nerve such as I enjoy?

Jim Storrow passed last Sunday with us and we had a most delightful day and for me a most active one! You remember what delicious weather it was— just cold enough to make everything look sparkling and with just enough cloud to take off from the inanity of a perfectly clear sky! The Higginsons asked all five of us to drive with them to Coffin's Beach and at ten two carriage loads of us started out—I in the place of honor beside Mr. Higginson and behind his own particular span. It takes nearly two hours from here and two hours back—going by the Gloucester way and returning via Essex thro' the most beautiful wooded wild

varied country you ever saw — meadows green as spring on one side and crimson marshes on the others — the hectic flush of the dying year (which is quite a romantic sentence for me, isn't it?) and great arches of barberry etc. etc. Have you ever been to Coffin's Beach I wonder? If you have, description would seem inadequate and if you haven't no description could give you the least idea of the grandeur of it. It's an immense curve of three or four miles, I should say, and for a mile or more inward there are immense rolling changing dunes of the whitest, finest sand you ever saw! — precisely like powdered sugar to a house-keeping eye. These are partly overgrown with coarse marsh grasses that rattle when the wind blows thro' them and are usually buried in sand before their death. Sunday there was an attempt at a north-east gale out at sea and the tide was high and breaking all along the beach and the sandbar beyond with a savage roar and foam and hiss. — I never saw anything so splendid or so pitiless — the sea almost black broken into white and all against a sky of the serenest blue. You don't know what a magnificent picture it made standing back so as to see it framed between two rolling sand hills! — broken white or feathery with grasses.

I saw Sarah Thayer the other day (she was visiting the Putnams) and she told me that Dora was at that moment either in Concord or gone to pass the day at Coffin's Beach. It must be a source of unfailing delight to a person of artistic leanings like Dora — indeed Dr. Emerson has painted it so much that now he has built himself a little house among the dunes where he and his wife pass months. Mrs. Higginson described bringing them a pair of chickens once and being received —

and her gift more especially with tears of delight — Mrs. Emerson had been too sick to be left alone and they could get nothing to eat and were half starved to death. I mean to get that new novel of Meredith's as soon as my male relatives seem in a complacent frame of mind. I am hungry and thirsty for a good novel; — indeed for a novel of any kind! I have been luxuriating in Tennyson's poetry of late, notwithstanding that I know him nearly by heart already, and a little before that had a craze for Browning during which I read his life and as many volumes of his poems as I could lay my hands on. How magnificent he is at his best and even at his worst you feel the noble purpose and lookout of the man. Of course you have read this new man Henley's poems and what not, haven't you? and his essay on Meredith in "Views and Reviews"? The last is scrappy but rather interesting and some of his poems (omitting the hospital ones, which seem to me dreadful) are exceedingly pretty — particularly the last rondeau — don't you think so? I have just been re-reading Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" — I wonder if you ever read it? It isn't very well written in one sense and Miss Brontë isn't to me personally attractive (she seems to lack what they call winsomeness) but for all that it is very interesting. A more dreary, sad, dreadful life — spent in constant anxiety and ill-health and (literally) among tombs it is hard to conceive of. One almost laughs at the culmination of misfortunes — the piling up of agony so to speak.

We don't come back till the 15th and perhaps not till later if the weather holds warm and fine. Last week it was so cold we had to drive in mittens and nose-bags. Paulina is spending a farewell week at Waltham with

Ethel Paine and writes that they expect Mr. Brooks out there for a day or two which rejoices her soul. Isn't this a nice long letter? nice in the Pickwickian sense? from

Yours as ever,

ALICE W. SMITH.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

[Spring, 1891.]

Dear Bessie,

I expected, tho' without much ground perhaps, that you would have the grace to write first and have accordingly been waiting in dignified silence for you to begin. Since you haven't, I drop you a line to let you know the rules of the game. When a lady leaves for a remote country where she has nothing in the world to do but write it is the evident duty of the busy lady left in town to write first. Seriously tho' have you heard anything of the Fosters? have you had so much as a word from Bessie?

We are waiting supper for Dickson which is always an uncomfortable process as food cooked for six-thirty sharp is apt to be a trifle more unsavory at half-past seven than it would be at quarter past nine if only the belated traveller could be prevailed on to think so.

Next week we expect not only Dickson but wife, nurse and child for a week and then there is a blank broken by a promised visit of a long afternoon and night and morning from Mr. Brooks.

Paulina attended the Convention to see him elected away from us and we were all in such a condition by that time that we would not take him back at any price. I sent word to him to know if he was going to be very English indeed and sign himself by the name of his see, "Phillips Massachusetts" and he sent back word that he couldn't tell what little tricks he might fall into but I might be sure the first letter signed that way would be to me. English habits don't seem to be very well adapted to our prosaic ways. Reginald St. Davids does

very well and James Ebor isn't bad but when it comes to John Central New York —

It is looking beautifully here. The apple-blossoms just in their prime and I am picking up a vulgar amount of strength. I even walk a little and sleep and eat as only country folks can. I can't get enough books tho' — I read two a day on an average. Can you recommend any? How is Meredith's last?

Supper.

Yours abruptly but affectionately,

ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

Tuesday.

Dear Bessie,

Ever since Paulina saw you on Class-day and you said you had written me I have been on the lookout for that letter but it has never reached me. Whether it has fallen into the clutches of my "Double" in the village or wandered off to Manchester, New Hampshire or whether it is altogether a myth I cannot decide but stoutly maintain that it doesn't count. I've not had a single line from you since I reached here and am all the more disgusted because you are usually so good a correspondent.

Did you know that the Fosters are absolutely at home? in Boston or rather I suppose they are, as Rex wrote mamma he expected them Friday last. I'm greatly troubled as to how I am to manage to see Bessie as I'm afraid she can't come to me and I know I ought not to try to get to her against the strict injunctions of my temporal authorities in general.

I have been having a good many faint poor turns off

and on but on the whole am better I think, tho' the hot weather was pretty hard on us all. Tho' we don't nominally have any one to visit us here people do turn up. P's friends and Dickson and old family heirlooms. One of Uncle Melly's little mates is spending Sunday with us and Dickson and Jim come tomorrow. Friday the Chief Justice turned up unexpectedly with Mrs. Fuller and one of the numerous daughters and we had a delightful little visit from him, only rivalled by the one from Bishop Brooks two weeks ago. He came down early one day and left late the next and sat way into the night talking and was perfectly delightful.

Every one is down here this year (or it seems as if they were when we spasmodically attempt our social duties) and among them our dear Mrs. Higginson whom we see almost every day.

I am reading a novel or two, one solid history, Lord Shaftesbury's Life in 3 vols. and Napier's in four and I've just finished Carlyle's "Past and Present." I'm ashamed to say I never read it before but I enjoyed it beyond measure.

I ought to go and try to get a little rest — but I wanted you to know my very good reason for not answering that letter of yours.

Affectionately,
ALICE W. S.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

Christmas, 1891.

Dear Bessie,

Thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I shall proceed to jot down my thoughts secular and otherwise in the little note-book you sent me which will probably

read like those memorandum-books of mine over which my family and friends make so merry, in which corn-beef and cabbage hob-nob with the date of Savonarola's death and a list of groceries meanders across a quotation from the poets.

Our family or rather a portion of it has been down with what the Manchester natives call "the Lagrippe," but are now reluctantly on the road to recovery. I and Paulina escaped but Paulina persists in thinking that to be the *only* member of the family just at Christmas time has its drawbacks.

It seems a long time since I saw you and I hope you will come in soon and drink tea out of one of my new tea-cups of which I always have a new supply every holiday.

I hope the photograph arrived safely and that you recognized whom it was supposed to represent. It isn't often I feel in such a chastened and sentimental mood.

Yours as ever,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

And wishing you a happy New Year!

TO MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

WEST MANCHESTER,
Sunday Evening.

Dear Bessie,

Here we have been for a week and a day (to be quite accurate) and I haven't written you yet tho' I've meant to every morning to tell you how sorry I was not to see you once again to bid you a less scrappy and conditional good-bye. My last two days were as crowded and uncomfortable as such days always are with one morning two doctors around with stethoscopes talking their jargon over my prostrate form and the other more delightfully filled by a long *tête-à-tête* call from my Bishop.

We arrived here in the most beautiful sunny afternoon when nature supplied the rose colored spectacles and since then have been congratulating ourselves on the backwardness of the spring here so that we are able to watch things spring up from the very beginning—a rare treat to us cockneys. My bird and Freckles the dog have also kindly taken to the soil and the latter has tempted me into exercising more than I have done all winter. I have finally succeeded in getting the "Little Minister" which I finished very shortly. It falls far short of a "Window in Thrums," it seems to me, tho' most interesting; "Babbie" is charming but what a pity that the last chapter was not omitted and don't you think it a mistake not to have concentrated the plot on one rather startling *dénouement* rather than on two? I am re-reading the "Egoist"—the first of Meredith I ever attempted and the only one I felt no inclination to read again. To my surprise I enjoy it beyond measure. I have you to thank for conquering my foolish prejudice

and giving me so much pleasure. Write when you have time — not before. I am a confirmed idler with a life of spare hours you know.

Affectionately,

ALICE W. S.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

Saturday, Aug. 27th.

Dear Bessie,

I have been wishing this long time to write and thank you for your letter which was delightfully long and penned apparently in less breathless haste than usual from which I argued and hoped that you were giving the flesh a little rest. And by the way, my dear, you mustn't speak as if you thought so much too well of me — it hurts — it makes me feel ashamed and out of love with the idle, self-indulgent, pleasant, petted life I lead. My mission seems to be to supply an object for all the kindness, patience and self-sacrificing love of all my friends and relations. Speaking of Mr. Brooks — in a few weeks now he sails for home, when he has promised to come down and pass the night with us. When you ask me if I have read this and that I feel like a kind of literary Rip Van Winkle, some fifty years behind-hand and blinking hopelessly over the new names. The "Naulahka" I have read till within the last chapters and tho' parts interested me, I was surprised at the poorness of the story as a whole. That seems to be the great trouble of collaboration, with the single exception of those literary Siamese twins, Erckmann-Chatrian. As for the rest I spend my leisure in following that old bit of advice, — "When a new book is published read an old

one," and we have been reading accordingly our every-year quota of well-known Austen, Scott and George Eliot aloud. Then I have been revelling in some six volumes of Sainte-Beuve with a snatch at Browning every now and then. Isn't it odd that when you take up a volume of B. you always turn to the poems you know best, and always read them with new delight and deeper comprehension? Lately I have been reading dear Dorothy Osborn's letters to her lover, and a journal of Caroline Fox. Did you ever see it? The notes about men she met and she met everyone—written by such a sweet womanly creature as you can tell by the occasional unconscious glimpses you get at herself behind the notes. After Mallock and Hardy and Mrs. Humphrey Ward it is a relief to turn to the records of so pure and cool and self-restrained a life—not that I don't think David Grieve most attractive personally and Tess a most lovable sweet woman. When you read that most unpleasant story, don't you find yourself pitying Tess and Clare—both so pure—for having so coarse a biographer? Saying to yourself—this isn't her fault or his where the descriptions are gross and sensual—this is Hardy—but I believe you like Hardy better than I do?

We still go on Monday mornings to Mrs. Tyson's house where Mrs. Whitman reads to us and now we have coaxed Mrs. Higginson into going with us so that the day makes a kind of epoch in our quiet week, but why do I say quiet? Of late we have been rather gay.

I have come to the end of my paper and am as always

Yours,

ALICE W. S.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

[Autumn, 1892.]
Monday.

Dear Bessie,

I meant to write you last week to tell you how sorry I was to miss you the morning you called and now I only write because I am in trouble and know you will be sorry for me. Do you remember my little "Freckles"? The cocker spaniel I bought in the spring or did you never see him? I don't believe there ever was a sweeter dearer more affectionate little fellow. Ever since I got him he has slept on my bed at night and on my sofa in the day time — sat with me when I had my meals upstairs and had his chair in the dining room and his chair in the parlor at tea-time. I wish you had seen him just once this fall. On Friday he was run over and took a few steps and died almost instantly without any pain the doctor says. He was unconscious when Paulina lifted him up and brought him up the hill and on Saturday we had him buried at Manchester under a tree near my window. I like to think what a nice summer he had springing thro' the woods and the dry brushwood after imaginary birds or sitting in the wire door waiting for us to come home, wagging all over when he saw us. If you could ever have seen him when I was in a violent attack of pain! resting his nose on the edge of the bed and with his eyes as if they were full of tears — and the day after I had had a bad night he would scarcely leave me. Don't think me very silly please! I can't tell you how dreadfully I miss the dear little thing.

Tonight we are to have a dinner to which we have

been looking forward this long time — Bishop Brooks and Mr. Edward Hooper and his daughter and Ethel Paine and two younger men — but it seems as if the pleasure had gone out of everything.

Yours affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

November.

Dear Bessie,

I have driven by your house several times in my meanderings with Uncle Melly and "Blumpy" the horse. You remember the French family of Blancpied who settled in Gloucester don't you? and one branch was called Whitefoot and the other Blumpy. The horse's original name was Whitefoot but the other better describes his gorming gait and general style. Well, to go back to the subject one before last. I've driven by your house and supposed that like the woman in the train whom Mrs. Luce overheard answering a question as to where she lived with a "I go to Salem evenings," — that you possibly went back there when it was dark.

What do you mean about birds? are you studying to be an amateur taxidermist like Mabel Cabot or isn't the word "birds" at all? I myself have set up a canary and knitting which is my conception of ze part of spinster aunt. As for reading! I read nothing more modern than Marcus Aurelius. I wish you would bring Miss Butler in to tea sometime. I long to know her — not merely to stare at her shyly from a distance. Like the Snark I continue to "breakfast at afternoon tea" and

am absolutely unseeable even to my "bestest" till then. These last two weeks I have been more miserable than usual and have only crawled down—when I did get down—by sitting on the stairs every few steps and creeping back again in an hour or more but I'm better again and refuse Dr. Mason's suggestion of staying entirely abed and seeing peculiarly interesting five o'clock guests there. I tell him it might do for Bishop Brooks (who made us such a nice long call the other day attired to my disappointment in an ordinary hat and coat) but hardly for Mr. John E. Russell.

• • • • •
I was glad to hear from you since I can't see you and am as ever

Yours,

ALICE W. S.

Saturday.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

"Be able to be alone. Lose not the advantage of Solitude and the Society of thyself; nor be only content but delight to be alone and single with Omnipresence. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes not his imagination. In his bed, he may speculate the universe and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself. Thus the old ascetic Christians found a paradise in a desert and with little converse on earth held a conversation in heaven."

How dear how soothing to man arises the idea of God peopling the lonely places, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction but the sight that the best is true and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. He believes that he cannot escape from his good. The things which are really for thee gravitate to thee. I believe as thou livest that every sound that is spoken over the round world which thou oughtest to hear will vibrate on thine ear. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth shall lock thee in his embrace.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

Dear Bessie,

We have been helped and strengthened to bear this unutterable grief by the thought of how beautiful it must be for him and in the loneliest times by the thought of how he would have wished us to bear it. It is the first trouble we have ever had to bear without him and the sorest.

Thank you for your sympathy of which I am always sure.

Affectionately,

ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
February, Tuesday Evening.

Dear Bessie,

I wonder if you ever get time to come in town and whether the morning would suit you better than the late afternoon? One hour is as good for me as another now as I have had no heart to see people and don't attempt to go downstairs at five. I do see three or four people who are very good and kind and come constantly and I should like so much to see you any time when you are in town and have half an hour to spare. I do so long to do something for somebody and not keep all my happiness to myself and you do so much. I feel as if I had just let my life slip thro' my careless fingers and now that I long to do some little thing there are so few whose lives touch mine.

At least one can sympathize with the workers.

Yours affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday Evening.

My dear Mrs. Dexter,

While Paulina is practicing her hymns I have her permission to write you a note if it is very short. She wanted to know what I wanted to say in it and I could not tell. I just feel lonely and as if it would be a comfort to even direct an envelope to you and tell you how sorry I was to be robbed of your call yesterday.

We had a pleasant drive barring crude changes from snow to slush and from high ice-banks under one runner to water and horse-car rails under the other — and found Gertrude and Mrs. Brooks at home and made them a long call. It was very comforting in a great many ways. They talked so much about Mr. Brooks and read us one of his letters and told us so many little things and then more than all one felt one was a real help to them, poor things, and could not only understand what this grief was to them but could say a little something to comfort them. I have felt all along that nothing could make me so happy now as doing something for Gertrude. It seems so directly a doing something for him — and both she and her mother are so responsive to sympathy and so sweet and unselfish about it that it is very easy. Mrs. Brooks told us with tears that we must think of them as a charge now — understanding I suppose what a comfort that was to us.

Have you read the All Saints' Day Sermon lately? It is so particularly beautiful, but then they all are. This is all just to sign myself

Your most affectionate

Alice.

To HER SISTER.

[Easter Even, 1893.]
Saturday, 9-30.

As you have been gone but twenty minutes by Shrewsbury clock not much cream, as mamma calls items, has had time to collect. Valentina and the Judge are well and boofuls — their young simply well. Of course Julia glanced gloomily into the nest and said solemnly, "Miss Alice, I think one of them is gone," meaning dead. I don't know what were her grounds for saying so as four serpentine necks were waving under her very eyes and four orange beaks held wide open. Certainly if they do "go" it won't be from lock-jaw.

Enter "the Green-Eyed" laden down with your Sewing School letters like a postman and with an anxious and care-worn look. It had suddenly occurred to her, she said, that Sewing School might be at ten instead of half past. She or Mrs. Paine are to come in this afternoon and tend me while Momb attends the Christening. It takes at least half the adult population of Boston to take the place of Mrs. Jellyby gone off for a week's pleasure. I myself sit with the zenana funds clasped to my bosom, the budget open in my claws and a pen dipped in ink ready to jot down anything at a moment's notice — while mamma "prowling" out to do the marketing has left the brown eyed doll propped up in the arm chair ready to be seized up and finished on her return.

How I dote!

Saturday, 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Brooks has sent me that picture of a Burne-Jones-looking head that hung I think in Mr. Brooks's spare-

room and you a glass vase he kept on his dressing table. I have sent her some flowers — thanked her for both of us and explained that you were away. I only wish yours had been something a little less breakable because you would feel so dreadfully if anything happened to it.

My flowers begin to "Hech gather." A basket just came in from the Paine's full of violets, heath and the most gorgeous scarlet-red "jacks" which I have been lying down to stare into.

Dickson has started for Cambridge with a claret bottle on either hip like John Gilpin, curly ears being supplied by the bearer.

Dost love?

NANNY.

P.S. The largest bunch of violets you ever saw has just come for me, from whom do you think? A new admirer, Mrs. Royal Robbins.

To HER SISTER.

Easter Morning.

My own dear,

I have just got back from early Communion and am a little tired but I don't want to let the day pass without writing you and telling you how beautiful it has been in many ways. The sun was shining into the church and the little sparrows twittering in the vines and the pulpit all white with Easter lilies. At first it was almost too much to bear, till one remembered what he had gone to and that there is no temple there, "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it;" and I remembered what he said in his Easter Sermon, that if we kept the city of our hearts holy, then "the dear dead would come to us and we should know they were not dead but living and bless Him who was

their Redeemer and rejoice in the work they are doing for Him in His perfect world."

I had scarcely reached home before I received the most beautiful Easter present from Mrs. Brimmer — the photograph Mr. Brooks gave you of himself, enlarged almost to the size of my Botticelli (only square) and framed in a broad gold frame that throws it out superbly and you have no idea how much more beautiful it is even than the original. Did you ever hear anything so kind? It seems sometimes as if this world were just over-running with kindness and people only wanted an object — like me — to lavish it on. If it wasn't that, I should feel almost too ashamed to stand up under people's kindness. Last night dear Mrs. Paine brought me down the two sizes of that enlarged photograph which are both perfectly lovely and a big one taken from the bust, and another Easter lily came and a lot of violets from Bessie Hamlen and primroses from Elinor, and this morning the most beautiful of all, a dozen white roses from Mrs. Lodge. Will you thank her for me? and tell her that they were so perfectly lovely that I felt I must share them with some one and carried four of them to Gertrude Brooks this morning on my way to church. So you see my room is bright with flowers and pictures and among the flowers stands a downy gosling sent by Mrs. Whitman to Mr. and Mrs. Bird. Greatly to Nathalie's amusement the man who brought the parcel evidently thought they were real people — I mean humans — and repeated "Mr. and Mrs. Bird, don't they live here?" Something like the Fleur de Luce incident.

With a great deal of love to Mrs. Lodge and still more to yourself I am

Your own sister,

NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

[April]
Saturday morning.

Its nice to think of your visit as nearly over (tho' my nurses rudely express their disgust at your return) for Hamlet and I are both getting desperate. He distinguished himself last night by digging several small holes in the lily pot — he said because it needed fresh earth about the roots but I think he had a faint hope of finding S'Tanta if he got down far enough. He has begun to be a little doubtful of her having been in the furnace *all* this time, tho' he still listens down the register in case —

I wasn't "real rugged" yesterday but rallied under Ellen's nursing in time to enjoy a long call from Miss Lowell and a still longer one from that dear Mrs. Higginson.

Dora Thayer came Thursday and drank tea with me and I missed Mrs. Paine that afternoon and again yesterday. She is coming again today. Elinor also writes that the Blue Hill walk is too long and she is coming in this afternoon and that viper Ellen will have to give her Monday morning when Mamma goes to her "Employment Society." It's as well Ethel is housed and so out of the running, or it would have been as I foretold, and only seven parrot feathers would have remained of your once lovely sister. By the way, when are we to expect you? not before Wednesday evening I hope — it would be a pity to have to come home sooner when you are having such a perfectly lovely time and seriously we

would rather you had the extra days there than see you a little sooner.

Enter Mrs. Paine.

Your doting

"COMPANION SISTER."

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Tuesday Morning.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

All the things that made my room at all homelike had been packed, locked and strapped when your roses and pansies arrived to cheer my spirits by brightening even this desert up and reminding me of you. I shall be able to lie still and enjoy them till late this afternoon when they will travel down with me and will make, with my sermons and my precious photographs, the room at Manchester as nearly like my dear old room here as possible. I only wish Waltham were just over the Higginson hill or even nearer, and tho' I know it is wrong, I can't help regarding the summer as a dreary blank which divides us from Boston with all whom we love best and the dear associations which make it sacred.

I never can thank you, nor indeed half begin to tell you, dear Mrs. Paine, what you have been to us all through this dreary spring. We have looked forward to your and Ethel's visits like the bright spots in our days and shall look forward to your rarer visits all thro' the summer which seems so long as one thinks of it. However we only have to live one day at a time and strength is given even at the darkest. Have you read

the "Great Expectation" lately? It has made me feel so much less dreary at the idea of moving.

Always most affectionately yours,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

[April] Tuesday morning.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

We were half in hopes you would forget that yesterday was not your Monday and turn up to lunch and felt quite aggrieved when you did not. I am a much more sprightly companion than I was a week ago, and Sunday I absolutely dressed for the first time and went downstairs without the doctor's permission and felt none the worse. Indeed I am so much better that I can hardly believe I ever felt as I did those four days and nights when I shrank from so much as moving a finger and only wanted to bid you all good-bye before the next attack. I never realized before how much I loved you all and how dear the old familiar life was which, these last months, has seemed such dreary uphill work. I think being so ill has really helped me to feel how much I have left and that each day is a real gift and blessing. I hope I shan't frighten you all so badly for a long time to come.

We have put off our going to Manchester till Monday, the eighth — partly on my account and partly on account of the rest of the family whose desire for one more week in town is unanimous. So you see you will have to lunch here at least once more.

Most affectionately,
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Friday Evening.

My dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I am feeling so much better today that I want to write and tell you so myself and beg you not to distress yourself on my account nor alarm yourself as I am afraid you do. I've lots of strength and youth to fall back upon, you know, and as for the pain and discomfort—that has brought so much love and happiness along with it that I really regard it as the greatest blessing that could have happened to me. You know sometimes your affection makes me quite humbled and ashamed, and would always, if I didn't feel that you loved me because you were you, and not because I was I, and that all the glamor is in your own eyes. I wanted to write and tell you how little I deserve it just after you left Wednesday, but Paulina was resolute in refusing to let me have pen and paper and after all, it isn't a question of deserving, is it? If you will only go on loving me perhaps sometime, somewhere I shall be what you think me now and in the meanwhile your friendship is such a help and comfort.

Do you remember in that "Golden Key" of McDonald's, how the boy and girl are told not to lose heart if they lose each other for awhile as they get nearer to the land whence the shadows fall? If we have lost our guide for a little time, we must cling the closer to each other I suppose and go on hoping and trusting however dark it seems.

I have got back to my copying again and wrote a page or two from one of Miss Minns' sermons today — such a beautiful one on the doubting Thomas. When Paulina is away you must let me read them all to you.

Paulina has just got back from spending a night with Gertrude Brooks in Andover; it was very pleasant to her to see it again.

The little boys are very dear — particularly Robert who has come to take quite a tender interest in Aunt Alice who can't go out to play on the rocks. — One of the first things he told his mother when she got home tonight was that the doctor said I was ezzy much better and that I had seen him and baby — both. I think they look upon me as a mysterious and sphinx-like character like that invalid in Mrs. Ritchie — simply a voice and an appetite. What an epistle, but I know you will forgive me.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

WEST MANCHESTER,
Sunday, June 25th.

Dear Mrs. Paine,

Mamma has been meaning to write you every day these past weeks to tell you how we were all getting on and had just sent her letter to the post when yours arrived. I can't tell you how much I feel your writing me on that day, though every day now seems like an anniversary and the real ones are the easiest to bear. I should have written you myself only, since you were here, I have been down in the depths again, and now that I am a little better again Gertrude Brooks and Bessie Foster have both made us a short visit which means for me a long rest too, tho' seeing them was the greatest comfort and help, mentally. Bessie Foster is

one of my oldest and dearest friends, and as she is exiled all winter on account of her lungs and only comes to the sea for a day or so under protest, her yearly visit here is something I look forward to most eagerly and back on with delight. It is so much easier to say some things than to write them and a short talk makes it easier to take up letters again. Gertrude Brooks was as sweet as she could be and we had lovely weather and sent her back apparently much refreshed. Paulina and I had filled a copy of "In Memoriam" with wild flowers pressed and stuck in opposite certain lines and verses that we thought would comfort her and her pleasure at receiving it was most touching — particularly as it had been the greatest happiness to us to do it. She wrote me before she came that she was going to copy out the sonnets for me as soon as they got back from New York and send them with one of the photographs of Mr. Brooks's study, which is something to look forward to — I suppose it is very wrong but I can't help feeling as if there were no more future — in this world I mean — only just the day's burden to bear with what strength we can and the great meeting to look forward to. — As far as the personal loss is concerned each hour makes it harder I think and seems to add the dull weight of another day to the new life which we have had to take up without him. It is like what he says in one of the sermons, "Why so much duty with so little strength? Why only the journey and the hunger and the thirst without the brook of refreshment by the way?" Then again there will come times when it all seems so beautiful and clear — where it is easy to see how it must be for the best, and that that is the last most precious thing our love can do for

him, to forget our own grief in thinking what this must mean to him. It comforts me when the black feeling comes on just to repeat, "He asked life of Thee and Thou gavest him a long life even forever and ever;" and Christ's comfort to his disciples when *they* were just beginning to feel the bitterness and horror of separation, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said I go unto the Father—" It is hardest tho' when one has to see people—people that don't understand. If I had to, I suppose it would be easier, but being so much in my bed and not even driving encourages that kind of selfishness and folly I suppose, so that I shrink at the very idea of seeing most people, even old friends. Ellen Hooper, tho', is very different and I am looking forward to seeing her a great deal this summer, and Mrs. Fred Dexter and Mrs. Whitman are most devoted; and now we shall see the Higginsons who finally have got into their house in spite of plumbers. Paulina has just got home from hearing Dean Lawrence and wishes me to ask if it would be quite convenient for you to have her come to Waltham Thursday afternoon and stay till Saturday morning? Is there the slightest chance of your being able to lunch with us here on Thursday and letting her go back with you? or coming back with her Saturday to lunch? I hope there is and that Ethel will forgive me for saying that the whole family are hungry to see you.

Affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Sunday, July 23rd.

My dearest Mrs. Paine,

Tho' feeling rather weak and good-for-nothing under the combined effects of dynamite and a sulphonal that didn't work, I don't want to let today pass without writing you a line. It is pleasant and comforting to have it come on a Sunday, isn't it? and on such a Sunday, with a cloudless sky and a fresh cool breeze that makes the sea look as it does in the autumn and with all the leaves glistening after the rain. I have been lying here close to the window so as to drink it all in and reading "An Easter Sermon" to the sound of the church bells. Somehow on such a day one can't help feeling "the glory of the sum of things" and understanding, however faintly, a little of what the Bible means by "peace."

Since you were here I have been very ill—indeed Tuesday night for an hour or so I was alarmingly so—but I have been a great deal better mentally since that few minutes talk alone with you which comforted and helped me beyond measure and seemed to clear up the clouds somehow and start me on a fresh bit of the road. What I felt was foolish and morbid. I know what Tennyson meant by the grief that saps the mind, and one doesn't want to convey one's selfishness into what ought to be, above all things, kept sacred and pure.

I was interrupted by a visitation from Dr. — who if he does nothing else, affords me a constant source of amusement by talking of "general measures, my dear Miss Smith," of the evils of animal food and the advan-

tages of "A.B.C." wheat. "Whoever" he says "heard of a cow having neuralgia?" (or of a tiger's having nervous headache for that matter). I tell Paulina his panacea is "eat parsley and spring from the ankle" and that probably the explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's extraordinary behavior was that his own doctor being away, he called in a Babylonish Dr. — who turned him out to grass.

Please give my dearest love to Lily and believe me,

Most affectionately,

Alice Weston Smith.

To Miss Elizabeth Foster.

[August]

MANCHESTER, Monday morning.

Dearest Bessie,

You can't tell how flattered I've been at receiving so many note-letters from so non-committal a correspondent as you usually prove; and you may be sure I should have answered you long e'er this, if we hadn't been keeping a kind of amateurish summer hotel, these last four or five days, which is an unusual enough thing in this inhospitable mansion. Gertrude Brooks came on Saturday to pass Sunday and she is still staying here, tho' for the moment she is off on a five hours' bout with Paulina, first to hear Mrs. Whitman read at the Tyson's and then to lunch with Mrs. Higginson. Ethel was here when she came (and indeed till Saturday evening) having come down Friday to go to the Curtis's party; for which purpose we had Dickson also and Bay Lodge—the most delightful story-telling, overgrown, handsome

boy with a strong sense of humor and a most becoming appreciation of other people's jokes.

Speaking of the Curtis's party and old jests your description of your "Eagle Mountain House" diversions reminds me of my own weak witticism that "one swallow-tale coat doesn't make a summer party," at which Mrs. Whitman remarked, "Alice, that is indeed a classic!" which may have been a delicate way of saying that it would be a long time before any one would appreciate it. She was here Wednesday, and Thursday Paulina and Ellen Hooper poured tea there for as many of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman's friends as cared to ride forth upon a nor'east gale to see them. Paulina was made happy by seeing Mr. Brimmer for quite a while and came home much infatuated over the looks of Victor Chapman who seems (for a youth raised up on the Lilius Mohun Rule of Love-Theory) to have conducted himself with singular propriety. Did you see, by the way, that American admirers of Aunt Charlotte were also invited to contribute their shilling to her birthday fund? and that with this modest donation every admirer was to send a sheet of criticism on her works — all to be bound together and presented *with* the money. A fascinating gift.

I am trying among other things to wade thro' Symonds' "Life of Michelangelo" and think John Addington coarse and carnally minded on every line — Seeing that you like him, is this kind? It reminds me of Mrs. Dalton's saying that she was so used, when she praised a book, to have some one crop up and say "but didn't you think it a little — common?" that she now hedges herself to begin with and is careful to begin, "I am read-

ing Watts's Hymns — Slightly coarse, I know, but still etc."

I am so glad you will come down in September — of course you must! Anstiss, Dickson, children and attendants appear here on Saturday the 2nd for two weeks, which I suppose will mean till Monday the 18th, but after that fires will be kept burning to welcome you at any time. You will come like help to the perishing, for I shall be pining alone without Paulina who goes out to Chicago via Montreal and Quebec and Niagara and comes back that way — at any rate she starts on September 14th for two weeks with the Higginsons, who asked her the other night to be a member of their family during the trip and represented their reasons for wanting her as purely selfish — of course! Ellen Hooper, Pauline Shaw and Elinor are to go at the same time and, of course, Paulina is half wild with delight. Isn't she in luck — quite apart from all she is to see for the first time. I don't think I ever scrawled so and my brain is quite topsy as to spelling. As the Scotchman said "Wha can spell with sic a pen?" but nevertheless and always I am your loving

"SNAP."

To Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER.

MANCHESTER,
Friday, Aug. 18.

My dearest Elizabuff,

I've been straining at the leash to write you this many a long day and will be put off no longer let come what will. I've not been well (to put it mildly) but while

these fingers can clutch pen-stock etc., etc., I will give the lie to Sydney Smith's unpleasant simile that correspondences were "like small-clothes before the invention of suspenders — it is impossible to keep them up."

I wonder if you had the same weather we did, a week ago Sunday and Monday? Regular stage thunderstorms every few minutes — striking playfully in Lynn, Salem, Boston, Magnolia and so on. I lay at least three hours in the Black Hole of Calcutta (*i.e.*, the front entry with the doors shut) and Sunday evening and night was more like the Walpurgis ditto with Herbert Lyman arriving on a bicycle for a night's shelter to take the part of these unpleasant people who arrived on sows during that mysterious occasion. Since then till yesterday we have had the most delicious weather — Paulina told you, didn't she, of her picnic at Coffin's Beach on Fanny Hooper's birthday? Mr. Hooper himself didn't go, having a pet aversion to that kind of entertainment. He says he always remembers the scorn with which Mr. Sohier described Mr. Patrick Jackson as "the sort of man who would walk ten miles to eat bread and cheese under a tree with his aunt!" By the way he told us of a most "Whitmanesque" note he had just received asking him to dine with the Mr. Myers of Psychical Research fame and adding, "I think you will find him more of a lion than a unicorn!" I think it would take Mr. Myers himself to tell what she meant — if anything.

Mr. and Mrs. Higginson come to see us as devotedly as ever and Mr. Higginson is beginning to look a little less worn out and discouraged about *your old stock*

market. As I wish to keep Sam Weller's art of letter writing—"to make your correspondent wish for more" I must come to a sudden stop but not before telling you that in a review of Sergeant Belasis' Life (Tractarian Movement) it spoke of his having met Wilberforce and Keble while visiting the Yonges at Otterburn! Aunt Charlotte always did keep the best of high-church society.

Your devoted
NANNY.

P.S. I ordered you a little Tauchnitz edition of Charles Kingsley's Life the other day in hopes you might be induced to read it in that form and they send me word that it will be here in six weeks! Why on earth it takes so long unless they are going to have it printed as well as bound I can't see but at all events don't read it till then, will you?

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

MANCHESTER [Aug. 21],
Saturday Eve.

Dear Bessie,

I feel that I must write you a line just to tell you how nice it was to see you and to renew the old bond—not of friendship, which needs no renewing—but of use. The only thing I regret was the shortness of your stay which kept us necessarily on superficial subjects; but you must write me when you can, won't you, and tell me all that you are doing and as much of what you are thinking as can get itself put down on paper. I will

write you faithfully, by which I mean often and regularly and without waiting for answers, which I always looked on as an absurd ceremony between friends. It will be a real pleasure to me and I have plenty of time—if only I am well enough. You won't think it very absurd, I know, if I tell you that even the thought of doing so little as writing to my near friends seems like daylight somehow in the midst of a future very dark at times. In one sense I feel as if my life had come to an end last January and that since then I had been struggling along in the loneliness and darkness with "my horizon gone" and only the certainty "as the day so would my strength be" and that with patience and trust the top of this long steep hill would be reached from which I should see clearly the real horizon—the goal of all our lives. Don't think I mean to complain—indeed I have never been so really happy as I am when the grief is most overwhelming. It is then one sees beyond and to live by faith and not by sight seems beautiful and natural. Indeed so much joy has come to me in all my life that I long to share it with some one who could use it better.

What a long note and all about myself, but I wanted to tell you what we did not reach while you were here. If you do see Miss Ireland or write her please remember me to her. I should have written myself long ago and half decided to and then was afraid it might be only an awkward intrusion after all.

.
Affectionately,
ALICE.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

MANCHESTER,
Sunday Morning
[Sept. 4].

My own dearest Gertrude,

This envelope has been directed to you almost since you left us and I had hoped to write the letter to put in it so that it would reach you when you got back from Beverly, but Wednesday night I was taken very ill and the doctor has been keeping me abed and dreadfully quiet ever since. However everything turns out for the best and, by waiting so docilely, I can not only write you myself, but send you our last letter from Mrs. Beaumont and with it the long lost one which went out to Weston (where we spent a summer four years ago, strangely enough!) and then was returned to her. We are delighted to have it at last and we thought you would like to see it too — Paulina can bring it back when she goes to Andover on Thursday. She is looking forward so much to her night there and I can't tell you with how much pleasure we look back on your little visit here and how very very glad we are if it refreshed you and gave you new courage for the heavy burden you have to bear. I know that the thought of you, dear Gertrude, has helped me in many a dark time and the idea that I may be of some little comfort to you makes me face almost with courage the sad hard winter that is coming. After all if we think of him and not of ourselves all the rest of our lives it seems to me must be a psalm of joy and thanksgiving for the work that he has done and is doing for God — and the rest that he has now. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard"— and the days and months and years which seem so long now will

not seem so long there when, please God, we shall all be together with no fear of parting any more.

Anstiss and Dickson and their two little boys came yesterday morning, and tho' I have not been allowed to see the children yet, I have heard their voices and little feet trotting up and down stairs and pattering over my head — most unusual sounds in this grown-up household. The youngest one dives head foremost into the blackberry bushes and the horses' stalls and is most rapturously adventurous generally. He woke up this morning muttering "Two good horses—four tarriages" as tho' he were going to make an inventory of our possessions beginning with the stables. Robert, who is nearly four is much quieter and devotes himself to Hamlet whose three tricks so impress him with that small "person's" intelligence that this morning he was discovered seated on the ground showing him a picture book. Hamlet liked the book better than a toy horse they bought and at which he barks ferociously at intervals.

The paper only gives me room to sign myself

Most affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To HER SISTER.

[September 14th.]

MANCHESTER,

Thursday afternoon, 4-30.

Dearest Tweeby —

I am going to write even tho' the afternoon mail has not come to hand but if it is as thrilling as the morning

budget — which consisted of an advertisement of Mrs. Coyle *née* Collins — I can put it in the appendix. To begin these — à la Momb — I am in bed writing “my own one” — Mamma is lying on the sofa “thinking,” while near by sit the birds doing the Grandmother and Grandfather Smallweed act in opposite chairs before the fire, and Hamlet, the dear person, is futilely pursuing buz-fuzzes in the screen-door and keeping an eye on the carriages that pass by, in case Aunt Tweeby should change her mind and return to us. It was only the screen door that prevented him and me both from flinging ourselves headlong from the balcony when we saw your blue hat disappear round the curve, and if it had not been for the common round and the daily task we should have continued to bay in chorus and mingle our tears most of the day. As it was however we are really getting along bravely. Dr. Washburn says that mamma’s ailment is a not uncommon form of indigestion and says that if she will resume her ordinary diet — walk every day and “wear his medicated flannel” — which last is a quip of the fancy — she will be all right in a day or two. This is a great relief to my mind as I have a monopoly of sickness in these parts and Hamlet is improving rapidly and I myself am “bob-bish” — I’m so sorry this couldn’t have been yesterday and then you needn’t have gone off under such a Gummidgey cloud of gloom and I might have carried out more fully the programme of “jolly jolly” which I had planned for a last day with my sister.

Take good care of your dear self and don’t forget

Your
“NAN.”

TO HER SISTER.

[September 16.]

MANCHESTER,
Saturday Noon.

Thank dear old N'Elinor for her postscript and give her and Ellen and Bella my love. Mrs. Higginson too of course. Some vegetables arrived yesterday from her garden which disappeared as green things did before Joel's Locusts — and speaking of the Minor Prophets reminds me that I have just read that verse in Zechariah "corn shall make the young men cheerful and new wine the maids." It reads a little like — 's idea of modern society. By the way did you read the "Spectator" before you went and did you see that "Aunt Charlotte" had written a letter to the Editor on flying ants beginning with some friends of hers "living in Salisbury Close" — Wasn't it prophetic our putting her meeting with Dr. Moberly there, when Dr. Pusey, or was it Mr. Keble, who was "jealous," and the world said, — "I thought he believed in celibacy" — but then we always were "prophets by trade." Perhaps being a plain man, like Captain Watts, you would like a few facts for a change — such as that Edward has just got back with the basket, that Anstiss has spent the morning in making calls while her children have played on the beach — "on the shores of the loud sounding sea," my Gregory would say. Hamlet's bites and wounds look rather horrid but don't seem to affect his spirits at all. Last night he pulled his Uncle Dickson down to the station and back and is now sporting in the woods with his "Gammudger" at the other end of his strap as ballast. Talking of Gammudger, I told her this morning of a sweet

conception I had and that was to give you my pink wrapper — then clean lace would instantly be put on it and I could take it back. — Was this good? No letters of that peculiarly delicate nature which I said I would forward instantly have *as yet* come for you — indeed I may say that no letters, delicate or otherwise ain't come for nobody. Bad grammar is not funny — I hear you say, but remember Kingsley's letters to Tom Hughes! I had a baddish turn early this morning but it seems to have been just what my constitution needed and has even dispelled that state of mind which mamma delicately calls nervous. Mamma is on the mend. Did she send you my love last night in doughnut form? Do I miss my Polens — don't I? "There's no luck about the house — When my gude mon's away."

YOUR SIAMESE TWIN.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday Morning, Sept. 21.

My own darling Tweeby,

Its a whole week today since you left us and might be seven years for the feel — which doesn't mean that we're not doing splendidly. — Indeed there hasn't been a moment that I've not been delighted to have you doing anything so lovely! Dost think thy "Goat" so selfish that she would keep thee ever tethered by her side at that exciting centre — Haarlem?

Your Monday letter came last night and slept under my pillow so that I had a splendid night.

We decided last night that even the World's Fair could have nothing lovelier to offer than the moonlight

on the water with an occasional little orange light shining out of the silver in a window on Baker's Island or on a moored boat and today! everything blue and glistening with the air like iced champagne. Does this simile sound a little like our comparing our domestic yellow plush parlor to a gambling hell?

I'm feeling so much better today and yesterday "you've no conception" — indeed I may say now that Monday evening I wasn't at all well, as Momb would say, that Monday night I was pretty ill, and that Tuesday noon we sent off for the doctor but by the time he got here I was "a'loffin" and my Tweeby was not here to say "Good dog, Nanny!"

By the way you must thank Mrs. Higginson for a continual supply of garden stuff and Mr. Higginson for the "Forum," and tell him that I was so pleased and excited that he was absolutely going to get off and join you that I forgot to say how much I liked "Denise" — I hope you are going to keep him all the time on that mysterious return trip of yours touching at the land of the Midnight Sun — the Victoria Falls — the Sources of the Nile and so on.

How I dote! in fact I love you so that sometimes I incline to Mamma's theory that we are both insane. Have a good time and come home refreshed and if you don't get your letters regularly, lay it to the eccentricity of the mails and not to the unfaithfulness of your devoted family, who write every few minutes.

Yours,
"NANNY."

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

WEST MANCHESTER,
Saturday, September 23rd.

My dearest Gertrude,

I can't let today pass without writing you, tho' I had another ill turn last night and am more feeble this morning than I had hoped to be when I was looking forward to sending you a long letter — and first of all I must thank you for the sermons which came safely on Wednesday and for your thoughtfulness in sending the directed envelope with them, so that when the time comes to return them my brother can send them from his office to your father's. It relieves my mind greatly not to have to trust anything so precious to the post. Please thank Mr. and Mrs. Brooks from me and tell them how deeply I appreciate their constant kindness. I do hope the sermon on the text from Ecclesiastes, "I said I will be wise but it was far from me," will be published some day. I think it is the most beautiful one I have had! and Miss Lowell, who took care of me an hour yesterday while mamma was out, and read it aloud to me thought it was one of the most beautiful of all — It was quite new to her too! I wonder if Paulina remembers it? It was preached last, I saw, in September, 1890, and she used to go up for Sunday whenever she could after Mr. Brooks got home. I will keep it for her to see, as you say I may.

Paulina left feeling rather badly because, tho' so much better, I was still so weak. Since the attack I had on the 30th of August, they have kept me very quiet and tho' it's more than three weeks ago now, I have only twice

got as far as lying on the sofa instead of staying abed. Don't think me very ill by this but they want me to have a real long rest and not to go dancing to the top of the stairs, as you know is my wont, to see if I approve of what people in the dining room are saying. Day before yesterday, I was so much better that mamma let herself be coaxed into lunching with Mrs. Brimmer and brought me home such a gorgeous branch of crimson lilies to put before my picture of Mr. Brooks. It is still at the height of glory today! and the rest of the room is bright with vases full of such flowers as remain from the most beautiful box-full which Mrs. Lodge sent me with a note from Washington. How full of kindness the world is, isn't it? I have been particularly impressed by it of late—for since Paulina has been gone so many people have offered to come and read to me while mamma went out. Yesterday I had Miss Lowell, and the day before Mrs. Whitman and the day before that Mrs. Dexter. Rather different nurses from the Sairey Gamps and Betsy Priggs of fiction, aren't they?

I was so glad to get your long letter and feel for you and with you more than I can say. I can see how bitterly poor Paulina shrinks from the thought of going back to Boston, which seems empty now, and I scarcely dare let myself think of it, trusting only that as our day so will our strength be! You must come and see me often and often, won't you? and we will try and help each other to see "the star-side" of the sorrow. God bless and comfort you, dearest Gertrude, and give us strength to bear patiently and lovingly all that He sends.

Always yours most affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

MANCHESTER,

Tuesday, Oct. 3.

Dearest Bessie,

I can't tell you how much your letter affected me— You are always in my prayers and in my thoughts and so bound to me by a thousand ties of memory and association that your life seems like a piece of my own. I feel the tug at my heartstrings when you leave Boston and by the time you cross the Rockies the sensation begins to get painful. This sounds a little like Rochester and not unlike "Portia or by Passions Rocked" but it's true for all that! I suppose we poor jesters can be fond of each other despite our bells and vari-colored legs? I wonder, by the way, if you know "The Fool's Prayer"—if that is the name of it—beginning,—

The jester doffed his cap and bells
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.
He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice uprose " O Lord,
Be merciful to me—a fool."

There are two verses in it that I have always taken to heart deeply—feeling with shame and remorse how true they were of me, and one—

These clumsy feet still in the mire
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard well-meaning hands I thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend —

I think of constantly.

You speak of fearing to grow hard and bitter but no one who knows you, even a little, could fear that for you. From the first and always, and more and more every day, I have looked to you as the most tender-hearted and spiritual, one to turn to in time of trouble, sure of comprehension and help and deep unspoken sympathy. "Not everyone that saith; Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom — but he that doeth the will" — and when I think of the way in which you have stood by your friends, and faced your troubles, and borne your burdens, I am ashamed and humiliated! If I were half as plucky and unselfish as you are it would have spared my family a great deal of unnecessary anxiety and distress — and by the way, you dear old thing, you are not to go and worry yourself about my health. It does all very well to make a hollow square and cry "Wolf!!! " for the benefit of outsiders (whose names shall be nameless) but you mustn't be taken in by it yourself — you who know "old Mother Hubbard's dog" and her tricks and her manners — "man and boy these twenty years!" As for your visit doing me harm — I have been a great deal better since the first moment I cast eyes on my Boosie! I am to try the sofa today, an armchair tomorrow and perhaps a trip downstairs at the end of the week. Wednesday next, I believe, they have set on to move me up — per carriage and four and after we are safely at home Paulina shall write you. I take my "meddy" from your china spoon — am fanned with the fan you brought me and at off moments contemplate the gold rabbit and tray and think of you *always*. I return — s letter which I found surprisingly sprightly. At the same time I was tempted, as it is

delicately termed, "to alter the spelling to suit the usages of the present day."

The jest book has noticeably fattened since your visit and I have sunned myself, socially, in borrowed plumes. "Undertaking's a trade you can't push" I kept for Mr. Higginson's private tooth, knowing it would delight him beyond measure, as it did.

Here I was interrupted by the entrance of a huge tray bearing Paulina's and my lunch which we have just eaten in *déshabillé* (*à la* Sairey Gamp) on the bed. Would you had been here to share it!

Always your loving

ALICIA.

TO MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,

Friday, the 13th [October].

Dearest Aunt Boosie,

I was delighted to get your letter and to hear you were really better. As for me, I bore a three hours' drive up to town so well that I begin to think — showed her usual "shrewdness" when she tenderly asked if "our dear Alice were not a *malade imaginaire?*" Apropos of "growing girls," I have made two mild jests of the type which Paulina terms "ghoulish" — but then she and mamma are, at times, singularly deficient in humor.

Well, the other night when I was having rather a tempestuous struggle for breath, I was overcome with

an amusing notion — at least it struck me as amusing — tho' it did not so appear to my glum companions — and that was, "Good recipe for life — First catch your breath." The other was apropos of my three long-suffering physicians, who having tried all their poisons on me, now simply "*hope*" I will be more comfortable. I tell mamma that it's a good joke getting in serried ranks of specialists merely to exclaim in chorus, "May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both!" But now to the real subject of my letter which is, of course, Keble. Did you ever see anything so dear, so saintly or so easily amused? (Like the stage peasant who "laughs at such mild jokes that if he ever heard a good one it would kill him"—) and then his having instrumental music when he wrote his sermons and (we presume) sackbut and cymbals during meals. By the way did you read the "Musings" and do you remember Aunt Charlotte's comment and quotation from "Lyra Innocentium" on the First Sunday after Christmas? "Assuredly 'showing off' is fatal to the little ones, whose only protection against its evils lies in that shyness which coaxing and flattery endeavor to destroy. Never, perhaps, did the true welfare of children more need that their friends should take home the admonition;

' Think of the babes of Judah's royal line ; —
Display once touched them with her parching glare ;
Once, and for ages four they bear the sign ;
The fifth beheld them chained in Babel's Lair'!!!'

Think of the poor little things being "shown off" once by injudicious friends and having to bear such a hideous and incomprehensible penalty!

Did you ever read anything more delightfully con-

fused and like herself than Aunt C's recollections? We decided that she probably thought she moulded her style on St. Paul's — Paulina suggested Corinthians — "Or," said Nanny, "The Circumcision of Titus" (Galatians, ii).

By the way your objection to St. Paul is something like President Eliot's insuperable dislike of David — who can't read the Psalms on account of the Psalmist's love for Bathsheba, and then hies him to a Mormon stronghold to make complimentary allusions to Brigham Young.

I am re-reading Farrar's "Life of St. Paul," or rather I am having it read to me by mamma, who said it was a relief to her to find that St. Paul really was three years in Arabia before he went up to Jerusalem. James Freeman Clarke had said so but she hadn't believed it. I told her she might have resorted to the simple expedient of consulting St. Paul himself. There are several passages on heathendom and the Hellenic spirit in Farrar and one particularly bitter and outspoken one on the 240th page of the first volume, which I should like to read to the shade of your friend John Addington Symonds. Paulina resumed his "Life of Michelangelo" the other day with the usual expression of resigned despair with which one reads that tedious and repulsive folio. She was tired of pointless details as to when he hired his apprentices, she said, and couldn't keep his brothers apart. Who was Buonarotto? Why Simone etc. I told her it would simplify matters if she grasped the first great principle that in Italian families some members went by their first names alone — some simply by their middle — others by their last, and one at least by his place of residence (or where he saw fit to pay his taxes for the time being): and that it would not con-

fuse the more intelligent of our friends if she, Dickson and I called ourselves for the future simply "Cony," "Smith," and "West Manchester." — "What a fool you can be" I hear you say with that brutal frankness learnt at Hursley Vicarage—but I have really no facts to communicate except that Ethel is coming to lunch, that Paulina is entertaining Ellen Hooper below-stairs, and mamma is revelling with her trunks overhead, and oh! yes, — is to marry her "girlhood's choice" on the 25th of this very month. Paulina and Mr. Higginson were discussing whether they would be married in the Catholic Cathedral or by a Buddhist Priest when it was suddenly borne in upon me that the ceremony would be performed by Mrs. Piper (Mrs. Drain-Piper as I playfully term her) with her French double there—Dr. Phinuit (who talks such bad French) to assist, and a "Planchette" as Maid of Honor.

As ever your
"NANCY."

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Saturday, October 14th.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Ethel will tell you that barring a strong smell of new paint and varnish and some little natural confusion we are quite comfortably settled at home again, tho' the city seems close and dingy after Manchester and we sorely miss the ocean and our view of sunset and changing trees. What a number of things happen in town—between yesterday's stifling heat and today's sirocco we

indulged in a little amateur garotting or burglary up the street last night. John has just sallied out to discover what it was—but it really was quite awful to have the house all roused last night by shrieks and cries for help and police—to hear men assembling and running to Charles Street and others stopping before Dr. Nichols' house which was all lighted up. Nathalie thinks it may have been only some drunken woman who may have got hurt in some way—and I didn't mean to make a short story so long!

Paulina's letter told you how much better I was and Dr. Mason, who came again last night, says after a day or two I may try sitting up for a little while and hopes that by Thanksgiving or Christmas if I have no relapse I may get downstairs again—I think myself that I shall do so much sooner.

I am glad on mamma's account that we are at home again. Those six weeks when I was so very ill, wore on her fearfully and she lost seven pounds and still looks poorly, tho' she has been getting better since I have and is much cheered at having the dreaded move so triumphantly over.

Ethel held out hopes of your coming to see us soon but I wanted to write you myself and today especially. It was on the 14th, wasn't it, two years ago, that Mr. Brooks was consecrated? Somehow the anniversaries, when one can think just of him, are easier to bear than the other days.

Thank you for the flowers you sent me. I knew you would understand what this return was to us. Paulina and I scarcely dared think of it. It was like facing the bitterness of the first grief—only weakened by all these months of loneliness and need, and with less of that

sense of exaltation for his sake that one had while his words and the touch of his hand were still so fresh. Sometimes the dark waters seem to close over one's head and one's very soul seems to faint within one at thought of the dark winter that is coming, but it seems faithless to be discouraged. We need only take one day at a time—and I didn't mean to write you such a dreary letter and I know how much harder it is for you, dear Mrs. Paine, who knew him so much better and so much longer and have to face the world and the church and the streets which seem so empty now.

Ever most affectionately,
ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Tuesday, October 17th.

Dear Bessie,

I directed this envelope to you with fear and trembling—first calling in two domestic specialists in the matter of hand-writing to help me decipher and compare the two addresses that you sent me, but except that the *Miss* Danforth of the first had become “*Mrs.*” and a “W” now preceded the nameless avenue, we none of us could make very much of either. This is rather odd too for I can read the rest of your letters, but when I come to the address—whether because it is so arbitrary a thing or so vital—suddenly all my intuitive genius fails me. The moral of which seems to be that we shall have to resort to the simple expedient of print.

After which biting prelude, I will begin at the begin-

ning which I believe in the matter of correspondence is supposed to be the writer herself.

We are back in town, you see, having come up on Wednesday last and the much-dreaded move was accomplished by me unexpectedly well. For six weeks, you see, I had only been two or three times even as far as from my bed to my sofa, so that the journey was quite an undertaking. The three doctors all thought it better for me to drive up than to have so many changes, especially as I dreaded being lifted in and out of the train and having to submit to be so apparently feeble for all the world to see. So that dear Mr. Higginson lent us two of his fleet steeds and a carriage where I could lie down if necessary, and planned every inch of the way so that we avoided all the big towns — the cobble-stones and most of the electric cars and came into Boston very comfortably over Harvard Bridge. Paulina came with me and we really enjoyed ourselves and the perfectly lovely day, and were glad to have a last look at the ocean and the marshes and the changing trees which we felt so badly to leave so soon. Dickson was waiting to carry me upstairs and my room was so full of flowers and fruit and notes and what-not, and so many people had been to enquire that I felt a humbug or —'s "*malade imaginaire*" — I have kept pretty well too so that Dr. Mason lets me sit up a little every day and hopes if I have no bad turn to get me downstairs by "Thanksgiving." I think myself I shall be down much sooner. You must write when you have time and tell me about your work and whether your courage is good — but I know it must be — and whether you have any interesting girls to teach.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Monday the 23rd.

My dearest Gertrude,

I can't let today pass without writing you if only a word or two. The twenty-third and the twenty-sixth of every month seem to shine out with a peculiar sacredness and are less sad than the other days to me! They seem to be so full of him that one can't be anything but hopeful and try to take up the burden of life again with new courage—not as "those who sorrow without hope;" for "we are not of the night nor of darkness" but are "the children of the light and of the day."

It doesn't seem natural to have the sky so dark nor to hear the rain dripping on to the roofs, instead of having the birds and the sunshine, but we have just been brightened by a little call from Mrs. Paine, who brought some beautiful violets which I was glad to have for the vase before my picture.

The next time you come I must read you some bits out of Mrs. Beaumont's last letter to me after she had heard how poorly I was. It is so beautiful and so like her. We hope to hear again before very long.

I trust that Mrs. Brooks is a little better notwithstanding the oppressive weather and all the things that must be done with so heavy a heart. Paulina wants me to send you a great deal of love and she is hoping to get down to see you very soon, tho' this week is appallingly busy as she looks ahead at all her engagements—headed by the dentist's.

My weeks are never busy and I am always "at home," so when you call and as often as you can you must come

and listen while I talk — that's what a call on me means, I believe, insulting friends have remarked.

Affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Tuesday Morning [October 24].

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I have a feeling that this can't go on and that if you don't appear, I shall have to enter into conversation with you thro' the medium of the penny post. What day was it you were here? At all events, it seems a long time ago and I had hopes you would turn up yesterday from a kind of instinct as it was a Monday, or rather I had hopes till I saw what a disconsolate, dreary day it was going to be!

I was just ill enough Sunday night and yesterday to come up beautifully today on the system of the well-bucket, which plays a prominent part among the doctor's similes — and I shall be sitting up in a little while clothed and in my right mind, as I did last Thursday most triumphantly for quite two hours! It was an idea of my own to get me in good training for going down-stairs when the time comes. It might be pretty soon if I would let myself to be carried up and downstairs, but I have rather shrunk from the idea of leaving this haven quite yet. I feel as if I wanted a little time to gather my courage before facing the same old life which is so different! Yesterday was the twenty-third, and it came on Monday as it did that dark morning nine months ago, when it seemed as if all the smaller griefs and burdens were quite swallowed up in that great one, and as if we

could never be anything but pure and unselfish and brave till one went to join him! The day when it comes back always seems to help me to make a new start. Have you read "Whole Views of Life" in the new volume of sermons? It is perfectly beautiful.

Yours most lovingly,

ALICE.

To Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER.

BOSTON,

Friday, October 27th.

Dearest Elizabeth,

By this time of course you have assumed the conventional spread-eagle attitude before the peristyle! and with patriotic pride sniffed the tainted air of the machinery building. We were awfully glad to hear you were going to see it all, tho' you did have to leave New York and your friends and your surprising racketings there. It will at least break your journey west and enable you to converse intelligently with your compatriots for the next few years to come! Did we tell you what Mrs. Whitman said of the Art Building? that it was like a beautiful woman and then when you thought of the wings having been added it was like a beautiful woman opening her arms! Isn't that cunning and Whitmanesque?

And now to business! I hope you won't think my silence and my snippety notes by proxy is a sample of the way I am going to act this winter because they are not at all. I knew how busy you were and the times when I could have caught you on the wing, so to speak,

the fates were agin me. People dropped in to see me and there were notes to write and more housekeeping problems than usual with moving and a new Swede in the kitchen, who doesn't understand "English as she is spoke"—used Soy in her soups—and couldn't find the dark nooks where we keep our vegetables "and ga! ga!" said the Grey Goose—haven't you kept house yourself? Then this week I have been some feeble after having my hair washed, but had planned Saturday morning to get my strength and write to my Boosie and generally keep sacred, when last night Dr. Mason selects that very particular time for a long séance with him and his stethoscope. Having it put on for a few minutes I don't mind at all, but when I have to sit up and have people knock and listen at my left shoulder and take long breaths and sing high C, I am pretty well tired out. He is very much encouraged about me, chiefly on account of the marvellous vigor I show in coming up after those bad "leaking spells," and hopes that by Christmas I will be able to get downstairs again on my own legs—even tho' I utterly refuse to even think of his pet scheme of a nurse to bully me days and sit up with me nights, to prevent my doing anything when I want to and to insist on my doing things when I don't! Ha! ha! do they think to bind this child of impulse—not so. Perhaps you would like to know just what he says ails me once for all—of course prefacing our remarks with the well-known truth, that people with damaged vitals usually get along much better and stick it out longer than their sounder and less fortunate neighbors. The heart appears in the first place to be of a weak and palpitating order with an awkward inclination to slow up and stop at any ordinary sign of fatigue in its owner—it also in-

dulges at times in attacks of bad valvular affection, at which times it becomes dangerous to move. The constant pain is less serious, being neuralgic affection of the nerves about the heart, caused by the same inability of the heart to do its work, and that produces the "angina pectoris" which in all medical propriety I have no business to have at my age and there's an end of these horrid pathological details once and forever! I am really so much better that I scarcely know myself — have been dressed twice and see no reason why I shan't be able to resume my old manners of existence shortly — coming down at tea time and seeing one or two *best* friends a day. As for my figurative heart—the heart with which I love my Boosie—that beats regular and strong but wouldn't Hursley Vicarage dub this "coarse"? Dear Aunt Charlotte, I "muse" with her constantly and quite resented the "Spectator's" remarking that Seldon's sensible remarks on tithes would do good to certain fanatical talkers on that subject. It is from the "Spectator" you know that I pick up little scraps of information on subjects this side the flood; and in it we saw the other day, that they thought they had discovered (from a cipher letter of Louis XIV) that Gen. Bourlande was "the Man in the Iron Mask" and not the "Author of the Junius Letters" as I had fondly conceived on the general principle that one enigma cancels another.

By the way I forgot to ask you apropos of the "Spectator" whether "Punch" would be any solace and if I should order it for you say as a Christmas Gift? Tell me frankly, won't you? The idea just occurred to me that tho' rather drivelling, the political pictures are good

and it comes often and regular and can be looked at or not as one's humor suits.

What a long letter and all to tell you that I love you fond and think of you always

Your
“NANNY.”

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
Thursday, November 2nd.

Dearest Elizabeth,

Mrs. Dexter and Anna Amory took a cup of tea with me Tuesday and yesterday Elinor and then Mrs. Whitman who was coming as usual. Among other things she told us that Burne-Jones' "Love Among the Ruins" had been purchased by some one who, as she said, "loved it fond" and paid highly, and had then with B.J.'s permission sent it to some firm in Paris to be engraved. They took it for one of the modern oils and applied white of egg which neither hurts an oil "nor yet the hen" when lo, and behold, the whole picture disappeared in a smutch before their eyes; "and so," said Mrs. Whitman, "there is no more a Love among the Ruins." "In fact," said Nanny, "it has become a *mariage de convénance*." Speaking of the Gallic tongue, did I tell you what a blow my vanity had received? After writing half a dozen letters this year and more, to Madame Couder of which the stock in trade might have been said to have been Mademoiselle Constance and M. Auguste Gardner, both of whom she knew — indeed she used to speak of him as "*un blond Americain*" rather

to my patriotic disgust — Well, having retailed their “*nôces*,” their winter in “*La belle France*,” their house in Hamilton, “*quelques lieux de Manchester*,” imagine my sensations when in her last letter, she ingenuously asked if Mademoiselle Constance were not yet married! I felt like the man who said, “but we mustn’t quote before so accomplished a Latin scholar as Sir Richard Bethel,” at which Bethel looked up quickly and remarked, “I thought my honorable friend was quoting from some Welsh author.”

By the way, Mrs. Whitman told us rather a cunning tale apropos of a suburban bag she carried, and in return for “I go to Salem evenings” — but perhaps you have heard it? She said to her butcher, “Crawford, where do you live,” to which Crawford replied, “I live in Brighton but I have my social privileges in Newton” !!! Speaking of the suburbs, Dickson, who feels that three babies are almost too much of an “impigation,” not “on the nuss” but Mrs. Walcott, is thinking of setting up his own vine and fig-tree in Milton or elsewhere in the spring. I suggested that he might call his new home “The Warren” and recharge his name into “Mr. Cony-Smith,” an idea just abusive enough to delight him beyond measure. I have now told you about all the members of the family except the most energetic, the most useful and the most important. She and “Hamlet” are at present prancing about the town doing the marketing, the shopping and making the necessary calls. Not satisfied with her duties as nurse, keeper, upper housemaid and menagerie tender, she has started to hem-stitch a handkerchief for Mr. Higginson’s birthday on the 18th, and to knit him a pair of silk socks for Christmas, so that we tell her she varies between “seamstresses

arm" and "knitter's elbow" and wears always a kind of feverish "work while it is called a week-day for Sunday cometh" expression which pains her jealous and exacting family. She is at present maliciously amused by the fact that since "Repeal" stocks have gone down. As for me I am like John Ruskin, who during the Gordon excitement mildly pricked up his ears and inquired "Who is the Soudan?" All this sounds very heartless and flippant, when I am really most anxious to hear how you got thro' the journey and how you were at Chicago — Write when you are rested and *not* before. I am waiting till you have had time to settle a little before sending you the "Sermons" and Mrs. Foster a photograph of Mr. Brooks's study which she said she would like. Kingsley still tarries. I don't see why. Keep a stout heart, dear old girl, and don't forget

Your most loving
"NANCY."

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Begun Friday, November 10th.

Dearest Elizabeth,

"Birthdays? yes in a general way for the most if not for the best of men" and Martin Luther, Shelley and I chose this rather grim date for putting in an appearance on this troublous globe — *Figurez vous* I am absolutely twenty five years old and I naturally turn to my Aunt Boosie for sympathy, knowing that she too has touched that high water mark and survived it. You will be twenty six on January 17th is it? (My mind is going, you see) but twenty six is mere child's play compared to quarter of a century! Perhaps that is why I

feel so like "She" this morning and have risen haggard and whitehaired from my couch. As I told mamma and Paulina this morning — after a heavy dose of brandy — anybody could wish me a happy return of the day but *not* of the night. One must draw the line somewhere and after taking a week to recover from a similar vigil Thursday last, to have another night just like it without rhyme or reason revolts my high spirit. I ought not to be writing you now, but I wanted just to tell you how rejoiced I was to get your Colorado note and to think of you as not safely at your journey's end (and I shan't be quite comfortable till you are) but nearing it. I have been trying to fancy you this week as settling in and resting and with homeward turning thoughts — the out journey over. Dear Bessie, I do love you so and if we are called on to go thro' life with the burden of "as dying and behold we live," perhaps we may earlier come to understand the "sorrowful yet always rejoicing, the having nothing and yet possessing all things." I wanted to put the verse in Romans about "tribulation worketh patience and patience experience and experience hope" under your name in the last volume of Sermons, only I felt that you knew all that so much better than I and what was only vague sentiment with me was stern reality to you! By the way, I hope the Sermons reached you safely? I sent them and the photograph Monday, but to my Cranfordian and untravelled mind, addressing a helpless parcel to so far away seems like casting one's bread upon the waters — only more so —

Nov. 11th.

Just about at the end of the last page I gave up the struggle — had a bad turn or so and sent for the Doctor

who arrived on his pet hobby (the idea of a night-nurse), gave me something powerful to take every two hours, and is going to look in early this morning, when he will not find the bird, if not exactly flown, still comfortably "as usual." — I wish you had seen the flowers I got yesterday! beginning with bouquets from Ethel and from Ellen Hooper and ending up with a great box from Constance—full of violets and lilies-of-the-valley and maiden hair — a box which came too late to be opened. There are sixteen vases full of them, and all the tables in this part of the house have had to be put in requisition to stand them on — while your photograph looks down at me from the mantel-piece over a perfect bed of mignonette and pinks. This is what comes of trying to keep one's birthday buried in oblivion — a prophetic instinct seems to have stirred the community including Anna Amory and Pauline Bancroft. — Mrs. Dexter had no idea of its being my birthday, but appeared in the afternoon with a sweet table-cover for me and a box of chocolates from Mr. Dexter and a little later came Mrs. Whitman, equally ignorant, but bearing a floral tribute or to quote the mysterious stucco motto above her door "*Lilia manibus plenis*" —

Speaking of letters, your sprightly epistle from Chicago amused me much! Besides riding on Camels, attending Turkish improprieties and gathering in witty and profane anecdotes, did you go to see Buffalo Bill and Hagenbeck, tamer of beasts? The latter by the way (so Dr. Eliot told Mrs. Higginson) is a very pleasant nice young fellow, but a little inclined to drink more than is good for him ("the fault of many a good man, Miss Alice," as our old Julia says) but a fault which Mrs.

Hagenbeck does not apparently pardon so easily. Being very much intoxicated one evening, he preferred reeling down to sleep among his animals to facing his wife, who became anxious toward morning — went out to look him up and finally found him in the “larger cat” cage asleep with his body against a lion and his feet on the trained tiger — when she called out to him bitterly from between the bars “ You coward! ” — One, I should judge, of the class called moral!

We were nicely beaten at the polls Tuesday weren’t we? Mr. John Russell said he expected a defeat but not an avalanche, but we lay it to the fact that he didn’t write a companion letter to Mr. Greenhalge’s (did you see it “I have always worked for my bread — I have never corrupted a voter or travelled in Europe” and that style of thing) in which he could have said “These whiskers are dyed with home dyes — no Tyrean purple etc.” but perhaps you don’t know that delightful man and have never cast a suspicious eye upon those whiskers. So you scorn the idea of “Punch”? I shall have to fall back on Aunt Charlotte’s “Monthly Packet.” By the way wasn’t it a little coarse of the Kebles to drive “a flea-bitten grey,” even tho’ he was coyly if vaguely called “Strawberry” — This whole anecdote might — I don’t say would — but *might* be called pointless in another, which reminds me of a remark of Archbishop Whately’s I saw the other day which struck me as a delightful description of random talkers that “They aim at nothing and they hit it.” There’s a “Life of Pusey” out but I’m not as Tractarian as you are and so shan’t read it, but the “Life of Stanley” I shall, tho’ I don’t know how good it is going to be. I remember

Mr. Brooks's telling us how it had been given first to one person to write and then to another, and finally the last one had written so fully that at the end of the first folio he had got the Dean up to a boy of twelve or so, when the publishers proposed that there should be two distinct works the "Life of Dean Stanley" and the "Boyhood of Dean Stanley."

His life of Arnold is fine, isn't it? and do you wonder that Arnold and Keble looked at things from rather different points of view? Its a pity all those dear men spent so much time bickering among one another, isn't it? When you do get Kingsley — (if ever) — you will see the truth in that man's remark that Kingsley spent his life in a strange crusade against celibacy — a danger which to others did not seem imminent as far as the ordinary Englishman was concerned. Have you seen "Lowell's Letters" edited by your friend Mr. Norton? because do try to get them if you haven't. They are perfectly delightful and as bright and charming as possible.

There, do you think I could with honesty tell my family I had enclosed a handkerchief to you to account for the fatness of this letter? At all events you are supplied with light literature (?) for some time to come!

Your loving
SNAP.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Saturday Eve.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

We did not hear till noon today of Ted Cabot's death which was weighing on your heart perhaps when you

were here yesterday? He had fought a good fight and it was a merciful release, of course, after a long captivity; but however much expected and longed-for by the watchers, death always comes like a shock somehow — a solemn fresh thing out of the darkness and mystery with the silence after it which says more than words — It must touch you nearly thro' his mother — It will touch a great many I know for every one liked him and respected him that knew him at all. — Little as I knew him, I have felt all day that sense of having lost another link that bound my present to my past.

Mamma is mending rapidly and hopes to be down-stairs tomorrow and I am almost comfortable "as usual" again, tho' Dr. Mason assures me cheerfully that I am not so well as I think. The next best thing however to being better is to feel so!

I didn't thank you half enough for the table-cover which makes my whole room a different place and please give my thanks and the whole family's to Mr. Dexter for the candy.

Always your affectionate

ALICE.

To Miss GERTRUDE BROOKS.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Wednesday Evening.

Dearest Gertrude,

I was much relieved to hear from you this morning, as I had begun to fear you might not be well and Paulina had her hands so full — with mamma still upstairs and me so ill — that she hasn't been able to get down to inquire about you all. Now however she hopes to do so

soon, as I am getting better of the last bad turn and mamma is up and out—really rested we hope by her fortnight of rest and novel reading. There is always some insuperable obstacle when we don't some of us come down, you may be sure, for we think of you constantly with aching hearts. I know what you mean about dreading the anniversaries which come so thick and fast upon one now, but somehow as they come don't you find them so full of him that they are helps somehow—like shining steps leading up thro' the darkness. And when one's mind is full of one subject, even tho' it is an overwhelming grief, it is pleasant to be able to live in the old memories again. I was looking at a little memorandum book of mine and saw that a year ago yesterday Mr. Brooks dined here with us at a "young dinner" (I remember how he would set the earliest date and kept asking if the young people wouldn't be disappointed to see him) and I had put down too how he stayed till twenty minutes past eleven, long after every one else had gone. It all came back so clearly and other times like it—times when we got up out of bed and dressed again to see him.

It all makes up so much of one's life that it can't be merely the past but has grown into one's soul of souls.

Miss Lowell was here this morning and tells me that the "Letters" are out today. Mamma ordered them for me and I am looking forward to them so much! She told me too that your sister Susie had been quite ill with her share of the family cold but that she was better again and out. Do take care of yours, won't you?

Always your most affectionate

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,

Monday Morning, Nov. 20.

My dearest Bessie,

Your letter has just this moment come, and imagine my delight at hearing from you at last, mingled with my speechless fury when I learnt that you hadn't got the lengthy epistle I wrote November 2nd, timing it, as I thought, so that it would reach Santa Barbara before you did and serve if not for a welcome, at least as a proof that I was thinking of you. Paulina who read your letter was overcome with guilty consciousness, which she tried in vain to conceal with a laugh—as she stamps the letters downstairs before carrying them out to the mail and, tho' she can't remember this particular one, thinks it probable that the stamp may have been put on hastily enough to glide off. So much for righteous indignation!—but a kept over letter is like champagne opened the night before last. I hope the others will go straighter. I wrote you again on the 11th (I am ashamed to think of the fatness of those last ones—two stamps apiece) and again on the 18th—this very Saturday—so I have no business to be writing now.

Mrs. Whitman was here yesterday and again alluded to the "unicorn" which this time predominated over the lion in the English character. I had before, by comparative philology, decided that in her vocabulary it stood for America, but now it comes out in new colors as a kind of "dual personality."— She was more charming than ever yesterday, if possible, and I am getting so

that I get quite gloomy and distract when I don't see her for four or five days. I begin to think it commonplace not to have a language of one's own too, and a singular cut to one's clothes, and a green cape and pointed hat which makes one look as if "one's broom-stick waited" in the vestibule. Constance says Mrs. Palfrey met Mrs. Whitman in a shop in Salem where they sold turned-wooden things and Mrs. Whitman came up to her with a small common or garden wooden box remarking, "A box like this makes me cry like a child—" It sounded eminently probable!

I can't tell you how nice it is to think of you so comfortably and pleasantly situated — live-stock and palm trees included, and if you don't hear from me at least every ten days blame the mail, the postman, the executive, anything but

Your devoted and affectionate
ALICIA.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

[Nov. 21.]

Dearest Gertrude,

My dear book of letters has just come, and when I opened it at random, it was at the description of that visit to Tennyson which recalled the time when he told me about it and the time too last spring when Paulina and I came to get comfort and sympathy from you and Mrs. Brooks and you read that letter to us! So much happiness as you had in being what you were to him can never be a past happiness but always a present one — an afterglow to last you and brighten all life for you. None of us who knew him ever so little, it seems to me, could have a sad life. It was, as Mr. Harry Lee told

mamma, not necessary that Mr. Brooks should talk of Heaven. No one who had even seen him could doubt it.—

I always feel after you leave me as if I had not begun to say half of what I wanted to.

Don't answer this, dear Gertrude. It is only to say goodnight and God bless you.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

Tuesday Evening.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

[Nov. 23.]

Thursday Morning.

My own dearest Ethel,

I shan't tell you how humiliated I was by your sweet letter, but take it for granted — as you suggest — that our brutal frankness about other people's social duties — a subject on which we are totally ignorant of course — was really a mark of Christian kindness, tho' at first sight it might appear to savor slightly of taking the mote out of our brother's eye with all that lack of sympathy and fellow-feeling that becomes a person with a beam in his own. As for the rest of your letter, I think it is one of the most disheartening experiences to all of us to see how little our lives match our own convictions — to find ourselves capable of the most glorious visions and resolutions at one moment and the next biting our families' heads off — talking meanly and basely of our neighbors' motives and struggles, or upset for the day because the fire went out before breakfast! Such knocks on the hard realities of our own faults and weakness are good for our spiritual pride — however discouraging and

prove, if it needed proving, that "we have not wings, we cannot soar, but we have feet to scale and climb," and alas! to kick out at climbing friends with, at leisure moments!

Your loving
ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

"Thanksgiving Day."

Dear Bessie,

I don't want to let November pass without writing you, tho' when I send my dubiously addressed envelopes to the mail I feel as tho' I were casting my bread upon the waters to be returned to me after many days — first having been perused by the post-office officials. I trust your silence only means your chronic state of breathless haste and occupation in running after lost time, for which I can forgive you most readily, and not that you have been ill or too hard-worked, nor anxious or worried about anything, nor discouraged generally? If you have been and I don't know of it you must lay it to my being necessarily ignorant of a great deal that comes to my friends and not to lack of affection, won't you? You see I know no one that can tell me of you!

The dear boy [Bay Lodge] dined here last night on the remains of Paulina's Sewing Circle which came off yesterday — I don't mean that he eat the work or the maidens' bones, tho' it looks as tho' I did. — What a relief it is to have those dubious festivities in the past! The day before I lay covered with Sybilline Leaves pro-

saically directed to Weber's and the markets and feeling as if I were doing a sum in algebra which dealt entirely with unknown quantities — haunted on one side by a vision of forty girls turned hungry from our doors, and on the other by an equally distressing picture of the family living for the rest of their natural days on chicken creamed with rice and fish croquettes. However it seems to have been a brilliant success — Eleanor Appleton sung for them after lunch and I had a little private reception of Constance and Bella and Ellen upstairs, where I found myself surrounded by violets and pinks which the dear children brought me! Indeed what with one thing and another these last ten days have been very full — for Paulina and I are really only the active and passive moods of the same verb so that her gaieties are mine too.

A day or two before the weddings and the Blake festivity (when we had retired to bed after the fatiguing gaiety of a Mt. Vernon St. day), a letter came over from Mrs. Whitman begging Paulina to drink tea in her studio with a Russian Princess of unpronounceable name and to bring Bay with her, which she accordingly did. She had a lovely time, as she always does when she can see Mrs. Whitman and Ellen and Mr. Hooper and Mr. Brimmer (the last mostly from afar) and was introduced to Mme. Bourget, who is such a lovely-looking creature, and to Mme. Blanc — being presented to the last as a "typical American girl," which had at least the advantage of enabling her to stick to her native tongue. As for the Princess — I tell Paulina she is so unused to potentates that she expected a tinsel crown and asked Mrs. Whitman where she was? — not suspecting that a

small dowdy woman (close to her) dressed in black and with her hair coming down *could* have so long a name! Mr. Hooper said he had discovered that a prince in Russia corresponded with a justice of the peace; and that they learnt all the languages in the fond hope of escaping from their native land! Mamma inquires at intervals in a satirical manner if I am writing a letter? It does seem to have grown rather but will do so no more but get itself signed

Your affectionate

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Begun Monday, Dec. 11th.

Dearest Elizabeth,

"Now's the day and now's the hour" — which is a poetical way of saying that I'm going to begin a letter to you, tho' the time is short and I am lying in the midst of chaos — Hamlet casting sheep's-eyes at "Valentina" who with three account-books, letters, lists and so on decorate my bed — "The Judge" taking an unnecessarily showery bath in the middle distance and Paulina surrounded by immense paste board boxes in the foreground, having apparently just waked up this morning to the hideous proximity of Christmas, and having in consequence loudly demanded a pair of scissors, something round and all the chamois skin the house afforded. — Can it be possible that she is going to present that original gift, a penwiper, to such friends as don't have Hamlet's picture as a Christmas card? Speaking of Hamlet he attended "Aunt Sarah Whitman's" fair at Trinity the other day and won himself much renown

by performing for cookies, but all social triumphs are forgotten in the gloom cast on him by the threatened arrival of a black feline rival whom I wish to call "Mewt" giving it the full benefit of the mew (to quote our former friend—). I tell Paulina that with a black cat and a black dog we shall look like an undertaking establishment — with the birds of course to attend Chinese funerals — which reminds me of a gruesome anecdote about a man who, on being asked what he was making, said, "a coffin for Number 42." "But," said his friend, "42 ain't dead yet." — "No, but the doctor told me and he knows what he gi'n him."

Oh, I must tell you the most delightful thing about the Russian Prince Volkonsky. — After a three weeks' visit at "Shady Hill," he inquired during a lecture he gave to young America at Memorial Hall, "But why *will* you all chew gum?" rather a good joke on his Angloomaniac, Phil-Hellenic Norton hosts, *n'est-ce pas?*

Your letter of the 2nd came Saturday and I picture you now stalking the wild duck thro' marshy spots and am rather glad not to be with you when armed with anything that might go off in any and all directions. We shall certainly get and devour anything written by Hughes about the publisher of "our set" — Imagine my sensations the other day when Mrs. Charles Dalton told me that she had been artlessly singing the praises of Aunt Charlotte with the usual fervor to a friend who remarked "That it was all very well but she knew Miss Yonge's niece — one brought up by her and she quite detested her aunt!! said she was narrow!! set!! always making every one do just what she thought the thing!! bigotted!! etc." but the paper shows an inclination to burn up like a scroll at the mere repetition of these

words. Perhaps she resembles Miss Jane Mohun in her treatment of Gillian (who I always thought needed looking after, with that horrid taint in her blood, which led her under cover of reading the "Lyra Innocentium" in the garden, to whisper thro' the iron fence with the White youth.)

The Hoopers are educating us in a great many ways at least into a knowledge of our dense ignorance on every subject, except possibly the domestic life of a few men influenced by the Tractarian Movement. The house holds at the moment a lot of photographs of Michelangelo's things which Mr. Hooper sent in and a book of his mother's poems (just printed for the family — I wonder if you ever have happened to have heard any of them — Miss Lowell read me a good many last summer) which are perfectly beautiful. Then last week Ellen brought me in a lot of her father's collection of William Blake, which affected me to such an extent that sulphonal proved powerless and I lay awake a good part of the night, staring into a darkness which served as a good background for his tremendous conceptions of life and death — resurrection into eternal youth — weird attitudes and gorgeous color. —

Here I was interrupted by a call first from Helen Storrow and her baby — (you know the spinster aunt has a sneaking fondness for babies and their outside wraps mingled with awe) and then Mrs. Henley Luce who was as sprightly as usual and has just gone leaving me half an hour before lunch to finish this letter.

Your devoted correspondent,

SNAP.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Wednesday Evening.

Dear Bessie,

Tea is over and dinner too and as I lie here alone before mamma comes up, I feel that it is a happy moment to write you a line. You can think of me with the fire-light playing over our beautiful "Blake," and the two birds with their capes over their cages sitting side by side on the table below. "Hamlet" has just rushed in—inspected me with a sniff of disappointment and rushed off again on a vain search for his Aunt Paulina, who has gone to spend the night at the Hoopers so as to the more easily attend Mabel's party. — Tomorrow Loulie spends the night here to go to Bella Curtis's Sociable and Joe Lee is to dine with her.

I am running on in my usual irrelevant way but that will convince you that this is not a forgery better than half a dozen signatures.

I was very stupid the other day and I didn't even find out when you were going back nor a thousand things that I thought of when the door shut on you and it was too late. Do you have rooms all to yourself and how many of your fellow teachers live at Mrs. Danforth's? At least I can fancy a room made beautiful with a copy of "the Morning Stars." — I trust, dear, you left them all well at home and carried a less burdened and wounded heart away with you than in the fall. Sometime when you have plenty of time and feel like it, you must write and tell me about yourself and as many of your troubles and perplexities as it helps you — or is possible — to

speak of. However if you don't, you know how much I always feel with you and that I am always

Your affectionate friend,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Sunday Afternoon,
December 17th.

Dearest Bessie,

By the time you get this, Christmas will have come and gone but I am going to write a line for all that to tell you how much all our thoughts are with you all — at this season most especially. There isn't a day I don't think of you, dear old girl, and this afternoon as I lie here with the firelight playing among my Penates, I could cry with longing to see you and share some of my blessings with you — not material ones, but associations and a path lying among old familiar fields. It is a comfort sometimes to think that our lots are chosen for us and that we learn to love God for our own sunshine that we may trust him for what seems all shadow in other people's lives. We need all our faith and hope this winter in the midst of these hard times, where hunger and cold are brought close home to one and where there seems to be so much illness and grief every where — with our guide and comforter gone too from among us and the wilderness to cross alone. — I don't know what makes me write so gloomy a letter when I meant to tell you how the days which we dreaded so bitterly — and which when I thought of for Paulina made my very soul faint — have brought their own strength and brightness with them. It isn't so hard for me lying at home here

and not having to face strangers, nor pass the house on the way to church (which is in a way the saddest of all); but Paulina is a brave little thing and takes up her old duties and goes ahead and finds comfort in many things. Her Sunday School Class and her boys and their families (— one of whom, by the way, has just come by the help of a few weeks' coal and food thro' a very near pinch and who thro' her exertions got a place yesterday to our great delight —) are a great source of interest — and seeing so much of the Hoopers and Higginsons helps her over many a hard place. Music and pictures are a great deal more to her than they used to be and the "Symphonies" are become a kind of church, she says. I feel that, myself, — at least about pictures (— music I get little of in my bed as you can imagine —) and very strongly about Nature, as if I had found the key to what had been locked before. The sky and stars, when I was alone, used to give me a sense of remoteness and loneliness where now it is just peace and an answer — not understood but sufficient — to all my problems. I don't know what I should have done without my sunsets, or rather the afterglow, that I got from my windows last summer and the light on the sea. — It was like reading the "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" — made visible.

Wednesday last, the 13th, was Mr. Brooks's birthday and Mrs. Whitman sent me the most beautiful amber drop — the shape is what they call an ecclesiastical oval I believe — with "My heart watcheth," or rather "*Cor meum vigilat*," marked on it, and a little thin gold chain to fasten it round my neck, so that I can wear it day and night as a talisman against despair or discouragement and the evil eye generally — It is really perfectly beautiful and "The Venerable Bead," as it is fondly called,

has much increased the attentions of my friends, who come to call on it rather than on me. Mrs. Whitman is as devoted as ever, and finds time to run in and cheer me up in the midst of all her pursuit after lost time, or to write or send me Post-Flood literature (I personally read only ante-Noah folios you know) when she can't come in person. By the way, I am really a great deal better — sit up dressed two hours a day and hope to get downstairs shortly — the day after Christmas I believe has been set as a Child's Party including a Christmas tree (trimmed by Paulina and Elinor) and Santa Claus (represented by that nice obliging Bella), which is not considered a favorable opportunity for the début of a tottering invalid. I shall write again however before that and tell you some anecdotes I have been saving up for you and also the joy your zenana band and other jests caused us! That sprightly letter came Saturday after I had sent your "Kingsley" and a sermon to Mrs. Foster — which I hope came safely to hand? Please give my love to Mrs. Foster and tell her how much we all think of you all — *always*. Paulina is at the Higginson's or she would send hers to you, dear Boosie,

Your
"SNAP."

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Begun Tuesday, Dec. 19th.
Ended Thursday, the 21st.

My own dearest Elizabeth,

What's the use of saying I won't write you, when I can no more help it than the drunkard can help instinctively longing for his dram — and it is growing on me!

The busier and tireder I am, the more strenuously I demand pen, ink, and paper. Here it is, not ten o'clock of a snowy morning in Christmas week — my marketing lists just made out — my meals not ordered and a near prospect of Christmas gees to see done up and directed. Ellen Hooper has just made me a short call to discuss matrimonial prospects in general and has now gone with Paulina up to Ethel's to gather the latest intelligence.

As for Paulina, she says there is matrimonial electricity in the very air (— even on the hill! —) snaps apples and, I tell her, is like an excitable maid servant who sees shrouds in the candles and wedding rings in tea-cups. She begins before breakfast and, when housed by a storm, expects mamma to lay down her mending and I my Old Testament Exigesis (of which this is an example — “It was a little hard for the Queen of Sheba to come all that way merely to have Solomon ask her ‘Why the miller wore a white hat?’”) expects mamma, I say, to give up her work and I my study and listen to such idle questions as “Do you know why your hairpins jump out?” — I tell her we are women of affairs and that her idea of business seems to be that of a gypsy, who need only set up a stock of one red shawl and a dirty pack of cards to trot about getting her friends to cross her hand with silver, before telling them that the dark man will play them false and they can be led but not driven.

This house by the way has been a perfect orchestra of coughs from attic to basement — Uncle Melly housed in

the lower rooms — people barking in every direction and outside winds blowing — chimney pots whizzing — blinds cracking — walkers skating on glare ice — snow falling off roofs like minute guns and the thermometer down to six degrees above, and tropical at that when one reads the accounts of weather 22 and 30 and 38 and 40 degrees below no further off than New Hampshire and Maine.

We just received per mail an advertisement of a sale of somebody's effects, in which one of the items was "Three shell hairpins" — I am tempted to see how imitation shell ones would go in these hard times. Apropos of advertisements, Dr. Bigelow sent me one, gotten up in English by some Japanese store and recommending their incense in language worthy of the Portuguese guide — "The incense helps one to keep his mind fresh, etc. etc. Gentlemen and Ladies who rove in good society are advised to use it at home and perfume their clothes and hats with it as a help to keep up respectability proper to them." A real investment I should say for some people however expensive the first plant might be, if that is a correct business expression. Tomorrow, Ellen goes to lunch with Paulina at Mrs. Higginson's and then Paulina goes to tea with Ellen at Dr. Bigelow's house which is so full of surprising things that it is like taking Russian Caravan tea, P. says, in Aladdin's cave. Next week, Paulina is to spend two or three days at Manchester with a young houseparty at the Higginson's and the day before that gaiety on one side and numerous trees and Coquelin on the other — she is going to take time to be vaccinated — a common source of evening amusement here now. Sunday, when I wrote you, she and a lot of others were taking supper at the Higgin-

son's, after walking in from Cambridge where they had had tea in Mr. Bakewell's rooms and been over the Psychical Laboratory, where they bring science (!) to bear on the "unseen world" by means of whirling their victims round on piano stools—making them sing high C, ride on a see-saw and have a jack-in-the-box snapped under their nose. Mr. Hooper's account of the post-card sent by The Psychical Research Society to an old lady of 84 to ask how she felt in a swing, forms a truly spiritual test; and the story Prof. James told of the Divinity Student in one of his classes, who was sent to feel his skin with a pin and returned full of enthusiasm at having discovered that some parts of it were more sensitive than others and added, "It's perfectly fine—it proves the immortality of the soul," seems eminently probable! With lots of love,

Your devoted
NANNY.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINÉ.

Christmas Eve.

My dearest Mrs. Paine,

You must let me thank you just this once for the lovely flowers you sent yesterday—the day of all days in the month when I love to have something beautiful to put before my pictures, and yesterday especially when one had only to shut one's eyes to see him beside the Trinity Church tree giving the candy horns to the children as they came up the chancel by twos and threes. In some very close dear way one feels he must have been there this year too—Christmas can't help being a happy time and bringing its own brightness with it in

the midst of the sadness. It seems as if we were intended to gather strength and comfort for the anniversaries that are coming so near now. — What should we have done last year but for you and Ethel? Your calls and the hope of them were like gleams of light in "a horror of great darkness" that seemed sometimes to be closing in around us — that seems so sometimes now, only that thro' the long months one has learnt to trust God and take courage.

With loving Christmas wishes to you all,

Most affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Begun Thursday, Dec. 28.
Finished Saturday.

Dearest Bessie,

Thank you ever so much for the tea-cup which came intact and which I have been keeping as a vase since Christmas Day to feed my eyes on and remind me of you! Today it will join its brothers and sisters below stairs till five o'clock when I propose to drink your health out it in foaming Bohea — Paulina was not so pious about not opening her box but proceeded at once to try whether she liked California candy and, like Mr. Pickwick, tried again and again to make sure. She decided that she did.

Your letter of the 14th got here Friday evening just after another of my half-fastened letters had been sent forth into the wilds, but this one shall be made as tight as wax and gum can make it. — Your poem was chanted

with shawms and psaltery and accompanied by the dance. I only regretted that my dressing jacket yclept "the linen ephod" was a thing of the past. Since then I have received your letter of the 19th — what a duck you are to write so often! — Only innumerable Christmas notes to write (— the last four I got thro' yesterday —) could have kept me from being equally devoted. By the way you ask if I remember "Nuttie's Father"? Certainly I do, tho' it is many a year since I read it. That is the one that mamma came home and told me about as a new novel for grown-up people which Mrs. Morison had read and found very interesting. I asked the name and rather to my surprise was told "A Day Out Nutting"!! — a weird one it struck me to give a three volume romance for adults.

Well, Christmas has come and gone and one has a blank sense of having lost something to look forward to! However one may dread it beforehand, and however many sad memories it brings thick about one, Christmas always brings its own brightness with it, doesn't it? I think it is not only the great hopes and meanings in the festival itself, but the feeling too that it and Easter must be kept *there* as well as here — that makes one feel less the gulf of the grave than on merely family days like Thanksgivings and birthdays, when one sees the human side of the sorrow only — I can't express myself but you know what I mean.

Dear old Bessie, you wish me a happy New Year and better health and I wish you the same and every blessing — I think you are one of those who in the midst of sorrows and anxieties — away from home and friends and old associations — and with constant physical weakness to combat have struck down into the real

source of strength and happiness — May joys come to you too —

Paulina is employing this leisure morning by turning also her steps Cambridge-wards to pay a visit of inspection on her third stalwart nephew, who appeared on the scene last Friday, the 22nd, and is pronounced by his impartial grandmother to be a very fine boy indeed. "Little Robert," whom I saw for a few minutes before the tree Christmas, seemed more doubtful about his charms and added that the funny part was that nobody seemed to know his name — at which we murmured "How anonymous!" — Both Charley and he are grown into such pretty little fellows that we speak of them now as "our nephews," while the first year or more of their existence they were alluded to vaguely as "mamma's grandchildren" — By the way in Germany wouldn't they pension the aunts of three powerful nephews only two years apart? — just as they give a bonus in England to the proud father of triplets?

Since Christmas I have burst out into white and crimson azalias and poinsettia and cyclamen and a fern which if I am a tiger — which some have hinted — must make me feel as if I were lying in the shadow of my native jungle. My seven bunches of violets have gone the way of all flesh, but a dozen pink roses have been saved from the burning to say nothing of all the flowers that have come since then, so I don't think even Santa Barbara can look more summery — Indeed my dear ugly old room has been made so attractive with pictures and things that I shall be more loth than ever to leave it. We have a lovely Vandyke Madonna over the

bureau—and a Perugino St. Francis, and angels by Benozzo Gozzoli, make sunshine in two shady corners; and loveliest of all a five-foot enlarged copy of the last page of William Blake's "Jerusalem" which Mr. Hooper has just had made! It is the weary soul's return into the bosom of the Eternal Life—a female figure with arms stretched up and such tired hands as if she had just been rescued by the other figure bending over her "with head wool white"—a great circle of light behind them, and below those curves and flames that Blake uses to denote vision and mystery—I wonder if you would like it as much as I do? so many people don't care for Blake at all, and think with Mr. Chapman, who wrote Mrs. Whitman that "a mystic was only an artist who couldn't paint"—apropos of the fashionable excitement over Blake. Helen and Jim gave us a big plaster cast of a lovely "Madonna and Child" which I have had hung at the foot of my bed—I only wish I knew whose it is and not simply that it isn't a della Robbia but in art matters, you know, I am like the young lady, to whom a very shy mathematical friend of Mr. Hooper's was presented because as his hostess told him she was *so fond* of mathematics. He accordingly began the conversation with the differential calculus, and was told by his companion that, fond as she was of mathematics, she had never got further than decimal fractions.

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Saturday.

This letter would not have hung on so long, but that Thursday evening I went downstairs—(my third attempt)—to see Dr. Bigelow and had a frightful evening followed by a feeble day yesterday in consequence.

— All this is slightly discouraging and it looks as if I should have to stick to my own room for a long time to come! — It isn't only the stairs, but the rooms down-stairs are never so frigid as I am happy in and one person at a time seems to border on an impossibility. The other evening not only the family stuck to the field, but Uncle Melly broke every rule by admitting an extra person so that the room reeled about me, and I felt as lost and confused as only a person feels who has been kept to one visitor at a time, varied by solitary confinement for so long. — Why do I tell you all this — except that I tell you anything that comes uppermost in what I am pleased to term my mind and my pen has a habit of getting away with me — For the present I am to see anyone I want to see up here and think of following Grandma Lodge's Plan and draping my bed in the American Flag — Yesterday I saw Ellen Hooper whom I am never too ill to see and she is coming again this morning. I tell her, I sacrifice friends and honor for her sake and have had wild dreams of letting her in and out by the fire escape (which we haven't got) so as not to excite jealousy or comment. She lies down on the bed beside me — in the flat pillowless way you sometimes affect and which always fills me with amazement — and Paulina reads to us — For some reason I get more rested with her than without her — perhaps because she's so lovely to look at — I wish you could have seen her the other day after she had spent the night here and was resting after her party in a white wrapper with all her red-gold hair hanging down below her waist — like nothing but a picture of a Princess in a Fairy Tale.

The other evening Mrs. Whitman came to see me having just got back from a Christmas trip to see all her friends and relations in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore — She looked more thoroughly tired and discouraged than I have ever seen her and moreover spoke with no attempt to conceal it. Her voice was almost a whisper from bronchitis and her vaccination was taking violently. Everybody has been vaccinated of late — with the exception of mamma and me — and as neighbor meets neighbor upon the street instead of exchanging a "How do you do?" they say a hurried "arm or leg? and have you begun to take yet?" before passing on. Mrs. Perkins says the "Life and Letters of Miss Wynne" deals with our dear "set" and is interesting — Mamma and I have finished "Daniel MacMillan." He reminds me in spots of Felix, doesn't he you? By the way some day do read Maurice's "Gospel of St. John" I'm sure you would find it everything to you — at least I hope so — it is to me. — I am writing out of the prettiest Cloisonné inkstand Mrs. Dexter gave me, and Paulina will seal this with the dearest old Bolognese lamp with little instruments of torture dangling from it given her by the Higginsons — They gave me a lovely Norwegian spoon but more than all my presents put together, I love a little silver sword (a paper cutter and book-marker together) which Gertrude Brooks gave me because it was Mr. Brooks's and has his initials on it.

Your loving
NANCY.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Man is the world's high priest ; he doth present
The sacrifice for all, while they below
Unto the sacrifice mutter an assent.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Sir Francis Bacon says, "When I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before God."

To Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER.

January 1st, 1894.

A happy New Year to you, dear old Bessie, and by the time this letter reaches you many happy returns of the day as well! Ninety-four was begun with the loveliest sunny morning and with your Christmas Eve letter which is better than the sunshine, tho' it made me cry. I begin to feel as you did last year when Anna Amory described this aged saint in "the little upper chamber," and you were divided between thinking the worst of my chances of life and reason, and a conviction that it would prove to be a case of mistaken identity.

You speak of Hedley Vicars' Life — He was the one you know whom Mrs. Whitman compared to Mary Beaumont's husband, and tho' we were totally in the dark when she called the Commodore, "A perfect Hedley Vicars" we have since, of course, done nothing but run across allusions to him. His life was on that list I gave you, wasn't it? I've always meant to read it — There was some one, who was it? on whose life it had the greatest influence — Either Ruskin or David Livingstone or some one else equally different from either. As Uncle Melly sneeringly remarks of English biographies, "this was the Hedley Vicars' time" I'm sure it must have occurred somewhere. By the way did you ever read Ruskin's "Faith of a Knight," the Knight being Sir Herbert Edwardes? Not that I have, you know, but only mean to. We have been keeping Hamlet's photograph to send you for a birthday card. I hope it came safely and that you understood how much love it carried across the continent with it. His mournful looks

in it are nothing compared to those he has been casting on "s'Aunt Paulina" for giving him a bath some time since, nor his appeals for sympathy to me and Dr. Mason who has just torn himself away from his caresses.

Speaking of aged dames, I told mamma the other day that I didn't think even they could describe me as "a sad sufferer," one of their favorite and most depressing expressions; but would have to fall back on another that they love almost as dearly, and say that "I enjoyed much ill health" — You've heard them use it haven't you? Would any other body of one's fellow beings?

I want to send you some sort of letter — no matter what — to tell you that the tenth of January is a red letter day to me, seeing that was the time my Elizabeth saw fit to make her appearance and to change the world into a pleasanter place for one person at least — who didn't come on the scene for ten months later. Your place in my affections and thoughts gets larger every day — perhaps from your reprehensible habit of wiggling so.

Enter Mrs. Dexter and exit all the paper

Your own

NANCY.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Wednesday Jan. 10.

Your two New Year letters came last night, dearest Boosie, and I was so grieved to see that you still had the

headache, which worried me in your last two or three epistles, and which I fondly hoped might be too much Christmas—presents before and note-writing afterwards. Tell me how you are, won't you? I had so much rather be anxious about you, darling, than kept in ignorance and you know how happy it makes me to feel that you occasionally relieve yourself by speaking to me of some of your troubles. I have known you too long, dear old thing, to mistake your pluck and your laughter for happy unconsciousness of all you're cut off from; but I comfort myself by thinking that a deep capacity for pain means a deep capacity for happiness, which no outward circumstances or accidents or griefs can quite prevent one's exercising. This is your birthday, isn't it? I hope the years that are coming will bring more sunshine to you and that every day you may feel surer of the love of old friends and of their need of you. I am so much stronger than I was that you would scarcely know me and tho' I am not to try the stairs for sometime, I flaunt about up here in a gay teagown and am to try sitting up for a little while every morning—and this for "a growing girl"!!!

Thursday.

You don't like cats, or I'm sure you'd admire my black "Mewt," when she leaps into the top of my towering fern or throws herself onto my bed in an attitude of lithe abandon, looking exactly like Sarah Bernhardt.

Your loving
ALKY.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Monday, Jan 15th.

My own dearest Bessie,

I am going to write you again so soon to do duty for the next fortnight and that you may understand my silence and not be startled by it, if I haven't the heart to write even you. It is a year ago yesterday since Mr. Brooks made us his last call, and the days that are coming are thick with memories which seem fresh as new griefs. The dull pain is harder to bear than the first stunning blow — One has lived and slept and waked to the blank day so long with it that one realizes that it is true and that it must be borne. It comforts me to think that we all have got closer to him and to each other thro' the pain and darkness. God bless and keep you, dear Bessie, and bring us all together, where there shall be no parting and where the former things which shall have passed away have done their work.

Friday and Saturday, we went down to zero with a real old-fashioned blustering wind in the chimney, so that I had a blazing fire all night with Valentina sitting before it with such a pathetic little croupy cough and heavy breathing — a much realer touch of the gripe than mine which, if they didn't call everything the gripe nowadays, was only a very bad cold the first I've had these five years — Isn't that a good advertisement for a mortal disease that keeps minor ailments at bay? It kept me dull and feverish all the first part of last week, and then left my brain lively only to reduce me to a voiceless condition when I had to write my desires and thick coming fancies like Joe Brownlow in

"*Magnum Bonum*" — Apropos of Aunt Charlotte, do you remember Carlyle's impolite allusions to Keble in his Diary as "that ape named Keble who wrote the 'Christian Year' and whom all the world was flocking to see"? But then we all know Carlyle's dyspeptic outlook! Dickson's wife and small family have all been going thro' "the grippy round, the coughy task" as well as Paulina who got well on some "cold pills" sent her by Mrs. Whitman and taken every hour she wasn't dancing in a low-necked gown. She returned the box with a note in the regular advertisement style.— "For years I have suffered from an excruciating cold, lameness of head, redness of nose and a jewishness of accent which has estranged my many admirers — but six of Dr. Sarah Whitman's cold pills restored me to usefulness and beauty. Signed 'Miss P. Smith, Somerville Row, Chelsea.' You've noticed the élite quarters in which takers of quack remedies usually abide?" I took of the pills myself and broke it to Dr. Mason afterwards, which reminds me of old Dr. Bigelow's description of family practice. "Miss Tappan sends for me," he says, "and says, 'Henry, I want to consult you about something. Before you came, I took a dose of medicine which Dr. Sam Cabot advised to his sister for some other complaint.' That is family practice!"

Your very loving
SNAP.

To Miss GERTRUDE BROOKS.

[Jan. 24.]

My dearest Gertrude

We are all so bound together these sacred days — feeling the same grief and consolation — thinking the same

great thoughts that words seem cold and meaningless — especially written words. I long to see you. We think of you always.

The lily you sent brought its message of Easter hope in the midst of the sorrow — Paulina wants me to give you her dearest love — to give you all.

God bless and comfort you and help us all to be worthy of such a sorrow.

Always your most loving
ALICE.

48 Mount Vernon Street,
Wednesday Morning.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON St.,
Friday, February 9th.

Dear Bessie,

So you are a householder and have your own fireside with a companion on the other side of it and a board to welcome your own friends at (the last part of which sentence is comprehensible, I hope, however awkward.) It all sounds very delightful, and I hope you will soon be rested enough to enjoy it in the present; and that the tide of life and enjoyment will come in full again, and float you off the rocks and sands where we all lie stranded so long sometimes as to feel them insurmountable. I got your letter Wednesday, and was so glad to know Miss Ireland's address that I started to write her at once but was too ill to get further than the envelope. However, the inside got written yesterday, tho' I really had nothing to say as an excuse to sign myself hers very affectionately. I have thought of her so often and how

pathetic it has been for her to have to give up the old school.

Paulina was thinking of a visit to Mrs. Lodge in Washington this week, but has postponed it till Easter time as I was too ill to leave at the time and our dear "Hamlet" lost. We got him back Tuesday after five hideous days and nights — \$5. spent in advertising and \$10. reward and superhuman efforts on the part of our men — Uncle Melly absolutely raiding the premises of a famous dog thief with a sheriff and search warrant. In short we have got "Hamlet" back but not our faith in human nature — being so versed in dog-thief lore that we eye our best friends with suspicion especially if they affect cloaks.

I have two school-teacher jests which I saved up to tell you and must tuck in before I end. Barrett Wendell says "Honor without the 'u' is not binding" which puts it in a nutshell, doesn't it? and some lady gravely said in a large company that we got most of our heat from the fixed stars. "I think," said Professor Shaler, "the fixed stars would wink if they heard us say so."

Keep a stout heart and believe me

Always lovingly yours,

ALICE W. S.

To Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Begun Saturday, Feb. 17.

Dearest Elizabeth,

The idea has suddenly struck me that a journal letter such as Meta wrote over her struggles with Norman's

archidiaconal hat in the New Zealand wilds would be both happy and appropriate; and as the festive plumbers have taken possession of the bathroom since eight o'clock and the day is somewhat long in consequence, what better time could be desired as incident is not necessary to a journal letter — is, in fact, quite antagonistic to it. At ten last night we "sprang a leak" and had to bail out the china closet like the hold of a pirate lugger — in fact I never saw — or rather heard so violent a leak. It was like a domestic Niagara till a man was fetched to turn off the water, and then proceeded to send in his assistants upon us, who leisurely make Ophelia's graves for themselves in our only dressing room, and extricate bits of pipe which they apostrophize with — "I knew him well Horatio" or "Alas poor Yorick."

Since I finished my letter to you Thursday, I have done nothing more noteworthy than to be iller than usual — in fact yesterday I wasn't good for anything but to lie flat and groan melodiously at intervals. *C'est passée* — I got a decent night and can hold my head up again.

YOUR NANCY.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
March, 5th and 6th.

Dearest Elizabeth,

I got a nice long letter from you Saturday just when I needed cheering after Paulina's departure to Washington for ten days. She went under Anna Amory's escort, and had two or three days of Constance and is having a perfectly delightful time as she always does with Mrs. Lodge.

We have long enthusiastic letters every morning, full of all she has been doing and seeing, which makes the life at "48" seem more quiet and uneventful than ever. Elinor and Ellen Hooper have been sharing the nursing between them, during mamma's so-called "dashes" into the marts; and I have had another séance with the dentist and triumphantly finished that business for the year. The birds and "Hamlet" are thriving, so my small world wags on smoothly enough. Don't you think a journal such as Helen Fotheringham wrote, with "the sparrows picking up tiny crumbs of bread upon the roof this morning made me understand all the healing in a young child's penitence," would employ my time usefully and possibly have a great effect on some more active life? but this is French "irreverence;" — P., Mamma and I were simply gloating over "Heartsease" before P. went and miss it sorely of an evening. Poor little Ethel is housed with a cold which is on the mend, tho' she takes rather the Mr. Charles Perkins' stand, who after one day and two nights abed, bade them pull up the shades that he might see the trees and added gloomily, "It looks as it did when I used to go out" — but tho' Ethel can't come Mrs. Paine is most devoted. Apropos of the Paines, I must tell you about a remark of their ex-butler who is now one of the men at the Art Museum. "Miss Ethel you have not been to see the Zorn pictures yet. They are broad in treatment but very fine. I am not sure tho' but the breadth of treatment would prevent your really liking them. —" It was Ethel too who saw some time since a placard on the "People's Church" with "Wanted — 500 men and women to make into celestial Kings and Queens" which reminds me of Father Bodfish's reply to somebody who was explaining the

High-church theory that the Anglican was the real branch, the Romish a mere offshoot. "Like saying one's coat is an offshoot of a button."

Paulina came home full of anecdotes after dining with Mr. James, who had just been reading a work on "Neurasthenia" which ended, he said, with a national pean, "No people have such highly-strung nerves as the American people! No nation takes so much medicine nor of such good quality!" And Mrs. James said good health was a disgrace no one in the country would confess to. One of her servants in the Adirondacks reluctantly admitted that the other one was delicate, "Yes she has consumption but," rallying, "I have fits." A cousin of Mrs. James and her husband did not agree and lived mostly apart. One day he came home and told his wife he was going to the hospital to have an operation performed. She said firmly "No, come here. What is the meaning of the word 'home' if it isn't a place to have a surgical operation?" Isn't that a sweet definition? One more I must tell you — a matrimonial bureau advertisement which Mr. James saw, "A blind gentleman without means wishes to find a partner, to whom the sense that she was benefiting another life would compensate for the lack of the ordinary inducements!"

Always your loving
ALICIA.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Tuesday, March 13th.

Dearest Elizabeth,

You mustn't think the long spaces between my epistles these days voluntary, but an invalid's time, as you

know, is not its own; and for the last week I have been rather feeble to a fault, receiving callers or resting for a small gaiety of Paulina's which came off successfully last night.

Ever since the Almanac made a mistake and gave us May instead of March, the South and California have seemed unnecessary frills. Here we all are revelling in sunny day after sunny day with cloudless skies and soft south winds — the thermometer varying from 50 degrees to 65 degrees — the crocuses out on Beacon Street and all sorts of plants blooming in the windows of 48, one pair back. "The Judge" and "Valentina" are talking in low voices over their canton-flannel nest; and "Hamlet" follows a jacketless aunt about the streets with his tongue lolling out in a most ostentatious manner. Apropos of Hamlet, Paulina has just got a subscription for the "Zenana Band" from a young lady in a Boston suburb romantically called "Glen Elsinore." — Doesn't it sound haunted, and I wonder if the people of those districts have the face to address their family ghosts as "Old Truepenny"? The spring would be even more enjoyable if mice hadn't seen fit to die profusely in our walls — in fact it has gone so far that our closet, as I tell Paulina, might aptly be spoken of as a "Mouseoleum grand."

Did I tell you that the Kaiser Wilhelm was to have the good fortune to bear 17 Cabots across the ocean? and the time draws very near, alas! — Mrs. Dexter is going to make me her last call this morning, and I feel as blue as my own dressing jacket.

Poor mamma is abed with one of her headaches, but it is on the mend I am glad to say. We always regard her giving out as a bitter personal affront. I must tell you one of her happy similes — you know she believes that if a simile is good at all, it is good for everything. She told me if I wore a white sailor hat in May I should look like a "stripped darkie" and refused to withdraw it, tho' I pointed out that the more a colored gentleman took off the blacker he must get. Speaking of gentlemen, Mr. Harry Lee wanting to descend into his vaults, found the stairs blocked by a large woman engaged in conversation with the boy who swept out the office. He put his hand on her shoulder as a hint to let him pass, whereupon she turned and said with great dignity, "My good man! I wish to talk with this young gentleman."

The rest of my feeble anecdotes can wait till next time.

Always your most loving
"NANCY."

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

[Mar. 15.]

(To be read at your leisure)

Wednesday Evening.

Paulina and I are sitting all alone over a meagre tea tray with a laid up mother and neglectful friends. It seems a happy moment to begin a cheerful steamer-letter to you. Ever since you went our spirits have been about as blue as that new Mikado wrapper Paulina has just finished. We mean to brace up and bear it better once you are really started and can think of your return as the real thing. Five whole months is really

short, tho' I must own it doesn't seem so till they're over — which is a consolation of the Mrs. Squeers order.

I had a sort of feeling when you kissed me good-bye this morning, that you didn't mean to get up again and I'm not sure but it will be as well. Saying good-bye is a great mistake and I'm not going to write it either. When you come back rested and cheerful, with the most optimistic views of life in general and Congress in particular, and with powers of intense mental application to find this family sporting like kids on the Manchester hillsides, how childish these tears and anxieties will appear. — Every one you love will keep well for your sake, and besides when people really love each other it takes more than oceans and mountains to part them. — Dear, dear Mrs. Dexter, I won't say how much I shall miss you but you know how often you will be in my thoughts and that when you've had a good time I shall have had it too — I shall see Rome with your eyes and no journey to make either.

Thursday.

Mrs. Paine came in while I was writing and now this bright sunny morning throws sunshine on things generally. Our dear old roof-tree — under which picturesque simile you are to recognize our "shingley" mother — has had a good night and feels about well. Paulina's voice has returned and I continue to feel — as that man of Mrs. Whitman's used to say in answer to inquiries about his consumptive wife — "rugged."

Mamma and I have just finished Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" — some of it is most beautiful, isn't it? and all of it as interesting as a novel, as much from Carlyle's tenderness as from Sterling's charm and sunny courage

under the most adverse circumstances. Do you remember how Carlyle speaks of him as taking the joys and sorrows of his lot with true simplicity and acquiescence, "Like a true son, not a rebel but a son; willing to suffer when Heaven said, Thou shalt, and withal, what is rarer, willing to rejoice also and right cheerily taking the good that was sent whensoever or in whatever form it came. And so he played his part and sleeps now bright, ever-young in the memory of others who must grow old and was honorably released from his toils before the hottest of the day—" It is nice to get back into the very centre of "our set" too, for didn't he and Maurice marry sisters? and wasn't he Julius Hare's curate; and didn't he stay with the Foxes at Falmouth and know Caroline, whose journal you lent me, and visit Torquay and Marcus and Luce Hare (Uncle Melly's dishevelled favorite) who was born a Stanley of Alderly and a cousin of the Dean's?

My arm is getting tired and my handwriting more and more illegible but you won't mistake my signature for "Lunz" will you?

"*Courage, mon ami, le diable n'est pas mort,*" is better indeed, and always and always

Your most affectionate
ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
Saturday, March 17.

Dearest Bessie,

I don't want your Easter to go by without a word from me, tho' on that day of all days spoken words

seem unnecessary, when all those that love one another, whether parted by distance or death seem bound so closely together and sometimes — oftenest I think — distance seems the greater barrier. Anna Amory came to call Wednesday, so I have heard of you since you got back to Santa Barbara and found the sad news that was waiting for you there — I have pitied Elise so much for not having you to turn to and you too for being at a distance and helpless to go to her — I hear of her frequently from one source and another, and had a card from her the other day thanking me for a few violets which are easier both to send and receive than words between strangers.

Mrs. Dexter sails this morning, having parted from us all with the most forced and lugubrious cheerfulness. It is hard to say goodbye for so long a time from so intimate a friend, whom we all turn to in time of stress as nurse, companion and confidante, and whom we had grown used to having always at our beck and call.

Paulina is just getting over a voiceless cold and mamma is just out of bed from what turned out to be an attack of "Shingles." We tell her if she were Margaret May she would be consoled, reproved and comforted under this especial affliction by quoting your favorite lines from Keble, "Is this a time to add roof to roof?" Here is Mrs. Templeman Coolidge to see me and so,

With lots of love,

I am as always,

Your devoted A. W. S.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[Mar. 26.]

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

The lilies-of-the-valley are as dear as they can be — there's no flower I love better — and I had half-hopes that you would come in yesterday to let me thank you and to finish that interrupted call of yours. Now Paulina tells me you are going to Waltham for four or five days, and I don't want you to go without hoping that Easter has brought you all the deep happiness that I am sure it has. It was such a comfort to be able to go to the Early Communion yesterday. That service and the church and the whole day seem so full of Mr. Brooks — not full of sad memories but of his actual presence among us all, bringing, as it always did, strength to go on and inspiration and hope. On Easter the veil that divides us from those who have gone before seems to be rent in the midst, and we too join our voices in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving with the choir invisible. And how close we his people stand together, I think we feel on these great days.

Always lovingly,

ALICE.

Easter Monday.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
Wednesday Evening.

Dear Bessie,

It was nice to get your Easter letter, and I should have answered it before, but this last week I have indulged in two séances of the dentist (isn't it luxurious having one's dentist attend one in one's own boudoir?) and that

with constant visits from Dr. Mason before and after — to see how I was going to bear it and how I had borne it — has rather limited my already short note-writing time. Then Saturday Paulina went on to Washington to visit Mrs. Lodge, and I entertained friends at all hours, sometimes as mere callers and sometimes as deputy-nurses. So much for excuses, and now for news! By the way you must tell me about yourself and your plans when you write. Bessie Foster already begins to talk vaguely of coming East, and seems a great deal stronger. When she wrote last she had just taken a three days' driving journey — 96 miles over the mountains, stopping every now and then to fire pistols which sounds like "*Le roi du montagne*," rather than an outing of a young female invalid. My other "sicks" are also looking up.

Mrs. Templeman Coolidge told me of a Lowell lecture Mr. Poulton gave on "the Courtship of Spiders." It appears that the Lady-spider proposes to the male who is much smaller and only anxious to please — indeed unless he can succeed in attracting he is gobbled forthwith. Isn't this quite a strong-minded woman's utopia?

Excuse the scrappiness of this letter but my existence runs between narrow channels with few external events to mark the days — especially when Paulina is away. She is having a lovely time and will bring home facts enough to last us all summer — a season which begins for us dreadfully soon — in less than a month. I am on the whole stronger, but well or ill am always

Affectionately your friend,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
Thursday, April 12.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I have just received such a lovely brocade portfolio from Mrs. Lodge, that I am tempted to begin my letter to you today, tho' somewhat feeble after last night — or rather last evening's anxieties — Paulina stayed an extra day in Washington to hear Mr. Lodge speak on the Tariff, which necessitated her coming home unescorted, and we expected her to reach Boston at 8.30 (which was quite late enough); but a timely Nor'Wester with a furious gale and heavy snow preceded her — making the Sound rough and blowing telegraph poles across the track, so that it was half-past twelve before she drove up to our great joy and relief. Uncle Melly spent his time plying between home and the station, and luckily the railway officials knew the cause of the delay and expected her to be even later than she was, or we should have been quite wild as *her* telegram didn't get here till breakfast time. Mamma had fears lest I was about to expire at the inopportune moment when she had come and the anxiety was over — but I came to instead and spent the night waking up to be sure I had got her back. She was almost as used up, poor dear, with anxiety as to what the effect would be on me; and today we have sat round listening to all her new political facts and interests and all she has seen and heard, with Dickson presently to hear what there was to be heard! It's enough to afford this family topics for many weeks to come, but I'm afraid we don't take her political anecdotes as much *au sérieux* as Mark

Tapley could wish. Mr. Chanler said about "the Wilson bill for turning states republican" that "these Southerners wouldn't know an American Industry if they met it in the street;" and what do you think they *literally* introduced under the head of "Wearing Apparel"? "Hydraulic Hose!!"—don't you think that is delightful?

I have had so many amateur nurses since Paulina has been gone that she says she has never enjoyed such elegant leisure, and strolls out to spend an hour or so with Hunt's pictures at the "St. Botolph," quite as if she had not been for years tied by the leg to a bed post.—Elinor has read to me by the hour together, and Ellen Hooper has lain down beside me on the bed and just rested me by being there, and Mrs. Paine has guarded me off-days, and Ethel and Mrs. Higginson and Miss Lowell have brightened me up. Indeed, if it hadn't been for a slight squabbling among my nurses, and an inclination to drop notes and insist that the next day was theirs by rights, I should have had a most restful time. However, popularity, tho' it has some drawbacks, is very flattering.

By the way, what a long, long way you are off as far as the ordinary post is concerned. A whole month before one can get an answer to a note. It feels, as Dr. Holmes said about talking into an ear-trumpet, "like dropping sixpence into the bank of England," to tell you how many times "Valentina" coughed and whether "the Judge" lost a tail-feather. And by the way that reminds me that St. Gaudens' design for an eagle was refused by the Naval Department "because it looked

like a plucked turkey!" I suppose it did not have enough feather-trowser to suit the propriety of the Great American People?

Mamma and Paulina send a great deal of love and I am, as always,

Your very affectionate

ALICE.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[May 1.]

"OLD HOMESTEAD,"

MANCHESTER,

Monday Afternoon.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

This note is not written "Just off Somerville," as Paulina suggested, only because pen and ink were not forthcoming at that juncture, tho' I'm sure we all looked fitted for the part, with each one clasping a bird-cage and our insane Julia attempting to carry an active cat, in an uncovered basket with a sheet over her body and a complicated cat's cradle made out of twine over her head. However, even the cat got here safely, and "The Pup" has just turned up with his Uncle, who has been devoting the day to him.

Did you ever see such weather to move in? and the country just beginning to look so beautiful? When we got out at our dear station and saw the sea, and smelt the smell of warm pines and growing things, we really did find it "thrilling;" and the house with everything just as it was, and Mrs. Edward Kelly standing at the door to welcome us seemed quite homelike.

I came beautifully without a start or a tremor and think of taking out a new lease of life. It was nice see-

ing Ethel for even those few minutes yesterday, and I only wish you were going to lunch with us — say tomorrow.

Always most affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

WEST MANCHESTER,
Saturday, May 5.

Dear Bessie,

Here I am comfortably settled in my dear old room, with the birds on the bed beside me, and mamma knitting before a big wood-fire and consoling "Hamlet" for the departure of his Aunt Paulina, who spends her Sundays thro' May in town, so as to go on with her favorite Sunday School class at St. Andrew's.

We moved down on Monday, and if it were not for the leafless branches thro' which I see my line of sea and sky, I could fancy the winter a dream. Beautiful as summer is, and especially spring time in these woods, one feels sad to have the realest season over — the months that one spends at home close to the warm heart of every thing — slip by so fast and leave no mark. I suppose the purposeless lives are the sad ones, when one is driven from each past, not called out of it by a goal that makes a beacon in the future and the way before one with the way behind. After all no life is without its goal, however dim, and we are all "saved by hope" from the least to the greatest. I don't know why I get involved in so gloomy a sentence, except that I feel more, now that I am stronger, the need of a life-work. Everything is so simple and easy when one is very ill and lives just from day to day. I must tell you, by the way,

how Samson-like I am becoming — how I moved down by train, and come downstairs once a day here and sun myself under the pine-trees before the door. By and bye, I hope to be able to get out to drive so as to get up my strength before the heats begin — which reminds me that on Wednesday the thermometer ran up to 90 degrees in the shade just to show its Emersonian indifference to surroundings.

Affectionately,
A. W. S.

To HER SISTER.

[May 7] Monday.

My own Tweeby,

This is a blow! Of course you have sent for Dr. Mason and *do* ask him if you can't come home? safely to yourself I mean? As for my catching it, the mumps in your company is better than health with you gone — and we could play "Napoleon" all day and make faces when we wanted to laugh — a thing one always wants to do if ones cheeks are swelled or if it gives one a "condescending stitch in one's side."

If the doctor thinks you might catch cold coming down and thinks you better off where you are, how long will it be? "Oh agony!" said "Toddles." Perhaps, happy thought, its only wisdom teeth throwing up breast works, to prevent the world's observing what tiny fellows they're going to be! Never will you be permitted to leave these arms again.

Your nearly distraught
NANNY. —

Do take care of yourself and don't catch cold else this

some time invalid will be coming up to take care of you.
— Love to Elinor and Bella and all it may concern.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Wednesday, May 9.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Mamma told you how well we accomplished the move, and how active I have become, and indeed you needn't pity us for being here. It is perfectly beautiful and the weather is like an ideal June! We see as many people as we can really enjoy, and rest after the rush of that last week in town which, for me, was almost too gay. I wrote Wednesday, didn't I? just before Helen came with little Jack — whom it was nice to see so well and rosy — growing up into shyness too. Then Ellen Hooper spent two more "last nights" with us, and I had two calls from Mrs. Whitman and several from Mrs. Paine and Ethel — and Anstiss brought in "little Robert" to say good-bye, and Elinor came two or three times and Gertrude Brooks and Mrs. Luce and Dr. Mason. Then Friday afternoon, we had a perfectly delightful hour of Mr. John E. Russell, who gets to see us about once a year and is always full of delightful talk and new anecdotes. Do you know him at all, I wonder? He is a dear. "That child of genius," Judge Hoar calls him, — and he is so genial and affectionate. You can't help seeing how much he likes you, and he has that courtly old fashioned manner which I always had the weakness to prefer to Cabot "sincerity!"

Always affectionately,

ALICE.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

MANCHESTER,
Tuesday Morning [May 11].

Dearest Gertrude,

Here I lie on my sofa with my wood-fire on one side and my view of ocean and fields framed in pine trees on the other, and all my possessions in their old places so that I feel as if the winter had been a dream — as if we had fallen asleep with the trees turning crimson and gold, and waked after a long nap, to find them putting on their pale greens again. You never saw anything lovelier than it was when we got here, with violets and strawberry blossoms along the roadsides and the sea pale violet in the sunshine, and the shy wild birds calling to each other in the orchards. — I only hope it will be as lovely a day when you come to us, by the 10.45 train a week from Thursday to stay two nights, remember! By the way I meant to tell you that I bore the journey beautifully and was quite reluctant to retire upstairs to my bed.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

MANCHESTER,
Monday, May 14.

Dearest Bessie,

I suppose by this time your foot is upon your native heath — that is, if you haven't been stopped on your

journey as a suspicious looking character armed with explosives.

It's awfully nice to think of the long winter and exile being over for you, and to have you back again. You must let us know your plans, won't you? I suppose you won't come to Boston before June, will you — but when you do, and when you feel like wasting two or three days in the pine forests of Manchester, you must write and set your time. Won't Paulina and I be glad to see you — to say nothing of Hamlet the Dane?

We came down comfortably a fortnight ago, and found the "Old Homestead" looking as if we had never left it. We invented a new name for it the other day for the benefit of the Nortons if they should have occasion to visit us, "Ferne Hawes!" Hasn't that a Chaucerian and Voltairian flavor to the ears of the erudite? and doesn't it sound woody and mean distant shrines? You will find me a reformed character when you come. I go down to luncheon every day and sit out on the rocks and the pine-needles and bask in this ideal weather — 13 perfect days out of the 14 we have had — not the most depraved "*malade imaginaire*" could be bed ridden with the sky and the sea so blue and the trees changing into pale greens and reds and yellows under your very eyes. The anemones were just opening when we came, and now we have got thro' violets and strawberry blossoms as far as columbines — but these I believe you prefer of the foot-light variety.

Lots of love,
Your
ALICIA.

TO MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

[May 31.]

MANCHESTER, Thursday.

My own dearest Ethel,

I haven't ceased to curse and bewail my bad fortune in having to miss your visit and for such a mere "error" as the mumps. You and Mrs. Paine will be glad to hear that it stuck to the singular, and yesterday afternoon began to show signs of slightly decreasing.

I wish you could have seen me Tuesday and Wednesday! I had "the largest cheek for an unmarried woman" and had boiling water-bags to clap to my cheek even after a swallow of tepid beef tea, which brought on a pain like fifty tooth-aches and made me think Dr. Tanner rather a reasonable man.

Ellen writes that Dr. Wyman has finally acknowledged her puffed-up face to be nothing more abstruse than the common or garden mump, but I suppose by this time she must have given it to her family and friends—or such of them as are in a condition to take it. Doctors are strange folk. Mine writes in great distress to tell me nothing can be done but what I am doing. That they have to take their course and that if the other side is involved, it is a matter of ten days, with a week more when I am still infectious. A small family's having it would take all summer and summarily check the social instinct.

Your very loving

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD,"
MANCHESTER, June 3rd.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

This is such a beautiful Sunday morning that I am going to begin a letter to you rather than wait till tomorrow, which is my regular day. I had your first letter from Venice Friday and was so glad to hear that you had given up thinking of past or future and were just letting yourself float in every sense of the word. Did you ever read Le Gallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man"? some parts of it are quite nice, and I thought of Mark Tapley often while reading the chapter on "What is pain," in which he talks much of "the sentimental observer—the abnormally sensitive person who always thinks of pain and misery in the bulk, as one murmurs 'Poor Manchester people,' when one sees Manchester on a map of yearly rain falls, and pictures it always raining there and all the world out in it, and without umbrellas. Rheumatism can be neither good nor bad in itself—if it makes a man patient, it is relatively a blessing and why in this world isn't the testimony of the brave at least as good as that of the cowards," etc., with quotations from James Hinton, Browning and Meredith to back him— It was quite bracing! Apropos of aches and pains, I came down with the mumps or rather with the "mump" last Sunday, and am still an uncanny enough sight, with one cheek puffed up like a human popover, but the worst is over and I can now swallow liquid food without anguish. Wouldn't you have thought any form of lockjaw was "a disease with which even Providence

could not inflict me—" as Bright said apropos of brain fever's attacking that inane young nobleman who said *his* had been a direct judgment from Heaven— The worst is I can't see any one for at least ten days more and have had to put off Bessie Foster, who was coming next week—Constance etc. etc. Paulina brought Ethel home Monday to pass a night—not knowing—but I could only grin at her thro' the glass of my piazza door. Ellen Hooper came down with them herself the same day so that the telegram we sent to bid her beware was unnecessary. Our greatest privation, however, is in being cut off from the Bells and Pratts, whom we were beginning to see so much of—almost daily in some way or other some parts of the two households met, and exchanged books and anecdotes, reduced now, as far as I am concerned, to an interchange of books and notes. Mrs. Bell made me a long two-hour call one day before the mumps, and was coming the very day I came down with them. Mrs. Pratt came in between and since then of course I have missed them. I never saw Mrs. Bell gayer or more charming and we found her as rabid on the subject of "our set," Hares, Stanleys, Maurice, Kebles, Kingsleys, etc., as we could desire. She says just to read in Boyd that Tullock speaks Monday and Stanley Wednesday makes her hair stand on end with pleasure—and that when people say of some famous churchman, "Do you mean that funny little man who crossed himself and wore a queer hat?" she responds with dignity, "I mean one of the greatest thinkers of the age." We lent her Maurice's "St. John" and the "Life of Kingsley" which were both new to her and then proceeded to gloat with her over this lovely new

"Life of Stanley" in two fat volumes of which she says she wouldn't miss the dot of an "i."

Our hearts have ached so these last few days for Mrs. Lothrop and Amy. That little baby's death must have been so doubly bitter to them, with his mother and father both across the ocean, tho' they have done everything that love and anxiety could suggest or care do, and if he had been Amy's child I don't think she could have been more devoted to him. He has scarcely been out of her arms, and when mamma called there the other day, the little white thing lay quite still on her lap only rousing himself to stroke her face. She came to see me ten days ago and spoke of him so much and with such tenderness—quite engrossed with him apparently. She said that tho' Dr. Putnam said nothing serious ailed him, she couldn't help being very anxious. The funeral was on Friday and Bessie Fiske said both Amy and Mrs. Lothrop looked fearfully broken. A baby's death is always heartrending, I think. It is so hard to think of them apart from the little helpless bodies— Its weakness and pain may reconcile them to giving it back to the arms where no pain can touch it any more.—I had a long letter from Mrs. Whitman last night saying she had planned a pilgrimage to see me, but had been dissuaded by the doctors, who said women of 85 now caught the mumps with as much gaiety as they had embraced it 81 years before. I am glad she was so wise. Think how we shall miss her—and till October!

Always your loving

ALICE.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

[June 4.]

MUMPJAWS, MANCHESTER.

Dear N'Elinor,

If you will persist in running your head into the mumpy lion's mouth, no one can prevent it; and the lion himself will be pleased to see you, though he'll have to roar you as gently as a sucking dove. I really have assumed almost my usual graceful outlines this morning, but the trouble with my mump is that it is tidal in its nature and rises and falls under the influence of the moon. However, I manage to pouch a good deal in spite of it, and if it wasn't for what Johnson would call its infectuousness, I should not care; but I *am* a little tired of playing the part of the sleeping partner Jorkins. Love to Father Damien, and any day after eleven or after half past four I shall be pleased and proud to exhibit

Your
NAN.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Monday, June 18.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I had intended to write on Saturday, but it was so very warm that I put it off till the next day, which turned out to be a "ring-tailed-roarer" with three rings round its tail. You never saw such a day—beginning with 80 degrees at breakfast—93 degrees in the shade at noon and still 88 degrees at six o'clock with not a breath—the oven-bird alone breaking the hot stillness with his

appropriate melody. Then an immense blood-red moon rose upon the scene, and we fancied Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt having recourse to "the Choate pill," which is a strong anti-nervous compound which they take before thunder storms and other startling events. Mrs. Bell wrote to say that she would have come up to talk it all over only she was in so liquid a state she would have had to be brought in a cup. She spent her day with Stanley's "Jewish Church"—and whenever Abraham came to a well she shrieked with envy. Isn't she perfectly delightful? Not only so amusing but so warm-hearted and so full of interests. Just to hear her talk is a liberal education, and after seeing her one wants to get into a library — just crammed with books — and stay there. We were so glad Ellen Hooper had a chance to enjoy part of one of her calls when she came down to lunch with us Wednesday. She had only barely met her before and tore herself away reluctantly enough — perfectly fascinated.

Mrs. Whitman, too. She came to see me for the last time Thursday, and tho' we didn't say goodbye — it was sad enough and left me gloomier than if she hadn't come at all. It made me appreciate how dependent I was on her, and how precious the sight of her was to us all. However, as Mrs. Beaumont says, apropos of such partings, "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." I had a note from her this morning on board — Yeats-Brown, she said, told her not to take a French steamer — "the French were such terrible fellows you know — If there was the slightest danger they always blew out their brains to save their honor."

Where are you now I wonder? but you're always in my heart. Mamma and Paulina send love.

Yours affectionately,

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,

Thursday, July 9th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

When I think that this is about the last letter I shall have time to write you before you sail for home, it seems almost too good to be true! Just think the *very* last if I should wait my fortnight. This letter should have been written yesterday only it was a day full of what is to me dissipation. In the first place Bessie Foster came Monday, and we laughed and talked almost steadily till she went on the 1-40 train yesterday, and in the afternoon I dressed and went downstairs and entertained Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Dalton and Ellen Hooper on the mound — or rather Mrs. Bell entertained us all. I happened to mention Delia Bacon whose "life was too busy" according to her biographer, "for any of those passages which lead to matrimony," and Mrs. Bell gave us a most amusing account of Miss Bacon's Lectures on History, which she attended as a girl in the vain hope of hearing some spicy detail about Richard Coeur de Lion. When they were half through, she told her father she would go no more. "Miss Bacon had given six lectures and they had got as far as chaos." She was one of the first, Mrs. Bell said, to go mad on the Bacon-the-real-Shakespeare theory and died literally of a broken heart, on not finding certain papers in Shakespeare's

tomb when it was opened for her. I told Mrs. Bell I should have thought nothing in the tomb could have proved her theory, unless indeed it had been the discovery of a couple of "flitches." This of course is profane, but when it comes to proving that Bacon and his "Rosicrucian" friends not only wrote "Hamlet" but the "Heavenly Twins" it is almost too much. By the way, the literary mother of the twins is going to give readings in Boston next winter—shall you and Mrs. Whitman go? Bessie told us such a delightful remark made by Florence Lockwood to Cornelia Aldis. "As Dante has done so much for us, don't you think we ought to do a *little* something for his countrymen?" That is what I call "literary slumming" with a vengeance. I tell Paulina that "considering all that Calderon has made our homes, we ought to buy our oranges from Valencia rather than from Florida." Apropos of slumming, Mrs. Bell says how much simpler it would be if we were Roman Catholics, and then one's spiritual adviser would come in, and say, "Put down the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and go to 4 Skunk Court"?

Among yesterday's gaieties I forgot to mention a long call of Mrs. Quincy Shaw which I missed. She told Paulina a great deal about the Faith-Cure, and Paulina said it was delightful to hear about it from the point of view of an enthusiastic believer, who is also an intelligent spiritually-minded woman. Heretofore we have sat in the seat of the scornful, and have thought of it and explained its power, as Mr. Hooper says he does, because it is like the reason why James Freeman Clarke's horse liked his nose rubbed with snow, "It was a new idee." Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lyman went to Mrs. Dresser, on one occasion, but she told some one that she could do

nothing for such worldly people!!! Mrs. Bell, on hearing this, said "a creed ought to be wide enough to include a person whose dress happened to fit well."

But if I begin to tell you all the cunning things Mrs. Bell has said this last fortnight, I shall never stop and you are supposed, at least, to take the deepest interest in our daily round and common task. Today, there is a lull, I am glad to say, and mamma has just jogged over to do the marketing (a yeast-cake and five cents of parsley).

I've been very good for nothing this long while. The day I wrote you we had a long call from Mr. Hooper, and after him the deluge! such a storm crashed down over us that when we saw Mrs. Bell the next day, we embraced like friends who had survived the Reign of Terror. Then the heats came back, only worse than ever, and in the midst of it Aunt Florence to pass Sunday. Luckily she had come from Richmond, Maine, where the thermometer had been at 106 degrees all day in the shade, and even then she didn't find it much better, so you can fancy our state! Fortunately the thermometer had been smashed early Saturday, so we were left in blissful ignorance of what height it might have gone to.

Mrs. Higginson has gone to Newport for a short visit, so I and my slips are trying to get along without her constant visits and attention. She and Mr. Higginson were here together Sunday, and the week before — that broiling Saturday — they brought up a dozen of Mr.

Le Farge's Samoan water colors and we forgot even the heat in looking at his tropical forests and oceans with the clouds reflected in them, and breaking surf and strange greenish moonlights. Several were so beautiful that they have haunted us ever since. Mamma and Paulina are well and want to send their dearest love.

Always affectionately,

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER, July 25,
Wednesday morning.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Mamma and Paulina are well, as are also the livestock; and I have a new hobby which I ride with immense zeal and vigor about my room and piazzas. This is a mania for gardening, especially slipping — in fact I have become a "slipsomaniac," and Mrs. Higginson and Joe Clarke abet me with rose shoots, model flower-pots, little things to dig with and enthusiastic advice — There is such a watering and lifting in and out of heavy plants, and dirt spilling, and re-setting, that my family are fast getting over any horticultural tastes they may have had; and I begin to long for Warner's "cast iron back with a hinge in it" which he said was requisite for gardening. Keep well, won't you, and bring back a large stock of animal spirits to face next winter with?

Lovingly,

ALICE.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Monday [July].

My dear Mrs. Paine,

I have been meditating on what you wrote mamma and what you said to us about "War and Peace," and I don't think, for the sake of the many of us who like the book, we ought to submit to such scathing anathemas without a word in our own defence. Mrs. Dalton told me, laughing, that she has so often said she liked a book only to have some one interrupt with "But isn't it rather — coarse?" that she now says, "I have been reading Watts' Hymns. They are very coarse in places to be sure but"—and so on. Seriously, however, I don't think you do "War and Peace" even scant justice. It is most evidently, it seems to me, as well as in reality, written by a man of sensitively moral feelings, and tho' there are descriptions in it of painful facts (not omitted in English books but stated less baldly) I think the book as a whole as well as the principal characters in it "make for righteousness." Wrong is never called right, and one is not asked to sympathize with any one who having fallen is not capable of real repentance. The story of the hero, Prince André, is the story of the spiritual growth of a young man of pure and blameless life; and altho' you speak of the book's degrading and lowering the passion of love, André's love for Natascha, at least, had nothing sensual in it. He felt, it said constantly, the charm of her *soul*, and even Pierre's feeling for her was the adoration of an ideal entirely out of his reach. Natascha tho' fascinating was — well! Russian! It is hard to understand her aberration for that horrible

Anatole, but not impossible to forgive it, do you think so? — but I'm afraid you do — and then there is Pierre with his high ideals, constant falls and weak will. You do not think Tolstoi has a right to present such a person for us to take interest in? but surely you think it is a legitimate part of art to paint fairly the struggles and falls of a man, even as erring as he is — so long as there *is* struggle? It seems to me that that is the line that divides such writers as Tolstoi and Meredith from what are called the Modern Realists. If the aspiration exceeds the weakness, if the noble slowly conquers the ignoble, the higher self the lower self, it is worthy of record; but if it is only a description of the purely animal (however artistically done), the foul and seamy side of life with no upward tendency — no moral struggle, I don't think even you could feel about it more strongly than I do.

To leave Pierre and discuss the question in the abstract. Ethel says you don't think having an ideal side — or rather a side capable of high ideal standards — compatible with a life open to the lower forms of temptation, but surely to insist that real religious fervor is never divorced from moral conduct is to deny that the old painters had inspiration because their lives were often stormy — to deny that because Coleridge had great weakness of will and moral fibre, he was not a great spiritual thinker, and above all to deny the authorship of the psalms to the historical David.

This is more like a Unitarian (!) sermon than a letter, but Ethel will tell you our little personal news. She and Paulina are, strangely enough, at the Higginsons' listening to Mrs. Field's reading and they lunch there. It has been so delightful having Ethel and I only wish I

had been a little better, but I haven't quite recovered from that hot Friday. As our old station master told Mr. Pratt "Hell has no further terrors for me." That was Friday when he said it and he expressed the feeling of the Shore. Hot or cold I am

Always most affectionately yours,

ALICE.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,

Sunday, August 12.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Mrs. Bell said Delia Bacon need never have gone mad had she had what scientists called other "environment" —if she could have rocked, for instance, with us commonplace people on the mound; but I told her that only people of well-balanced mind could "set in chairs" on "Rydal Mount" owing to the lay of the land. Indeed Paulina and Ellen only held on by their eyelids—Mrs. Bell was so amusing on the subject of Drummond's Lowell Lectures which she had just been reading, but if I once begin on Mrs. Bell's cunning remarks I shall never stop. She was perfectly delightful Friday when the lunch came off—so was Mrs. Pratt, and Mrs. Lodge was, it is needless to say, more affectionate and fascinating than ever.

Isn't this cool weather delightful? Last night I sat at supper in a fur-cape, and the glare of the candles on Uncle Melly's birthday cake was grateful. "Hamlet" gave him a little bark in an envelope, fastened with a

symbolic bachelor's button, and insisted upon sharing his candy with him in return. This morning Paulina is twenty-two and feels depressed and crone-like in consequence. She says if she hasn't intense youth to fall back on, what will explain her manners? — As I loudly address Hamlet as "puppy" when he barks at passers-by. Birthdays seem to be the order of the week— Mrs. Higginson had one Thursday and we gave her that big photograph of Van Dyck's Mr. Higginson.

Always affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

Thursday Afternoon [August 31].

Dear Elinor,

This is to tell you that I am really beginning to feel less like a jelly-fish than I have (the poisonous crimson ones that bite if you step on them) tho' I haven't got further than lying stranded away from the reach of the waves. This means in English that I don't sit up yet nor read nor do anything. — This is my first note and I am rather proud of it.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

To HER SISTER.

Tuesday Morning [October].

My own darling,

Hamlet is the greatest comfort tho' his spirits, if anything, are a trifle low. All yesterday he clung to my

bed as if it were a raft on troubled seas, and he and I the lone survivors of a large ship-wrecked company. He sends you a damp kiss to which the Judge adds two pecks for "self and Valty."

Nothing remarkably striking has occurred since five o'clock yesterday, except a call from Dr. Mason and Nunc's return from Pittsfield. Robert was looking very ill, he thought. . . . They go to Gibraltar and Algiers in January, whether the patent-educator is secured or not.

Did you have enough lunch and wasn't it chillsome enough to make the lachrymose Fleda shed tears of gratitude for the loan of Guy Carleton's fur cloak? Give my best love to every one and take care of your dear self, for you are still dear to me.

Your own
MISS NAN.

Noon.

We have just got your first letter— How nice it all sounds. Mrs. Whitman gets in at nine tonight. I am going to wake her by a red-rose tomorrow morning — from 48 to 77?

To HER SISTER.

Friday Noon [October].

Bad Miss:

No letter all yesterday and none so far today! Has it gone like your Chicago ones, to Winchester or Nantucket, or has it taken the slow-train to Weedon? It is dampening to the spirit of an ardent correspondent.

On the bed, done up in Valty's petticoat, is the most pathetic tiny little catkin—all ragged brown fur and whiskers, and just beginning to revive on warm milk after her long journey which she began yesterday from Deerfield. She got here two hours ago almost dead from hunger, cold and exhaustion.

Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Whitman ran in for a second little call and brought me such a cunning battered old seal—almost as large as her own and a *great deal* more proper—St. Martin treading on a fascinating curly dragon. Remembering the ivory-duck incident, and your insulting remarks about my gift instincts, you pert young person, I particularly inquired if it was meant for me. Of course it was and then she took—not a dial from her poke but a cunning turquoise and silver filigree cross—which in my mind's eye I see protruding from under your dark blue street-dress button-hole—and said, “Give this to my Paulina,” which I shall if you behave well. My live gift to her is picking up, and a more ludicrous little bunch you never saw—Mamma quite dotes and Fatima has selected *her* shoulder as a soft place to curl up and view the country.

If this rug had any of the properties of a wishing carpet, I should lie down on it and be whisked off to your and Elinor's side under the apple-tree with the lake and the meadows, the calves and colts and all the dear human creatures—Alack! poor cockney! Mrs. Whitman told me, apropos of cockneys, of Mrs. Bell's amazement on seeing asparagus growing. Mrs. Pratt said, “Why, Helen, how can you be such a fool! What did you

think?" "Well," said Mrs. Bell, "I always supposed the cook braided the ends!!"

With lots of love to all.

Your

NANNY.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,
Wednesday, Nov. 21.

Dear Bessie,

Your last letter sounded so tired and sad that I have longed to write you ever since, but the mere physical exertion is still a good deal of a drawback, and my "well" days consist of very few available moments. Between twelve and luncheon, I am allowed to see one or two people, and after five if I am strongly tempted, (which means if it happens to be Mrs. Whitman, the Higginsons, Mrs. Bell and so on) when Paulina presides over the tea things, and I sit propped up in bed airing a whole new collection of befrilled jackets. All the rest of the time, I lie quite still, except between 9.30 and 10.30, when I sit up in a blanket, see my cook, order my meals and do a little bit of reading. In a few weeks I fondly hope to be dressed and downstairs again — at least I do hope it, when I'm not having a "down-time," when moving ever again seems utterly out of the question — and now about yourself, dear? Are you rested at all and reconciled to going back after what must have been a great disappointment — giving up the hope of being in Boston this winter. You see I heard of that plan, and then nothing till your letter from Louisville: and you don't say whether you are living in the same

place and keeping house with Miss Seabury (?) as you did last year? — but don't tire yourself writing to me. You ought to keep yourself for your work, and I have no work except to keep my absent friends posted up in the gossip of that little bit of familiar world which beats up my doorsteps.

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Affectionately,

ALICE W. S.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,
Tuesday, January 15.

Dear Bessie,

It was very nice to get such a long letter from you and hear how interesting you found your work, and how much better you were and how much cheered up since you wrote last.

Indeed I am getting a great deal stronger and sit up almost every evening at tea-time, and see my average five selected friends a day without paying a heavy price for it in palpitation and sinking when evening sets in. Soon I hope to get to drive. I manage things much better now and receive any one I want to see upstairs without a blush. Indeed, I tell Elinor I have been so long bed-ridden that I feel as if I had four walnut legs ending neatly in castors, and rather enjoy exhibiting my pink jackets to Mr. Higginson and Mr. Hooper and Dr. Bigelow. As for Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Dexter they all discourage my getting up, and seem to think it a comfort to know some one who is always at home. — Paulina says what makes this room attractive is that no subject of general interest and no great question is ever discussed (like the private-spirited man) and we unblushingly ask people to five o'clock lotus. It is a place where any one can take laughing gas and have their wisdom teeth extracted without pain. Apropos of great questions, Paulina makes her first appearance this afternoon at the Tuesday Club, where she says she proposes to discuss the "Isness of the Was" with Miss Agnes Irwin.

At first she was overcome with blushes — on getting the announcement of her election as substitute, and looked I told her as Major Pendennis did when he asked if the plucking was done in public. She accepted, however, tho' still feeling that it was the hall-mark of spinster-hood. Like the bud who saw a girl of twenty-two at some ball this winter, and asked if that old war-horse were still going! This is not an exaggerated type of Boston society, and Paulina's invitations have fallen off surprisingly this winter, but she still has enough pleasuring to keep her amused.

Affectionately,

ALICE W. S.

To MISS ISABELLA CURTIS.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,
Friday Morning, Feb. 15.

Dear old Bella,

It shan't be said that I let my Elizabeth go off so far and stay so long without one line from her devoted Anna, but Anna's thoughts speed faster than her pen and her heart bears the Jamaica post-mark, as you know. Perhaps that accounts for it. And then Paulina has stolen all my thunder. However when she wrote Monday, she didn't know that Bay would telegraph late in the afternoon that he was ill in Washington, and that after a few futile attempts at securing the indispensable *one man*, we should have to settle down to a hen dinner with Ellen and Mrs. Whitman, a stately meal and best clothes alone to mark it a festive occasion. And after all we had a most merry time only damped by the Paines'

dance which seemed to cast its shadow before. Ellen and Paulina went off in lamentation and woe, which reminded us of the sprightly mood in which you used to look forward to your gaieties, had a very pleasant time and didn't come back till one, leaving Elinor still in the giddy throng. Elinor is growing disgracefully young, but we are going to try and sober her Wednesday by having her to dine with her running mates, Mrs. Bell and Mr. Edward Hooper, tho' I don't know that Mrs. Bell is a very good receipt for sobering any one. Doesn't it sound rather juicy? the dinner I mean, or rather the meal. We don't call these weird affairs dinners, bearing in mind the fact that "One swallow-tail coat doesn't make a party."

Do you happen to know by personal experience that yesterday was St. Valentine's Day? Well (triumphantly) I do, for Fanny brought me the prettiest embroidered cloth just to fit my tea tray and a sketch of Rock Harbor for Paulina, who had one other valentine and sent one.

Valentina and the Judge were married yesterday, and they had wedding cards sent out, in which the Misses Smith had the honor to announce etc. at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi — and a magnificent white azalia bush came from Mrs. Whitman and a frosted cake with white ribbons and Shakespearian quotations from Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt. You see we and our friends are just as foolish as ever.

Your fond but tired

NANNY.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Saturday.

Dearest, dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I was only told this morning of the awful grief and desolation that has come to you. There is nothing to be said, no words of human comfort that can reach you, I know, but my heart and thoughts and prayers are with you always; and the other world must seem very close, and the rest of the journey very short till the time when we shall be forever with all those we love and no parting more. In the face of the Eternities of love and grief, Time seems very short and present loneliness the small price that Love must pay for its sacred memories and great hopes. Do you remember this bit out of a letter written by Mr. Brooks to a person in trouble—"There is no help for you except the help which I know that you have found, that which comes with the power, in entire unselfishness, to rejoice for the happiness of the soul which has gone to God, in the midst of the great suffering which its going has brought to you. That is the last devotion one can render to those who are dearest to us. When we do truly render it to them, then in a true sense do we really go to the God to whom they have gone and are with them in Him."

In the midst of the pain and loneliness may God gather you in His arms, and comfort you, and make His face to shine on you, and send you His peace that passeth understanding.

Your loving
ALICE.

To MISS ISABELLA CURTIS.

BOSTON, March 5.

Dear Bella,

We were much touched by Etta's card. I suppose you have heard that the little de Vita de Marco has already put in an appearance. The family received a cable last week containing these mystic words;— "Bring stacks of safety pins"—a product apparently not indigenous to the Eternal city.

• • • • •
I suppose you have heard of your father's dissipations with Prince Volkonsky? Alice prophesied that of course he would stay late, drinking vodka, wrestling with bears and then would jump into his drosky, loosely harnessed to wild tartar horses, and proceed to run down numerous menials whom he had previously flung from an upper window. Merry fellows those Russians. Of course, the Prince's name is Serge. As Alice says, in Russia, they name all their boys Serge and their daughters Alpaca.

The Prince the other day was at a small afternoon tea, and was just leaving when he returned to his hostess, asking her to introduce him to the charming old lady by the fire, the only person in the room he had not met. "Who is she?" "My mother." "Why will all you Americans chew gum?"

• • • • •
Always your constant correspondents,
ALICE AND PAULINA.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

[Mar. 13.]

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

It is such a comfort to think you are to be close among us all next summer. I was sure that was what your heart would dictate — to come back among all the dear familiar things and faces, where grief doesn't seem strange and unreal but sweet and natural.

Mrs. Whitman quoted the other evening that beautiful sentence of Stevenson's, "The consecration of memory," and I know that in it home and all that is connected with it will be doubly dear and sacred to you now.

Mamma says that you don't want me to come to you, but that soon you will come to me. I was afraid the idea of a visit from so stationary a person might be more of a distress than a comfort, but I do long to go to you just to tell you how I love you and want to help you.

Mamma and Mrs. Whitman bring me such comforting accounts of you. Perhaps the kindest thing any of us can do is to leave you alone with the vision — just listening and resting in that — God never fails those like you, who have always walked in His ways.

Lovingly,
ALICE.

Wednesday.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,
Begun Thursday, Mar. 14.

Dear Bessie,

It was nice to get your letter the other day, and before that to picture you indulging in an afternoon tea —

especially as I have been meaning to write you this long time, but have been prevented by one thing and another including the "grippe," which I had for the first and, I trust, the only time about a month ago. I bore it with considerable spirit, but it took up a whole fortnight of my precious time as far as letter writing and society is concerned — and then this last week a great grief has come to us thro' our dear Mrs. Dexter, whose husband died quite suddenly last Thursday of heart-disease. It was a beautiful painless way to go—at home and in his own bed, where he had gone early in the evening rather tired from a business trip to Salem, and with his wife within hearing of the hard breathing that was the only warning they had that he was dying—in his sleep probably. She bears it as she does everything, most sweetly and unselfishly, but it leaves her — delicate and childless as she is — broken and most piteously alone. She has thousands of warm friends tho', among rich and poor, and it is a comfort to think she is to be in her own house in Manchester this summer.

Yesterday Paulina had her photograph taken as Elizabeth Bennet, in which character she made a distinct success at the Fancy Ball a while ago. The Curtises lent her the things and dressed her, and I can't tell you how cunning she looked, from her white satin sandals up to the top of her great tortoise-shell comb — all dating back to 1810; and the ball itself seems to have been not only a pretty sight but a delightfully pleasant party. Even Dante so far forgot himself as to dance the Virginia Reel. And now I suppose you would like to have a few statistics about my winter — not a list of the people who come to see me every day — but what I do

and how I am generally. To begin at the end, I am as a whole much more comfortable, and can scarcely believe I am the same person I was in the early autumn, and I walk up four stairs every day by way of exercise (I did reach six, but it didn't agree with me and I have fallen into humbler ways) and I have dined downstairs three times since I wrote, with a few people in each time to dine with us and make it a festal occasion — As we had Bessie Foster with Mrs. Bell and Dr. Bigelow the first time — and Ellen Hooper with Mrs. Whitman, and Mrs. Bell again with Elinor and Mr. Hooper, there was no trouble about the festivity, and I was borne upstairs afterwards in triumph.

By the way did you see that serious protest against the lions in the new Library, because they represented force, and a suggestion that something should be put up in their place "symbolic of Peace and the Union of Man and Woman"? Mrs. Bell got laughing over it, and said life was grown "so complicated nowadays that one could not take a bath unless one faucet symbolized Chastity and the other Immortality."

Affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

[Mar. 27.]

My own darling Ethel,

Paulina has just got your sad birthday letter, and tho' she is going to write, I feel as tho' I must send you a line too just to tell you how dearly I love you for my own sake. I wish I could stretch my arms across all

these hundred miles and hug you — words always seem so cold and formal, but you mustn't think you have no friends nor say or think such things about yourself. Do you remember St. Francis' — I think it was St. Francis' — advice to a penitent, to be "*douce envers soi.*" And tho' birthdays are sad, like all anniversaries, I think it must have been intended that we should gather new hope to go on with, and "forgetting those things which are behind," should look on them as moments of vision from which we can look out into what we may — and shall — be, which no feeble past can dim. So much for yourself; but for us, you know you have always been the sweetest and most sympathetic, the humblest minded and softest hearted, and if you insist upon being a butterfly it must be of the Psyche sort I think. I must get up to prance on the stairs, but Paulina will tell you how well I am and all the news. This is just to say (which is not news at all) that I am, as always,

Yours most lovingly,

Alice.

Wednesday.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[Easter.]

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Mamma has worn your violets to church, and that most beautiful of lilies stands by my window and makes the whole room shine. Thank you for sending me the poem, which I shall value highly, and which I had never seen before and thank you for the note that came with it.

Today, of all days, we are all thinking the same thoughts — bound together by the same great hopes.

Earth seems to lie so close to heaven on Easter that death shrinks into a very little thing — “only the change from the struggle to the victory, only the opening of the dusk and twilight into the perfect day.”

Always, dear Mrs. Paine,

Very affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Easter Morning.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MT. VERNON ST.,
Monday, April 29th.

Dear Bessie

You will be glad to hear how much I am able to do, without encroaching on my margin either. I tell Paulina I am so much better, I feel like a giant refreshed with wine. Easter I was able to go to early Communion, which I had longed very much to do, and since then on sunny mornings instead of a poky drive, I go across the street to Mrs. Whitman's grassy front yard where her “Buttons” brings us out rugs and chairs, and I receive my twelve o'clock callers, till the men come home at luncheon time and carry me upstairs. You've no idea what a festive scene we make nor what a gay time we have — Mrs. Bell and my “old guard” being varied by an occasional baby-carriage, and a live young man or so and of course the Curtises, Hoopers and Paines. The first time Mrs. Whitman found us there she said we reminded her of a bit of newspaper criticism on a water-color exhibition, “number 482 is the picture of a clear

strong picnic in Asia Minor." Then last Friday, I went round to Dr. Bigelow's early to see his most beautiful Bonifazio Madonna, and then stayed on to see the "folks" who regularly drop in to tea with him after the concert. Dickson, my steed, went with me, and of course Paulina, and we had a delightful time and I was none the worse.

Always affectionately yours,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday Morning [May 18].

Dear Elinor,

It's absurd to have daily bulletins about such a healthy *malade imaginaire* as I have become, but I thought you'd like to know that I came like a bird — or rather like *the* birds — starting rather thin with fright and beginning to chirp at about Salem. Why didn't you tell us how delightfully backward it was down here? real early Spring, and not midsummer which we left with the dust and the close air, the chattering sparrows and cockneys in Boston town. If you say he's a cockney who is one inwardly, I beg leave to remark that I've had a change of heart since my foot was on my native heath (This for the assessor) — and that anything lovelier than the view from my window I shouldn't care to see — and the birds and the wind thro' the pines, oh my! — and the little pink oak-leaves against the sky. The sea is blue with cold — so is Paulina's nose — This for her benefit.

Yours,
NANNY.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

[May 22.]

MANCHESTER, Wednesday.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Paulina brought me rather a piteous account of you but perhaps this proof of how physically done-up you are will make you struggle less to do things you are not up to yet. If you only would lie still and just shut your eyes and try to forget all the outside jars and frets, I am sure it would be better in the end and that you would go back to work, when the time comes, stronger and serener after that time of silence and refreshment. But of course you know, as I can't, what really can't be done by any one else. I was so glad to hear what a beautiful call you had had from Mrs. Whitman — she always leaves one a little braver than she found one and looking at things from a bit further up the hill-side.

I have been re-reading Hinton's "Mystery of Pain" which I understand better than I did at first and like even more, and I have read for the first time Mrs. Templeman Coolidge's article on Christian Science, or rather — as she calls it — "The Modern Expression of the Oldest Philosophy." Some parts I can't quite grasp and others I totally disagree with, but there is a great deal of it that I found most beautiful and true from the most spiritual standpoint. I wonder if you ever read it and whether you wouldn't like it too? But these question-marks don't mean that you are to answer me, which you mustn't on any account.

By the way, you will be sorry to hear that my chair

on poles is a hideous failure. It came yesterday so I went out and sat on my mound and had my lunch downstairs. Everything was a success but my return. It — the chair I mean — joggled and tipped — do what they would, and I was glad enough to be set down dizzy and nauseated on my own floor. It felt like "letting the old cat die" in a swing and I felt like the old cat. Have I made your head ache with my long letter?

Most lovingly,
ALICE.

TO MRS. E. P. SAMPSON.

MANCHESTER,
Tuesday, May 28.

My dear Aunt Florence,

I received your letter yesterday and my heart aches for you all — for you and Mary even more than dear Robert himself. I wish there were anything I could do except to have you in my thoughts. It is, as you say, *very* hard to understand but not so inexplicable and bitter as it would be if he had not grown so in sweetness and strength thro' this long discipline of pain and weakness and, what is even harder to bear for men, deprivation. To have seen that "the inward man" has been "renewed day by day" must be a constant and lasting source of comfort to you whatever the Future has in store for you and pride and joy must struggle with the overwhelming pain and regret. Does he suffer much actual pain now or is it mostly weakness? — and what a comfort it must be to have him safe at home again. Perhaps when the warm weather comes and he has had time to get over the effects of his journey (and the nervous strain of it must have

been very trying for him) he will be able to enjoy sitting out of doors. The elevator will make things so much simpler for him. Unless it distresses you too much you must let us know how he is from time to time, and will you please give him my dearest love? To a certain extent I have been along the same path and can understand.

Mamma told you perhaps how much better I am, and tho' I had a bad turn Saturday night which has thrown me back a little, I am on the whole remarkably well—even to the point of sleeping without sulphonal. I can go up eleven stairs—walking backwards—which the doctors have me do as it throws less strain on the chest—and three mornings I have gone out on to my little upstairs piazza and had my breakfast with such sights and sounds and smells about me that eating seemed like a profanity.

We left Summer behind us in Boston and found early Spring down here—the apple-blossoms not even in bud and even now the birches still “stand in a mist of green” among the pine-trees and all the little things are delightfully backward. It is like reading ones favorite chapter in a novel over again—to have two Springs.

Mrs. Bell dislikes the approach of the summer-time so much that she wants—she says—“to slap Nature’s green face” and frankly owns that—“a three-ply in a Chestnut Street garret is fairer to her than any carpet of Nature,” but I think she is getting more reconciled. We see her every day, and Mrs. Higginson, who, on the other hand, loves every outdoor sight and sound as you do. I hope you will be able to get into your woods as soon as this November weather breaks. It was so very

kind of you to think of Paulina and me in the midst of all your last winter's cares and anxieties. You must let us thank you for that beforehand, and with hopes of hearing better accounts soon I am,

Most lovingly,
ALICE.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday, June 20.

Dear Bessie,

Bay we expect shortly for a night or two here to say good-bye—a thing I detest. The result is I do very little else. Next week Ethel and Mrs. Paine separately make us little farewell visits before sailing July 2nd, but that is to be only an affair of a few summer months for which time Mrs. Lodge is to be away also, and Mr. Higginson still lingers in England—heedless of promises. I sometimes wish the Old World had never been invented. And now I suppose you would like to hear some sordid details about how we are and what we are doing. Just at this moment I am lying out on my little upstairs piazza where I and my sofa move out before breakfast—enjoying the sights and sounds and the smell of warm pines with the line of sea for a background and nothing but the blue sky overhead. “Hamlet” is watching the road lest the rare passing cart should escape without a hospitable bark, and inside the screen-door “Judge Bird” is singing love-songs to “Valentina” in the midst of my first presents of June roses which came, hand over hand, so to speak, yesterday. You see tho’ the world goes on outside I and my

belongings remain pretty stationary, with a change of sky-settings twice during the year.—We moved the fifteenth of May and as soon as the move was over felt as if we had somehow got back into last summer and the winter was all a dream. To be sure I am a giant compared to what I was after the middle of August last year but rather weak and helpless when I think of myself and all I could do this time last summer, but I am very grateful to be free from so much pain and try hard to keep within safe limits. I have learnt by sad experience how little it takes to throw me back.

• • • • •

Yesterday I had a quiet hour with my dear Mrs. Dexter and missed Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Higginson while she was here, and the afternoon before Mrs. Bell sat with me from five to six and Mrs. Whitman paid me a call in the evening. All my days might be described with ditto, ditto—only Mrs. Bell comes oftenest and stays longest. I am reading lots of old books and a few new ones—new to me, I mean. Jowett's translation of Plato's "Republic"—and Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" and Edward Emerson's life of his father and James Hinton's life (which I read because I am so fond of his "Mystery of Pain"—do you know it, I wonder?) and Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief"—one of the books which, as Mrs. Bell says, "brings its crown to throw down." I have scarcely left myself room to crowd in my love and to tell you that later in the summer I count on your coming down to pass a night, or at least to lunch with us.

In the meantime write and tell me how you are.

Affectionately,
ALICE W. S.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Sunday Morning.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

So you are really going after all — just as we had decided that you wouldn't be able to get off. I am glad you are — on all your accounts, as you won't be able to help having a good time when once you are off, but how we shall miss you! or rather the feeling that you are within reach, for Waltham, from the way its inhabitants treat us, might as well be an isle in unsuspected seas. This is a round-about way of saying that if you and Ethel don't come down here and bid us good-bye you may expect such a voyage as the Ancient Mariner had after his unfriendly treatment — of that confiding albatross.

By the way what a perfect morning this is! I am lying on my little upstairs piazza where I move out before breakfast with the line of sea for background and nothing but sky over my head and such a sweet smell of warm pine-needles and growing things — no more signs alas! of spring, but all full summer tho' still in its first freshness. Completion is always sad, isn't it? I wonder if it wouldn't take out more than we think from our lives if our happiness didn't always lie beyond — in expectancy and hope? But that's Browning, isn't it, with his "Who knows what's fit for us? Had Fate proposed bliss here Still one must have some life beyond — Have a bliss to die with, dim descried" — and you'd probably rather hear prosaic details of how well I bore Sunday's extraordinary heat, which I did

without any worse effects than a few days of limpness every one felt. Mrs. Bell said she could only stare vacantly into space like a drunken sphinx—and then think of a change of more than thirty-five degrees in one day!! "And this is life," said Mr. Swiveller, apostrophizing space. Friday night I had a pretty bad turn of pain but I'm getting nicely over it—sleep generally without sulphonal and climb fourteen steps—backwards, which is supposed to be easier. Besides, haven't I a hideous little carpet sedan chair come down from town on trial, which is warranted to carry me over the stairs without tipping or swaying—or worst of all—the impropriety of being carried by Tom as you suggest.

Space alone compels me to pause.

Most affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. E. P. SAMPSON.

MANCHESTER,
Friday [July 9].

Dearest Aunt Florence,

Our thoughts have been with you day and night—with you and Mary. Words seem very poor and meaningless at such a time—in face of such a mystery—cruelly so if one did not know that those who stand closest see the vision in the darkness and hear the voice and so need no human speech to comfort them. No matter how long foreseen, Death always comes unexpected—with awful suddenness, but these years of pain and weakness and limitations, so bravely borne, must have made you see it differently when at last the long

hard fight was over and the victory won. One goes down to the brink of the river with one who has been long ill, as the friends of Mr. Ready-to-Halt did with him, seeing with his eyes the chariots and horses on the other side and hearing the last words he was heard to say — “Welcome life !”

The triumphant certainty that “ ‘tis death is dead, not he,” and that mortality has indeed been “swallowed up of life,” must have been close to you these terrible days. It must be as if in a sense you had died too, and you will be able to look on your grief and the piece of life that is left in the light of that new knowledge.

May God help and comfort you.

Your loving niece,

ALICE.

To MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER, July 18th.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Two hundred and fifty years ago Manchester was founded, and some time earlier Governor Winthrop *may* have stopped here on his way to Salem and received strawberries and birch-bark baskets from the Indians — at all events he is going to today and this quiet town is in an uproar. My crazy family left the house at eight this morning when “Masconomo” and his tribes begin to assemble — then the “good ship Arbella” is sighted at nine and Governor Winthrop (in the person of Mr. Dana) with twenty pilgrim-fathers in steeple-crown hats come ashore in small boats and are received with dances and war-whoops. — Speeches, dining, flower-parades and fire works fill up the rest of the

day, and Mr. Russell Sturgis, who is marshal, will be in the height of his glory. Mrs. Higginson had a dance last night for a whole house full of boys and girls and today she is exhibiting antiquities of Manchester in her school house, tho' Mrs. Pratt said she had supposed she and Mrs. Bell were the only antiquities Manchester could boast. You see by all this that one needn't cross the ocean to find the romantic Past. How are you all, I wonder? In the spirit of the Farmer's Almanac we have written across our mental calendar, "Expect a letter about this time"—and bless that kitten! I could write more easily if she didn't dart up and down my arm and make dabs at my pen. She is getting so big and lively now that no power on earth can stop her playing with anything that strikes her as amusing, as poor Hamlet knows to his cost, and I too. Just now his tail and my writing things have fallen under her favorable notice.

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To MRS. E. P. SAMPSON.

MANCHESTER,
Sunday, July 20.

Dear Aunt Florence,

I thought that sometime you might like to read this note which I had from Mrs. Whitman a week ago, and then will you kindly send it back, as I should like to keep it? Mrs. Whitman is a person to whom anyone in trouble or bewilderment turns as instinctively as a flower turns to the light, and they never turn to her in vain.

Dear Aunt Florence, you have been much on our hearts and will be during these days and weeks when

the grief grows heavier because it seems realer and the loneliness makes itself felt. This sad death of Mr. Arthur Brooks makes us all the more grateful that dear Robert was at home among his own people and that you were called on to face the first freshness of your loss among the quiet hills with the fields and sunsets to speak to you what no spoken words can say. I remember what a comfort the changing lights on the sea and sky used to be to me two summers ago, tho' I could only get the afterglow and just a bit of scarlet behind the pines at sunset. All that glory and peace seemed like a foretaste.

Mamma tells me you have such beautiful views — it is pleasant even to think of them and of your garden. The roses that you sent me were lovely for two or three days and the sweet-pease kept even longer. You have Mr. Brooks's sermons, haven't you? If by any chance you have not, may I send you the first volume with three or four marked which I am sure would be comforting?

We long to hear just how you are and how Mary is bearing up. Bravely, I know. Henry must be a help and comfort to you now.

Most affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Saturday, Aug. 10.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Here I am a poor solitary deprived of her sister for three whole days and only half a person in consequence.

Of course we made as much fuss about it as if she were going on an Arctic expedition instead of just to pass Sunday with Dickson at Gerrish Island (and a dinner at York Harbor with Bessie Foster thrown in).

Paulina wanted to get back Monday, for that is her twenty-third birthday, and what do you think? — only promise not to tell her before the day — that dear old Mr. Curtis is going to give her some bit of handsome jewelry — an idea invented entirely out of his own head, “a sort of wedding present,” he explained, and when Mrs. Curtis suggested that he might be called on some day for a real one he said he would get her that too. Perhaps he thought it safe to chance that at this late date. And now what gleanings has Paulina left me in the way of news?

Let me change the subject and ask if you know a most superb poem by one Thompson called the “Hound of Heaven,” but of course you do. It’s only this family that devotes itself entirely to what Sydney Smith called ante-flood literature — which reminds me that I’ve just finished Maurice’s “Kingdom of Christ” and feel as if I were parting with an old friend. George ought to read it sometime, if he hasn’t already. I’m sure he would find it most interesting and satisfying. Of course it is the sort of book one has to lie on one’s stomach to read comfortably and so it has been my companion all summer in consequence. But there, I won’t give you a whole card catalogue of all the books we are reading. We were interested tho’ to find — for Paulina and Mrs. Bell and I have just got thro’ this new life of Mary Shelley — that Mr. Yeats-Brown knew Trelawney and

that his father knew both Byron and Shelley when they were in Italy — that Shelley's house, to which he was going when he was drowned, is the next point to them. The Browns knew Garibaldi too — their nephew went with him to Sicily — in fact they open a delightful vista of familiar names near to (what a weird figure of speech that is!) It sounds like the lawyer who said, "We are now embarked upon that feature of the case on which the whole matter hinges." But my time and my paper are both coming to a close and I haven't begun to say what I wanted to say.

It was so nice to get your long letter and to be able to fancy you in lovely places not unfamiliar. We went to Salisbury and Raglan, and passed two days rowing down the Wye as far as Chepstow in that trip from one Cathedral to another when Papa said he felt no day was really full unless he had seen at least one crypt. With our mind's eye too we shall be able to see Chatsworth and Haddon and the Peacock Inn at Rowsley with you, but alas! the Lakes on one side and Devonshire on the other are dim. That journey which we took all together remains like a green spot in my memory, as I am sure this trip will in yours. Not but what I don't wish sometimes that Europe had never been invented to rob me of my friends. Fancy four long winter months without Mrs. Bell. In the meanwhile she is more delightful than ever and more devoted. Tuesday she took supper here with Mr. Hooper, and Thursday morning she called, and Friday afternoon, and tomorrow she is coming, she says, as well as today. Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Whitman come between whiles, as well as Hoopers and Curtises and all those casual people who come to "five o'clock Mosquito" with me on my mound.

I keep pretty well — indeed, very well for me, and am perfectly revelling in this delicious summer which seems to be made for me. Bright sunny days without heat and without thunder storms.

I ought to stop but hate to tho' the pen wobbles. Ethel is a dear faithful thing to write so much and so often. Please give her and Lily my dearest love and with much to yourself from Mamma and me.

Very affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,

Thursday, Oct. 10.

Dear Mrs. Dexter,

Here's a royal morning — perhaps a royal purple morning would be more appropriate, to judge by the noses of the chilled admirers of the shining sky and sea. I think of going out for a little drive at twelve — perhaps to sit upon my beach. I can't think it is for the last time nor that this lovely summer is almost a thing of the past. Paulina has brought me in a great armful of crimson oak-branches and golden beeches but neither that nor this cold can convince me that autumn is really upon us. The troops of trunks in the hall and other companion-discomforts are an unpleasant reminder. What has happened since you went? I have had a nice call from Mrs. Whitman, and Tuesday (in the rain) Paulina and I went down to Mrs. Pratts to hear her and Mrs. Bell play, and spent the most delightful hour. They were just alone, and welcomed us in that pleasant parlor of theirs with a big wood fire and a cat

before it, to give the last homelike touch, and then they played us a beautiful thing of Schubert's and a movement from Beethoven's Second Symphony and a polonaise of Rubenstein's. I told Mrs. Bell it was like being cut adrift from my aching old body for awhile and allowed to drift on an ocean of beauty and light. What their music must have been to those two in the midst of anxiety and sorrows and disappointments. A new world above the dust and turmoil — and wings to reach it with.

I hope you are coming back rested and refreshed, but don't write. I am looking forward to a week from Sunday, when I hope to see you in my own room. Till then and always

Your most loving
ALICE W. S.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

FAYERWEATHER ST.,
CAMBRIDGE!!! [October] Thursday.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I sent a pencil scrawl to mamma last night by Dickson, but my first note shall be to you.

How I wish you could see me here in my little Japanese sitting room filled with flowers and pretty things, or still better in the big bed-room next door with its four windows facing sunset and the distant hills. A cock in their own hen-yard was the first sound I heard this morning and I looked straight out miles away to where the blue rim of hills lay misty in sunlight. I don't feel as if I had ever seen the sky before! — I have Mrs. Gurney's room and it is full of beautiful things and so big

and white and gold, with a great Richardson mantel piece and fire place, but all that I will tell you of later.

The pictures downstairs and up are like a new world to me. If it wasn't for certain human tugs at my heart-strings who can tell whether I should ever return to my small, dingy home? Their coachman came in and brought us out at noon and we had a long bask in the sun before luncheon. Ellen is dearer than ever, and all the little sisters and Mr. Hooper. New scenes don't make one forget old affections, do they? and you are always in my heart of hearts.

Your
ALICE.

Ellen sends her best love.

To Miss ELINOR CURTIS.

FAYERWEATHER St.,
CAMBRIDGE!!! Thursday [October 24].

My N'Elinor,

I told Bella I should drop you a line from here and so here it is. What *do* you think of it? as Mrs. Bell would say. I'm lying in the little Japanese sitting room, surrounded by all the luxuries of the season, including pinks and violets and lilies-of-the-valley and Maillard candy — the last two a present from Mr. Hooper. I sleep in a beautiful Cathedral next door and to cross from my fire to my looking glass have to put on seven-league bed slippers. I try hard not to be proud and to remember with kindness my dingy old home and my dingy old friends. Nothing could be sweeter than the dear little Hoopers except our Ellen — She is as pleased and anxious over me as a boy with — say a baby-zebra.

Today I go down to see Mr. Cony Smith and his family at the Warren. (Did we tell you, by the way, that Dickson's dog had had her litter — consisting of what do you think? one sickly female and no more? The joke is worth the price of admission — to his family at least.)

Tomorrow Mrs. James dines here, and Dr. Bigelow. Mr. James alas! couldn't come. Give my love to Bella and Fanny.

Your loving

MISS NAN.

To HER MOTHER.

FAYERWEATHER ST.,
CAMBRIDGE!!! Friday Morning.

My own darling Momb,

We received your note and the Important mail with joy. So our Sans-Gêne did miss us, the dear, and you like an aged duck went and fetched her down before breakfast! She must have miowed pretty loud, I'm afraid — or was Nunc dancing a war-dance in the upper entry? Is he going to Bolton Sunday? — I do wish he could see me here! —

Today is obligingly dark and grim as I couldn't go down at noon, but I am saving myself up for dinner, when Ellen expects Mrs. James and Dr. Bigelow (if a bad cold permits him to appear). Yesterday I went down at twelve and sat out in the sun for nearly two hours and was carried up before lunch. A week-old calf was brought in from the barn to call on me — just think of that! — and we are waked by the crowing of Hooper cocks. Every afternoon we see the sunset over Arlington Heights.

Dickson has told you how I spent the promised hour with him and how delighted I was with his house, but he can't have told you how pleased I was with his cluster of chicks — little Melville, dancing in an ecstacy before the baby and stroking her face, made the prettiest picture. She is a perfect dear — and he is splendid. I am happy and not homesick. Like those shipwrecked Greeks on Circe's island we are saved from enchantment only by the sprig of "Moly" in our bosoms.

Kiss all four pets for me.

Your
ALICE.

To MISS ELLEN S. HOOPER.

Thursday [October 31].

My Ellen,

I hope you miss us and feel a slight pang when you run upstairs with your hands full of nuts only to find the tin shelf empty and the wire wheel still?

It seems so strange to be without you and I haven't realized yet that my visit is over. But that it only is in one sense. The week went all too swiftly, but your home will be a home to my spirit for many a long day.

Kiss all the girls for me and beg them not to forget us.

I feel utterly unable to express what being among you all has meant to me. It has enlarged my visible world so much and left a sunny green spot in my memory. "My eyes see pictures when they are shut."

It is as if you had broken a big gap in my prison walls and let in the sky. You know without my telling you that all the beautiful new world it opened to me is doubly dear and sacred as bringing me closer to you and to your past.

Dearest Ellen, you must let me tell you just this once! — your love is a thing I thank God for when I wake and pray to be worthier of. I do love you.

NANNY.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Sunday Evening [November].

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Ethel has probably told you how she found us (like — —'s baby on the tin roof) "close to nature" this sunny morning? It is really going to be a good place for me to get the air easily when not hung in serried ranks with wet underclothing. There are "shy" birds in the shape of sparrows, and green in the yards below and a tiny glimpse of hills with the branches of Ropes's, the grocer's, elm to see them through — You see my Cambridge visit hasn't spoilt me for lesser beauties? — tho' there I had four windows facing sunset and Arlington Heights — to say nothing of grass and bushes and a vegetable garden which are all as new and delightful to me as the sunset itself. What that visit was to me I can't tell you, and it is going to be an unending source of joy and refreshment to me. My prison walls have had a big gap made in them, I tell Ellen, and I have had a glimpse into a new world of visible beauty. The pictures and the sunshine — the sense of space, and above all, the love and kindness.

I couldn't love Ellen better than I did, but it has brought me closer to her and her past. The little sisters and Mr. Hooper are as sweet as they can be, and the whole place has an atmosphere of peace and quiet that is like a backwater out of the current of a stream,

or like Dante's earthly paradise at the summit of Purgatory where he meets Beatrice in the meadow. Ellen is Beatrice to me.

Dear Mrs. Paine, I did so long to have you see me there, but still more I longed to see you Friday — the day of all days, mamma says, when she most misses Mr. Brooks.

To me the great Church days are the days when he seems closer to us — the Mounts of Vision when above and beyond the mists one can see into the Promised Land. They give me strength for the long, long times when it seems as if we were "steaming across the sea of life by night," or wandering in a desert like sheep without a shepherd. The times when one feels that "the strong hours conquer us" and that one is not acting worthily of so sacred a grief or the great hopes before us.

It is so hard to do what Maurice calls turning "a dead anguish into a living passion." One's heart faints so sometimes. The church bells on a sunny afternoon are like a fresh knell. One can't realize that the world is going on and he not here — the arch still standing and the key-stone gone. I try hard to think of that other Temple. The bond that binds those who love him is only stronger as the days go by, I think. It makes me turn to you.

Always most affectionately,

ALICE.

To HER SISTER.

Monday, 10 A.M.

Dearest Twee,

You are getting near Washington by this time, while I sit in the empty cage moping for my bird! I might say the seed and water were untasted and the swing stood idle in its stall, but it would not be true! We are doing as well as can be expected. Last evening we were able to say "Now she is reaching the 'Newtons,'" but as I was balked as to Albany I was able to trace you no further into the night. Then we played you were simply "out"—listening to music at the Cabot's perhaps—but Hamlet was to be taken in by no such pretence. Not even a lilac rosette as a token of respect to "Old Truepenny" would have cheered that gloom. Sans-Gêne slept on my arm, and at night "Nature," as Renan would say, "mercifully chloroformed us all." But she did miss you this morning, Gammardge says, and after she came in here trotted back to see why Aunt Tomahawk wasn't following. She has composed the following ballad to be sung to the pibroch of her race—the song without a tune, "Had I but wist before I hissed and known how hard Aunt T'hawk was to skin, I'd have put my claws in a case of gold and pinned them with a safety pin."

And news? I might tell you how the Higginsons and Careys and the Conger-Eel dropped in last evening and that Satty F., Joe Smith and Dr. Bigelow are coming to take second breakfast with me "*déjeuner à la cuiller*," but I am afraid you would think it was a "statistic." Perhaps you might think it another if I told you I had got a letter from Bay this morning but that is a sober fact. What do you think of it, as Mrs. Bell would say?

Judge sends two pecks for self and Valty, and the rest of us send kisses.

Your
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

“HOME — HOME.”
Wednesday Morn.

Dearest Twee,

From a correspondiacal point of view Momb is like the Lubber-fiend who drinks “the cream-bowl duly set.” In this part of the world night is a quiet season and not much happens between six, when her letter goes out, and ten the next morning, when I write mine. Yes, Mrs. Whitman came after she had signed and sealed and delivered, and I am just forwarding you a letter from her. She said your note was about the dearest she had had. She said many other things of which I will tell you when we meet.

Did you know we had absolutely finished Stratford Canning? I told mamma I was going to put on my fur mittens and turn a somersault! A duller work, but then, as I told her, “the *longest Lane-Poole has a turning.*”

This morning your second letter arrived and the souvenir portraits. “*Quelle joie pour Jacob quelle allégresse pour Israel.*” Also Rebecca Allen wishes you to take part in some theatricals for the G. F. S. (shade of Charlotte Yonge think of that!) on the 15th which we have ventured to decline for you. I wonder how much of the money would have gone to the Girls’ Friendly and how much to your manager?

I have invented a new question I put to mamma "Why do I love you? because you are Tweeby's mother."

We all send love. Sans-Gêne has been climbing her tree in hopes that her missing Tomahawk may be lodged among the branches.

Your
"NANNY."

To HER SISTER.

A Sunny Saturday.

Oh! my darling Twee,

Shan't I be glad to get you back all fat and rested and with no fall or spring, winter or midsummer—nerves! Your Thursday letter has just come, and what a nice time you are having—but where is Slidell Rogers and where is Hugo Gough?

Those Curtises have made a few score more pleasant friends, including, whom do you think? The great Flinders Petrie in his own diggings, where they shook his dusty paw—"Dodo" Benson acting Master of Ceremonies. Did Mamma tell you I had a long letter from them as well as from Mrs. Bell?

That cat is dearer than ever and we hope you'll think we've grown. Yesterday she caught a cold and wouldn't eat—mamma sneered when I said her throat was sore, so privately I dosed her with hot soup and brandy in a spoon and it worked an instantaneous cure. She and Hamlet send a simultaneous kiss! I enclose this little scrap of the Symphony Concert in Cambridge Thursday which was In Memory of Mr. Brimmer—"a most beautiful thought," Mrs. Whitman said, "like Henry

Higginson and him only." — He sent her a ticket and they sat together. Ellen said it was most beautiful, Ellen had also seen the Delacroix Pietà and thinks it magnificent. Full of splendid color and feeling and the figures and faces very fine — a really beautiful thing. I ought to make a neat finish and eat my second breakfast, and Sans-Gêne clamors to have her "tomatry" thrown.

Your
NAN.

Love always and in quantities to Mrs. Lodge.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Second Blank Thursday,
May 7th, 1896.

My dearest Mrs. Dexter,

It was nice enough to get your note from New York tho' it was just a leetle blue. I felt rather indigoish myself last week but hope to get more stoical shortly. Better I really am and yesterday bravely took three steps up and feel like a chamois. The afternoon before I sat up dressed for two hours and had an excellent night afterwards.

While you are tossing on the deep surrounded by what Mrs. Bell calls "a sort of sea-sick Eternity" we are jolting along the old ruts wondering whether the last new cook will stay with a, to her, incomprehensible oven, and whether the parlor-maid will cease to enter a room as Mrs. Bell says Mrs. — does, "as if pursued by blood-hounds." However, as Paulina says, we can't always expect to secure the Venus of Milo even if she didn't have serious disabilities as a waitress. Could

even her most ardent admirers call her neat-handed? However it was Paulina herself who broke my pretty Cauldon cup — the one you gave me with the roses on it and broke my heart with it. I had rather it had been any other. So you see, now you are balked in your "Gurney Family" extravagance, you can be looking round for a tea-cup to bring home to me, won't you.

I haven't got any "girl" to fill your place and we all send heaps of love — especially

Your
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, May 14.

My own dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Another week, and you must be landing at Genoa tomorrow, after what sort of a trip, I wonder? I enclose the poem which Mary Beaumont found quoted in the April "Quarterly." Why did none of us think of Aubrey de Vere? Not that I know his poetry, but I knew what kind he wrote, having read much to him and of him in Henry Taylor's life and letters. Well, you see every thing comes to him who waits — even friends from abroad, for didn't Mrs. Whitman sail from Cherbourg last Friday, so that in a day or so we shall clasp her in our arms?

Since I wrote you I have been downstairs twice to lunch — once Sunday, when I was driven out of my room by a thermometer at 94 degrees in the shade, and again Wednesday when Ellen Hooper and Helen and

Jim were here, which made it quite a festive affair. Helen looked so rosy and smiling and really well. I still go up my three steps a day like the "*chamois fidèle.*" We are changing cooks again, which is cheerful. The last says we ought not to expect to dine late with a plain cook and no kitchen maid. We got very merry on the subject. A *plain* cook it appears must go to bed with the birds — perhaps her looks won't bear the gas-light. Mrs. Deland's cook, who came to Boston (in spectacles) to attend a course of lectures on Huxley, is leaving because she says "to follow out a written receipt for soup is too great an intellectual strain"!

.
Love from all.

Your devoted

ALICE W. S.

"SORROW."

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
 Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
 Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
 Lasting till the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

“OLD HOMESTEAD” — MANCHESTER,
Thursday, May 28th.

Well, dear Mrs. Dexter here we are! — and already in these two days quite settled and comfortable. Paulina and two of the servants, Sans-Gêne and one bird, came down on the ten o'clock train, and by the time Mamma and Uncle Melville and I and the rest of the household appeared, at five, eight trunks had been emptied and carried off and *my* room, at least, looked as familiar and homelike as if we had slipped back into last summer. I never moved so easily, — taking the wheeled chair to the car, where Dickson lifted me neatly in. Dr. Washburn was here to greet me and found my pulse strong and steady. Am I an arch-humbug or was I intended for a globe-trotter? Now I am lying on my little upstairs piazza with such sights and sounds about me “in the wood’s green heart,” but alas! it is full summer — summer at its freshest and richest, to be sure, but missing the mystery and subtle beauty of Spring. We stayed too late in town. Besides, in the midst of Nature we miss a little figure who used to come trotting up the road with all the wealth of genius along with her! — I haven’t heard from her since Mrs. Whitman left. She then wrote that “Mrs. Whitman had been rushing on the winds and she after her, tied to one wing by simple twine,” which sounds like her. Before going to meet her she wrote me that so many friends had died that she could scarcely believe she “should do more than ineffectually grasp a shadowy hand in the fields of asphodel, but one glance into Mrs. Whitman’s friendly eyes would disperse the shades.”

Mrs. Higginson is our greatest comfort and as devoted as tiresome doctor's rules will permit; noon baths — entire rest — long naps and few people. Shall you go that tunnely route from Genoa and Venice that Mark Twain said was like travelling thro' a flute and blowing thro' the ends? but that's a foolish question, as I remember now you go to Venice after Florence and so on. Keep well and happy, too, if you can and don't forget us all. Mamma sends her best love.

Your most affectionate

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,

Thursday, June 11th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Paulina and I were sitting out at five o'clock last Thursday, on our little mound before the porch, when your Florence letter was brought us with a long one from Joe Smith at Parma — and the mound with all its rocks and pines and columbines turned to a "wishing carpet" and we, too, for a few minutes were in Italy.

Whitsunday was our last Sunday in Boston, and when we read the new sermon we thought that you were reading it, too, and the ocean shrank — or seemed to shrink — to a mere thread of water — just a pathway to bring your constant greetings. Yesterday it brought those dear Benozzo Gozzoli angels with a silent message of love. I am so glad the pictures are a help in the midst of so much that must be sad and strange to your aching heart, and I hope a great deal from the hills when you are settled down quietly among them. Mrs. Whit-

man moves down tomorrow and I dread the first coming for her—or should if she wasn't so full of her own work for the Memorial window and all the work she does for others. Ellen Hooper and Paulina hope to have her house bright with flowers—for Ellen is with us now, having come for what Mrs. Paine calls “a visitor's week,” from Monday to Saturday. Up to today, which is beautiful, we have had nothing but deluge, and Ellen must have felt as if she were visiting the Noahs on Mount Ararat, especially as they too must have lived in the closest companionship with *their* pets. Sunday Paulina saw Mary Beaumont and later she is to make her a little visit in Newport. She hopes to get down here to see me but I'm afraid she ought not. Bessie Foster gets home today and I am better both in health and spirits. I enclose a poem of Jack Chapman's on Mr. Brimmer because it is so beautiful.

Love from all, especially from

Your
ALICE.

TO M. B.

The mask of life is fallen—Behold the man !
Such was he and so is. How easily
Do all the accidents of earth drop off ;
And as they fall, the Immortality—
The soul departs to — shines through the clay.
Severe, calm, dominant ; a general
Frail, yet the very manifest of Power.
A look of life-long conquest in his brow,
Christ militant ! Thy soldier ; as he lies,
Not for our eyes this bearing, but for Thine.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Monday, 15th Pluviose.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Paulina was just on the point of writing Ethel when I seized the pen from her hand—not thinking that Waltham could bear two letters from so newsless a spot. Did you ever see such depressing weather? We told Ellen, who left us Saturday, that she must have felt as if she had been passing “a visitor’s week” with the Noahs—a happy mixture of deluge and pets.

We hope she got rested—amused she can’t have been, for Mrs. Higginson had chosen that inopportune moment to go off to the Lake for ten days and Mrs. Whitman didn’t move down till Friday, just in time to make us one call and to have her house trimmed up with irises and buttercups and a Hooper-y bay wreath as welcome. Oh, yes, one night Mr. Higginson came to supper, but for the rest there was “no band of music—nossing.”

Mrs. Bell says “in the country one is given a piece of string and told to make one’s pleasures,” and our pleasures *and* strings, as we warned Ellen, are apt to take the form of cats’ cradles. Indeed we dwelt so much on the dullness of her visit beforehand that our proffered hospitality was rather after the manner of the Todgers’ boy, “There’s going to be a fish for dinner—Don’t touch none of him.”

Sunday—or rather a week ago yesterday—Paulina went to town, lunched with Mrs. Whitman and saw Mary Beaumont, who had just landed. She looked handsomer and more blooming than ever but *is* poorly.

Whether she will be able to get down here to see me is rather doubtful, but Paulina is to go to her in Newport for a couple of nights. Tell Ethel that "the old ship Constitution," as Paulina calls herself, is going to Class-Day after all — in a new coat of paint.

Ellen says she is to go with her in the character of Rip Van Winkle's dog and they find they are both to be in the Class Colors as if they were seventeen instead of ninety. Now she — Paulina, I mean — has just put a golosh, like Achilles, upon her vulnerable heel and sallied forth to see the Hamlens or she would send her love. I have been ill this last day or two but am mending and my mind is much relieved at having got Bessie Foster safely home at last. I don't know whether you heard how very sick she had been in New York? With best love to you all I am always

Most affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,

Wednesday, June 17.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I am going to write you now because tomorrow morning is given over to the sacred rites of hair-washing, and my letter mustn't miss sailing on the Saturday boat. My last was no sooner signed, sealed and delivered than your first letter from Venice arrived and with it a more cheerful atmosphere. It sounded rested, happier, altogether comforting to us — and Mrs. Dalton came in to share the good news. She is as dear and devoted as she can be and I like her better every time I see her.

I only wish her head wasn't so troublesome, but it is a pleasure to think of her having Mrs. Morison and those nice children so near. Speaking of nice children, Dickson has just moved his little brood up to the Pittsfield cottage and has now come to pass his summer with us and it is the greatest addition to this quiet "back-water" of a household, for he is a most sunshiny person, ready to play at anything with anybody and content with small pleasures. He drives with Uncle Melly and reads to mamma of an evening and tends Sans-Gêne with Paulina.

Mrs. Whitman we got back to us Friday and she came up at once and again Monday and then this morning for a whole hour while Paulina was careering thro' Magnolia woods with the two men and a most ecstatic Hamlet. She was at her dearest and brought me up the bit of glass she had made for Fanny Curtis's wedding present (three bright pink wild roses) and read me bits of your favorite Walt Whitman. Lovely bits too. Don't be afraid! I'm not going over to his philosophy, but the little she did read was like having a window (roughly) thrown open to a wide view over rolling prairies with a fresh wind blowing.

We miss our dear Ellen. I celebrated her departure by an ill-turn — which has kept me pretty quiet ever since. I am better today, but how can I expect to feel very sprightly with my heart torn into bits and sown broad-cast over Europe? There's a big bit with you in Venice, so take good care of it and keep it cheerful and well. The metaphor is mixed but my affection isn't, and so good-night.

From your
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday, June 25.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Your last letter might have been signed by Florence Nightingale if Florence Nightingale was ever tired by a sleepless night and depressed by her invalids! I hope by this time things are looking up with you and home letters acting with more thoughtfulness. I write quite reg'lar and mean to, so if you don't get news weekly from this quiet spot lay the blame on wind and tide.

The weather has been hot but beautiful, so that Class-Day and Commencement — both at Radcliffe and Harvard — have had their appropriate setting, and now here is another cloudless day for Fanny Curtis's wedding.

I had a delightful Class-Day, too, with Mrs. Whitman a long hour in the morning and again in the afternoon — pastels in hand. Saturday and Sunday mornings she came again and it isn't finished yet. I tell her I hope it will go on leaving off at exciting places like the Arabian Princess's tales and keep her with us a thousand-and-one nights. Anything sweeter than she is under a constant fire of adverse criticism I never saw — and contradictory criticism. The trouble is she was so anxious to paint me in *the* familiar attitude, against the light, that she has undertaken that difficult task, a face without lights or shadows. It is growing like me now but at first it looked like a very youthful beef-eater instead of that pale emaciated young sufferer I had fancied myself. I have decided that I am worse than a humbug — a "pillow-sham." Don't you think that an

appropriate name for me? And please don't go and fancy me ill, when I get down every evening now and sit up to supper — first seeing my friends on the mound. Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Dalton were here last night and then Paulina met Mrs. Dalton again at dinner at Mrs. Whitman's for Mr. and Mrs. Merriman — always myths to me. It seems to have been a delightful occasion. Besides a few little things like that or rather beside that itself — a dullness has descended upon this summer — a dullness that might be felt. Some one, however, has obligingly taken the Pratt house for two months, which I hope means that we shall get those dear people back in September. I have a pen here which interferes with the flow of my ideas and spoils a naturally sweet temper, but I love you in spite of all.

Your
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday, July 2.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

By the way, Mrs. Whitman came yesterday and finished my picture, which Mamma likes very much, and that is the main thing. I like it less, tho' the coloring and many things are excellent. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Higginson came up and joined us on the mound so we felt we had shown of our best to Ethel Paine who is spending two days with us. Then last evening the two girls walked over to welcome the Hoopers to these parts — Hamlet guiding them thro' the short-cuts which

are complicated at best but in the dark quite impossible. Wasn't that dear of him and he's not "been Hoopers," as he calls it, these eight months. That reminds me that you will be glad to hear that Sans-Gêne roams out of doors three hours of every day and is as good as gold, playing within call and almost always within sight of her aunts as they sit upon the mound. I continue to get down every afternoon, and Monday spent an hour on West Beach — such a day! I thought of you there. Soon I am planning to make Mrs. Whitman a little call. She has been entertaining a good deal of late. Paulina went to one tea and two dinners there within a week and fell a victim to Mr. Pumpelly's charms, and today the Chapmans (with Victor, alas!) and the William Jameses arrive to pass "the Fourth" — that great national hullabaloo which you will escape.

Speaking of patriotism generally, Paulina and I have been reading the "Sherman Letters" and John Ropes's "History of the Civil War," and have had to make up foolish riddles to keep our spirits up. Here is one of them: "Who ought to have commanded at the Battle of Five Forks?" "General Butler — It was originally half a dozen." Mr. Bartlett was the only person who came near to guessing it. He made us a very sprightly call the other day and told us a number of funny stories. Apropos of my assuming my throne at five o'clock he told us of the inventive Yankee who called at Buckingham Palace and demanded to see the Queen — he must see her as she needed something he alone could supply. It turned out that it was the "combination throne-bed" a bed by night — throne by day. I think of investing! He also told of the man who was trying to convert a friend to Wagner's music and added, "It's not half so

bad as it sounds," but it was Mr. Hooper who repeated Lewis Cabot's remark that "when you saw any one blowing his, or her, nose from a high moral sense of duty you might know it was a Jackson!"

You mustn't think I'm blue — its just the tint of the paper. At any rate it brings you what Mrs. Fields would call a blue-gray kiss. Mamma's love goes with it.

Your fond
ALICIA.

To MRS. E. P. SAMPSON.

MANCHESTER, July 8th.

Dearest Aunt Florence,

I can't let today pass without writing to tell you how much my thoughts are with you.

When the anniversaries come round they bring such fresh memories with them that the years seem to fade away as one fancies mere Time will in the other world and leave only the real things behind it — the love and the admiration and the tenderness that give life its glow and its meaning.

I know how hard and lonely your life is with a hardness and loneliness greater than grief itself, but I know that beyond the mists of the present the memory of Robert and your little Sally must shine like a bright horizon line which no accident can mar nor Time alter.
"Safe in thy immortality."

I so often think of dear Robert and his beautiful patience and sweetness. Death seems to me the easiest of all the problems and the least sad.

Most affectionately,
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER, July 30.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Here is Hamlet, "the Heavy Father," as Paulina calls him since six little sons of his were born last week. Fancy how cunning! and their mother, Mr. Merwin, who owns her, writes, is busy carrying them about from one nest in the straw to another. Dickson is to have one and you can imagine how jealous I am at the thought of anything so fat and black-satiny and purple-eyed going into any one's arms but mine. However mamma seems to think we have pets enough — at all events till we get that tiger for the spare-room. I wish you were at home to have one! I approve of a loving pup for you more even than half a dozen adopted children.

Your last letter from Cortina sounded just a little bit dreary, or was that my prophetic soul? I am very glad you are away this summer and not here to distress yourself about the bad times, which at the moment are equal to '93; only at the moment, I trust.

Mr. Higginson came and sat upon the mound last night and we thought him a little cheered. It wasn't as it has been with him these last weeks — a blueness that could be felt. All the same I think the Dolomites a better prospect for you than lists of falling stocks, closing mills and money panics. The strong feeling for silver, combined with a dislike for law and order, at the West which the Democratic platform has disclosed has alarmed a great many, and the West is always an unknown quantity. Joe Lee thinks their party the honester of the two, and tho' he votes for

McKinley his sympathies are with the poor mistaken Westerners who think they are leading a people's crusade. I think of writing "A Stocking-Foot Note to History" on the subject of the Populist Convention, which kicks off its boots at all available moments. Joe Lee was most interesting that same hot Sunday on politico-ethics, but I said to Bessie "Fancy talking on the Eternal Verities in such weather." "The very time," she answered, "to discuss the Naked Truth."

Weather reminds me that Tuesday night we sat out in the entry for an hour or more and heard the thunder crash about us as I never heard it before. Mr. Higginson said he mentally buried this entire household and half of his own. It did strike all about us—including Mrs. Dalton's stable. I felt rather wilted yesterday in consequence but got down on to the mound, where Mrs. John Morse found us looking dissipated with our empty glasses and sarsaparilla bottles about us. By the way, did I tell you of the stuttering man who was arrested in New York and carried before the Police Court? When asked his name he could only hiss out "S—s—s" and the Judge impatiently turned to the policeman and said, "What's he charged with?" "Soda water, I should think," was the reply. We laugh over him at short intervals.

Paulina has dined twice with Mrs. Whitman in the last week—once suddenly at the Club because Mrs. Whitman's cook is, as she said, "More static than dynamic"—I tell Mamma the English of this is that her cook is a slow-poker and can't be taken by surprise. She has just given me a dear little calf-skin rug (a perfect beauty) and is changing my sapphire bracelet into a ring. Isn't she a perfect Fairy-Godmother? The weeks

pass quickly but one's love doesn't pass away. "And Time, which none can bind, tho' flowing fast away leaves love behind."

Your
ALICE.

TO MRS. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Friday, August 28.

Dearest Mrs. Paine,

Paulina has so carefully skimmed the cream of our news-bowl once a week for Ethel that I have not thought it worth while to send you a small quantity of light-blue fluid afterwards. Now that Ethel is gone to Naushon, however, I can send you our weekly budget with a light heart.

To begin with our best bit of news, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt are absolutely on the ocean!

We wrote Mrs. Bell if our heart-strings were only fastened to their vessel they would make the shortest passage on record.

Paulina wrote how our Curtis doves had returned to the ark, bearing their olive branches with them? — and Monday morning I drove over and saw them and all their purchases and the house, which I hadn't seen for years. In all their sight-seeing they couldn't have seen a lovelier place than it looked that day. I prophesied to Elinor that they would just drive up, take a bird's-eye view from the terrace, ask for a few dates, rush thro' the state apartments and tip her before leaving,

under the impression that she was the housekeeper in charge, but I did them wrong, for they are settling down in the family nest as contentedly as if they had never flown to the Houses of Parliament nor perched in Givon's Grove.

Of course I was a good deal used up by my trip, but if I hadn't been I should have felt like the Lennox Stable boy, as if I were "delirious or bleeding internally." I was not too sick to come down Tuesday evening, when we had Bella and Elinor over to pass the night and Joe Lee to supper with them and Joe at his liveliest. He and Elinor got acting and telling stories and we laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks and we felt as if we were having mumps in our ribs. You remember the Frenchman who said "it was easy enough to be a genius at twenty-five — the difficulty was to be one at fifty," but Joe has carried it into the thirties.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday, Sept. 10.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Who should appear here yesterday but Joe Smith (looking so brown and well) and bringing with him that dear little thing for holy water. It will make my room really look like St. Ursula's. Before the resemblance lay chiefly in the prominence of the bed and the slippers and the little dog. I was glad to see a bit of your handwriting too, for I haven't heard from you for

ages — to be quite literal, not since the letter you wrote from Adelboden the 18th of August. Perhaps you have climbed up into the region of perpetual snow and non-existent post bags? I hope to hear today — Joe Smith's Philadelphia people have scented his return and summoned him to his neglected work, but before leaving Dublin he started a sylvan theatre on their place such as he saw in Genoa somewhere. Any one who helps in the making of it is to have a box, and all Dublin, he says, is in the trenches, Mr. Pumpelly digging up his long beard at every other shovel-full.

By the way, I have never been so bothered with pens as I have this summer! Drat them. I now know the meaning of a real *penance* but I'm not going to give in to it this morning but shall wend my scrawling way on to a half page. More particularly as I have some scraps I want to send you which will need my two stamps. Do you always feel as if that were criminally extravagant? I do. One is my first letter from Mrs. Bell since she reached this side, which perhaps you will send me back when you write next? and the other you can tear up. It is a poem Joe Lee wrote the other day as a Campaign document and brought us up. You know he is what Paulina calls "the last beaux of summer" and we have seen a lot of him, or did while he was here. He has now taken himself off to a Trade School discussion of some sort at Saratoga and comes back no more. He is going to write another poem with the refrain of "Let's call the Baby Twins mother," on the dollar of fifty-three cents, — which is distinctly taking, I think.

Our mother is at Oak-Hill with Helen and very queer and unhomelike it seems without her. Like the

whistling oyster, we try to keep our spirits up. Tonight Mr. Hooper and Ellen came to supper and last night we had the three Curtises and Mrs. Whitman at five and all sat round a great fire and drank tea and played it was Boston. I wish you could have been here too, dear thing, but we keep your place waiting for you.

Lovingly,
ALICE.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Tuesday, Sept. 15.

Dear Ethel,

Paulina wants me to tell you that we count on your coming to us Monday morning and passing *two* nights — so don't you fail. She, poor dear, is in bed with her arm in a sling, while Uncle Melly, swathed in disinfectants (what I call the odour of medical sanctity) has limped out on to my little piazza while his room is being done. They are no more than bruised after the most marvellous and merciful escape from a fearful accident, — the worst the Higginson's coachman said he had ever seen, and he has spent his life in carriage accidents. Uncle Melly was driving Paulina over to the Curtis's Saturday noon with his new span, and they had just got as far as where the Winthrop Avenue joins ours when one of the horses started a little — broke the pole-straps — and then the horses started on the dead race down Jersey Lane. You know the ups and downs and curves of it! When they came up on to the main road Uncle Melly tried to head the horses for Joe Clark's stone wall and was dragged out completely over the dasher and on to the pole, where he lay amidst a whirl of hoofs till *be-*

yond the flag-staff, where the horses swerved and fell. Paulina said she never expected to see him alive again. When the carriage stopped she jumped out, landing on her arm, and ran to him — to find him coming to her. He had screwed himself down sideways and come out behind the carriage. He said when he realized that he was not going to be killed, but was going to leave Paulina alone behind the still-racing horses, no words could describe his state of mind. The spectators, most of them, dared not look to see what had happened. Was it not the most miraculous thing you ever heard of? We dare not think what it might have been.

Most affectionately,

Alice W. S.

To Mrs. Frederic Dexter.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD — MANCHESTER,
Oct. 20th, 21st, and 22nd.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

What will you think when I tell you that I am going to buy this place and become an Irish landlord? — that is, if Bryan is not elected and the title is clear and a few other little final "ifs." Then mamma will pay her rent to me and I shall feel very important and be very poor, — and tho' you are a householder I want you to congratulate me. My yearly pin-money will probably dwindle from five hundred to two, but I never needed many clothes and I mean to keep well so as to save doctor's bills.

With debts galore,
But fun much more,
Oh, that's the man from Galway.

I'm going to call it "Castle Rackrent," and when you drive by next summer and see the paint peeling off and the broken windows stuffed with petticoats you will understand how appropriate it is. Mrs. Whitman says she is going to re-cover the parlor-sofa and Bella engages to have our paper marked and Elinor wants to plant us a tiny garden. As for Mr. Dalton, he has been kindness itself—taking ever so much trouble to give us sound advice, and Mr. Higginson—but it is needless to enlarge on the dearness of the Higginsons at this late date. You see we are prematurely puffed up by the pride of possession. Not "three acres and a cow" is our motto, but "five acres and a cat." Five acres, did I say? Nay, five and three quarters acres and 19 Rods!! (Don't you think they might have thrown in a Perch or two for the birds?)

Seriously, it is a foolish business getting one's roots down so deep into another person's flower-pot, and we had grown so fond of the little house these seven years and my heart-strings have grown so round every tree on the place that it would have been a real wrench to leave it—if Mr. Higginson had sold it to some stranger, as he might well have been forced to do in these hard times. But things will be better after "*the Fourth.*"

Mrs. Whitman quoted that remark of Howells', that "our weakness as a people was sunk in our greatness as a nation," and I don't believe that when it comes to the point even the poor Western farmers will vote for what even an old silver man like my Uncle says is virtual repudiation—and against law and order.

You speak of our American sunshine! We had thirteen (!) hours of it in twenty days, and since the 15th of May we have had only two pleasant Sundays.

The weather is like the Ex-Empress Frederic, of whom Mr. Dan Curtis said, "She used to reign, now she pours," — when she invited herself to tea at his palazzo.

Do you see how good I was to write this letter in three relays of a day each? But I'm still in my bed, with callers at ten minutes a call, and the doctor says it's only by being very good that I shall be able to move tomorrow. But I *am* better and shall move with joy. — An Irish landlord wouldn't be one if he wasn't an absentee, and I am eager to get into the old nest. The next letter will be from there. But Boston won't seem quite like Boston without you and our Thursdays.

Always lovingly,

Alice.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

HOME — October 28th, '96.

There, dearest Mrs. Dexter, if you were only sitting there in your own corner by the fire (you can just see the top of your chair above the bed) with Sans-Gêne climbing up your veil, what a nice talk we could have.

The old room looks just the same except that we have a neat green carpet under the rug, and the hideous old coal-box has been moved away to make room for a brass hod to match your tongs. Oh, yes, and the little silver holy water thing hangs on the wall near Mr. Brooks's picture. I sometimes feel as if this room were the only oasis of permanence in a desert of hurry and change. The same quiet routine goes on here — the same faces — the same hearts, which still keep a little corner for a certain too sympathetic *confidante* of other people's woes and worries.

Mamma is reading Mrs. Bishop's life of Mrs. Augustus Craven aloud to me, and I long to mark little passages in the journal and letters for you. Have you read it? Mrs. Bishop is a confused old lady, but Pauline de la Ferronnaye is always interesting. She is so full of human failures and struggles and discouragements in the midst of her certain faith. I suppose you are mistaken enough to want a bulletin of my health? For the first three days after the move I was seriously ill, but yesterday I began to mend and Dr. Mason says a long rest will set me to rights. He thinks I had a very good summer on the whole — which is perfectly true. This morning I am going to have a little call from Mrs. Coolidge.

The Bells and Pratts, after many changes of plan, have taken a house in Milton not far from Mrs. Fiske and about half a mile from the railway station. We wrote that we were quite "Pensero" at the thought of our "Paradise Lost," etc., in the Miltonic vein — but she (Mrs. Bell, I mean) sends word that an hour will bring her to our door and she means to lunch here constantly. I am getting up my strength for a long hug.

The Czar's entrance into Paris will be nothing to hers into Boston if only her admirers took to the sidewalks, and we'll hang the Mt. Vernon St. elms with little pink paper roses on wires such as my enthusiastic old French teacher, Mme. Couder, sent me the other day.

Affectionately,
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, Nov. 12th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Since I wrote the political battle has been fought and won, hasn't it? and I hope all these panics in the money market are over now along with the uncertainty as to whether wampum might not be legal tender the next day.

Every one (except myself) had begun to feel a little shaky, for, after all, the chief plank in Bryan's platform, "If wishes were horses then beggars might ride," appealed to a large number.

Eighteen nice people have called on me these last four days, of whom I have seen a selected few, and among them that dear Mrs. Lodge. I haven't seen Mrs. Bell yet! Nobody has—and as far as Boston is concerned she might just as well be in Amboise. It makes one think of her father's old remark, "and gentlemen, where was the plaintiff? He was in that bourne from which no traveller returns—West Roxbury."

However, I have a note from her this morning describing the horrors of a country life and telling how the rain kept her from me yesterday—and so I shall *expect* her here today. In their Milton house there is a secret door into the library, reached by pushing back a bit of the book-case, but Mrs. Bell says she can't come in that way—she should feel as if she were "coming thro' the stomach of Tennyson." And when they thought of taking the Scudder house and were told that two electric cars reached it, she cried, "Oh, I should feel as if one leg would get there before the other," so you see we

can believe, without sight, that she hasn't changed her spots. Tell Elise that last winter we gave Dr. Bigelow a fine little *male* kitten and have just received a note with "The Chat of Purrsia's compliments, and he has the honor to inform us that he has just become the mother of five little chats, all of whom are doing well." We sent them the congratulations of their *uncle*, Madame Sans-Gêne!!

Mrs. Whitman is more dear and devoted than ever, and is taking courage. Beginnings are so hard — and the fresh winter upset even her serenity.

Tuesday I am twenty-eight and feel a little "everlasting hill-ish" but it is comforting to think that one carries the old friendships into the New Years.

Your loving
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Friday, Nov. 27.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Your *last* Paris letter has just come and been warmly welcomed and also the little photograph. Did you get a foreign one I sent you yesterday? Paulina took them one sunny morning before we left Manchester, and I hope the absurd little things will look pleasant to your eyes in a strange land.

Yes, I really am better — have got triumphantly thro' with my dentistry — have sat up dressed one morning and hope to get down to tea tomorrow. "Quong pong?" as Mme. Sans-Gêne would say in her purest Anglo-Saxon French. And now I must tell you what a pleasant Thanksgiving Day we had — beginning with

a peaceful morning when Paulina went off to church and Mamma read one of Mr. Brooks's Thanksgiving sermons aloud to me and then Elinor and Bella Curtis dropped in and Mrs. Dalton—and after that Dickson appeared with his three *really* dear little boys to eat their turkey and ice-cream with their "Gammardge," who wore a paper cap for the rest of the day and really enjoyed their good time almost as much as they did. Even I, lying upstairs with my cat and dog, felt as if we had got something young back in the house and a bit of the old Thanksgiving days as I heard the shrieks and little feet and an old jig Mamma always plays for "Going to Jerusalem" on such occasions. Here's a picture of my little god-son at two and a half, just to show you how big he must be now at nearly three. Burn it, for it doesn't do him justice. And after the house was quiet again, and the children gone, Mrs. Whitman came in, hatless and very merry, and laden with uncut jewels.

For my grandmother Weston left us each a hundred dollars to buy some little memorial of her, and Paulina is going to have a pendant designed by Mrs. Whitman.

You know how she throws all her heart and spirit into such things—into anything that concerns her friends. Why, the other day Paulina casually asked what color she had better have with a black velvet dinner dress she talked of having made, and the next day two samples of rose pink satin came up from Hovey's with a written message from Mrs. Whitman.

I have lots to tell you, but neither space nor time to tell it, so will end with

(Continued in our next).

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, December 3rd.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

The best laid schemes of mice and men — and after all my boastings I didn't get down last Saturday. I dressed to sit upstairs as a kind of trial trip, but lost my breath for such a long time, and had such a bad turn afterwards, and altogether made such a mess of it that I had to begin over again. But I am better and hope to accomplish it before very long.

Yesterday who should turn up but Mrs. Bell — dearer than ever — and just from Mrs. Whitman's studio. She hadn't been to town for a fortnight as Mr. Pratt has been having a tooth-ache throat (or rather a throat ache brought on by a tooth) and Mrs. Pratt has stayed at home to keep his spirits up and Mrs. Bell to hold her hand. However, she made us a long call and stayed to lunch, keeping our two men and Charley Walcott in gales of laughter. I wish you could have heard her description of the dressing at the — wedding — where old Mrs. — wore a white straw bonnet trimmed, Mrs. Bell thought, with a little damp seaweed — or her delight at the vulgar noise and bustle of a railway station when *you* were in time. But you know how she lights up every tiniest subject she touches with the fire of her genius. She says she and Mrs. Pratt don't read the Bible now, but the almanac, and pray for the longer days. She isn't afraid of being insulted when out in the dark — that would make her feel quite young — but only of breaking her old bones. Later Mrs. Whitman came in, and the day before Mr. Hooper, and Sunday Joe Smith — come up to breathe after his work in Philadel-

phia. Mrs. Coolidge tells me my St. Ursula is a dear, but I am not to have her till Christmas. Within a day or two now I am to sign my deeds? and how do you think I figure in them?— as “Alice Weston Smith, single woman.” “The aforesaid single woman,” Paulina calls me, which, as Mrs. Whitman remarked, is the antipodes of “Milly Christine.” But possibly you don’t feel as well acquainted as the rest of Boston with that two-headed nightingale.

Who do you think has taken a fat mortgage for me but Mr. William Dexter? so you see I feel backed up by Prudence itself.

Your loving old single woman,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, Dec. 10th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

We are all rejoicing in this sunny morning for Mrs. Whitman’s fair. Mamma has been knitting a blanket and Paulina making worsted balls in such haste that if Hood had still been alive he would have written a companion piece to his “Tale of the Shirt.” Susan Coolidge—that delightful “cross between a butterfly and an elephant”—is at Mrs. Whitman’s, where Paulina dined last night, and she always cheers Mrs. Whitman, who has needed cheering this week. We sometimes forget that, I think, and throw too many new cares upon her. I always think of her when I read that bit out of Matthew Arnold’s tribute to his splendid father:

If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,

Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing ! To us thou wert still
Cheerful and helpful and firm.

But there! if two such old lovers of Mrs. Whitman once begin on that subject we shall never end. Monday the family drank my health as a landed proprietor and at tea-time yesterday that dear Mr. Higginson came and made us a long call and the old landlord and the new exchanged a kiss over their completed bargain. I wrote Mrs. Higginson — who has been shut off from us all with her eczema this last month — that the place which gave us two such friends couldn't fail to bring a blessing with it. Do you think it can? Then please drink — metaphorically — good luck to "Castle Rackrent."

I am sending you a little book of extracts from Maurice which I hope will reach you sometime near Christmas. I read them in a copy Ethel gave Paulina and enjoyed them so much that I thought you might too. I've marked passages here and there that I marked for myself — thinking that the nearest approach to reading you things I liked, as I used to do.

You know, without my telling you, how much you will be in our home hearts at Christmas time. Whichever you go one of my stoutest heart-strings is tied tight round you, so don't jump about too vigorously, will you? and always remember your friends at "48" and particularly

Your most affectionate

ALICE.

To Miss GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Sunday Morning.

Dearest Gertrude,

I hope you got home safely Friday without being tired or chilled by the bleak darkness of that late afternoon?

It made my heart ache to see you looking so white and to hear how poorly you were, both in health and spirits. But when your nerves have recovered from the long wear and tear of last summer the glow will come back into everything, and in the meanwhile you mustn't let yourself lose heart, will you?

There are days when we all must learn the meaning of that beautiful expression of St. Paul's, "the patience of hope," that we may taste more fully of its joy — and however dark things look you have the bright stars in your sky.

I wish I could get to see you and your mother sometimes, but my thoughts are not bedridden and often come running up your long steps.

Thursday will be a very sacred day for you all, I know, and bright with memories.

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

I have copied you a little poem of Christina Rossetti's that I am very fond of:

When I am sick and tired it is God's will ;
Also alone God's will is sure and best ;
So in my weariness I find my rest,
And so in poverty I take my fill ;
Therefore I see my good in midst of ill ;

Therefore in loneliness I build my nest ;
And through hot noon pant toward the shady nest,
And hope in sickening disappointment still.
So, when the times of restitution come,
The sweet times of refreshing come at last,
My God shall fill my longings to the brim ;
Therefore I wait and look and long for Him ;
Not wearied, though the work is wearisome,
Nor fainting, though the time be almost past.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
Friday, Dec. 18th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

It was nice to get your more cheery letter from Mentone and to think of you drinking in all that beauty—but I am just narrow-minded enough to be unwilling to change our first real snowfall with the bright blue sky about it (or the familiar roofs) even for heliotropes and palms in a strange land.

Our dear little dressmaking widow, Mrs. Coyle, had the girl baby she had longed for on Friday, but only kept her four days. It seems like losing her last earthly hope and comfort. “Blessed are they that mourn.” The riddle of this world is so deep and mysterious that it must have a great and beautiful answer. There is a new volume of Mr. Brooks’s sermons just out, and I wish I had known in time, but perhaps some one else will send it to you. Do let me know. Since I wrote I have been downstairs twice to dinner and tho’ I didn’t make a brilliant success of it I hope to before long. And do tell me just how you are and have been, and

whether your headaches have been troublesome of late? How I wish you were safe at home so that I could put my arms round you.

May God bless this New Year to you and give you peace.

Your loving
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, Dec. 24.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

And after all the measles has broken out among Dickson's little flock, so that we shall have a dull, grown-up Christmas, with no tree, no Santa Claus, "no band of music — nossing!" We pretended it was a day of self-sacrifice for us and now are half-ready to cry on our own account at the thought of our lost candy-horns — or rather our postponed ones, for the festivities are to come off as soon as quarantine is over. In the meanwhile the tree stands in my room for Sans-Gêne to scale. I haven't mentioned her for a long time, but she is dearer than ever and her cheeks are swollen to such unfeminine fatness that we have decided she has the "fur mumps." That reminds me that I have just invented a text to put on those all-too-quickly-disappearing chests of kitchen tea, "Oolong, oh Lord, oolong?" Don't you think it "quite dear and blasphemous," as Mrs. Whitman does? She, alack, has gone off to Philadelphia for a week.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Bell had been tied to Milton with a sprained ankle — what the rest of us, Mrs. Whitman says, would not think of calling so dignified a name. "It looked at first like Turner's slave-ship, but now,"

she writes, "it is beginning to fade into the light of common day."

Your most affectionate
ALICE W. S.

TO MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Sunday after Christmas.

Dearest Gertrude,

Some fairy must have told you how fond I was of orris root and that most of my scent-bags had begun to lose their savour. I have proudly put your beauty in among my best coats, where it will remind me of you for a long time to come. After that it sounds as if I were going to forget you, which wasn't what I meant. I wish you could have seen my room Christmas, but now some of the flowers are faded and the china and plants have had to be moved away on Sans-Gêne's account. We had a dull, grown-up Christmas, for measles is in Dickson's flock, but we tried to make the best of it and pretend that Mamma and Paulina felt quite well, tho' one was housed with a cold and the other had been in all the week with sore throat. She was mending, however, and able to appreciate her presents, and among them your dear little pincushion and needle-case, for which she wants me to thank you with her love.

We each had a copy of the new sermons, which was a great delight to us and seems to be like a pale reflection of the light and glory of past days.

May the New Year bring only blessings to you and yours.

Your loving
ALICE.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Turn a dead anguish into a living passion.

November 10. (Her birthday.)

But we like sentries are compelled to stand
'Neath starless skies and wait the appointed hour.

DRYDEN.

November 10.

Those who are given to good speech are near neighbors to those who accomplish good deeds. There is a saving word, as there is a saving work.

Clement of Alexandria: "It is an enterprise of noble daring to take our way to God."

Our Lord, in making your career a career of suffering, has called you even by this very means to unite yourself closely to Him. You must oblige yourself to believe this, for the more your heart is able to enter into this secret the more you will feel your sorrows changed into ineffable consolations. . . . And you, my child, forgotten and always suffering, are evidently called by God, and that in an especial manner, to be a disciple of the Divine Cross. Your happiness will never be found in freedom from pain; but only in holy and entire resignation, and in the closest union with Him who has suffered for your sake. — BESSON.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,

MANCHESTER.

January 1st.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Don't think by this that we have run down to pass the holidays on our family estates but I wanted to thank you for that dearest volume of Christina Rossetti on my new landlordly paper. You knew how much I wanted her — and when your letter came I guessed what the book would be but not how sweetly it would be bound in green and gold, with my initials on it and the date — (it only remains now for you to write your name in it) and that there would be a whole series in it which I had never read as well as all my old favorites. I am as pleased as possible about it and only wish I could thank you for it in person. And so that good day may be put off till August? but not a single second longer, remember. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" — and you'll have to reconcile me to your new plan by promising to come to Castle Rackrent for at least a week as soon as you land, will you? Oh! I do know how sad the home-coming will be, but then it will be home, after all, with its duties and friends and tender associations and all that makes life what it is.

If you haven't got the last volume of Mr. Brooks's sermons ("New Starts in Life") I have an extra copy waiting to send you.

And now I am sure you will be glad to hear what I forgot to tell you in my last letter — that I had got down-stairs two or three times quite successfully and on Tuesday I dressed in my best and absolutely descended to a small half-dinner party of Ellen and Bella, Joe Smith

and Charley Putnam, who all dined here before going to a charade party at the Curtis's, and tho' the next day ended in a very bad turn I bore it so triumphantly at the time that I feel much encouraged. Mamma is just getting over a bronchitical cold and Paulina spent the week before housed with tonsilitis, so you see we are in the winter fashion. Mamma wants me to give you her love and thank you for the pretty Christmas card. Later I must tell you a little about my presents but I never get started talking to you but time and paper come to an end.

Mrs. Bell was here yesterday and Mrs. Whitman the evening before, so you see my days are set in jewels. I love you as dearly in '97 as I did in '96, and am always

Your devoted

Alice.

To Mrs. Frederic Dexter.

January 15th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Your letter has just come and I am going to answer it in the midst of a happy confusion of account-books and marketing lists — work baskets (not mine) and bird-cages.

Mamma is just on the way to see the cook — my dear St. Ursula is lying on a chair asleep — her face making sunshine in the shady place. Sans-Gêne is rushing over everything and Hamlet is watching his Aunt Paulina fill the candy-horns for our belated Christmas party tomorrow, when we not only expect Dickson and Anstiss and the four children, but Helen and Jim and their ewe-lamb, if Jack can be called so. Helen was here last

night with the best news of Mrs. Storrow, so that we are now relieved of one anxiety.

These coming weeks are very sad and very happy and sacred. I hope to go to church a week from Sunday, which falls the day after the 23rd. Yesterday, a year ago, Mr. Brimmer died, and all these memories make one long to come, in heart and mind, to that city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the spirits of just men made perfect whom we have known and loved here on earth.

Ever and always

Your loving

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

BOSTON, January 21.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I head this letter with a picture of a "chatelaine," if that means not only one who owns a house but holds a cat. And how are you? We are raining, snowing, slipping, slushing, and when, a day ago, the thermometer went down 49 degrees in 26 hours, Boston lover as I am, I thought you well out of it.

Since I wrote we have seen Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Bell, and we have had our child's party and a bud-dinner for Fanny Hooper, which I sat up to for three hours, laughing and talking in my best clothes, without any bad results. Doesn't that sound quite gay and triumphant? This afternoon Herbert Lyman is coming to sing and play to me on his guitar, and could Spain seem more so?

Mrs. Whitman, talking of some delightful family the other day, said some people thought them "strait-laced,"—but I told her that was rather a comfort in these days of moral Mother-Hubbards. This isn't a letter, is it?—just a hurried word and kiss before you run off to catch your green car.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, Jan. 28th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Our hearts have been full these last two days with Minna Chapman's death. It seems all so tragic—the three little children and the young husband and this new blow falling again so soon on poor Mrs. Brimmer, and it is so hard to associate Death with one so full of life and vigor and the "*joie de vivre.*" As I said to Mrs. Bell, it was like seeing night fall suddenly on all the warmth and glow of a full summer noon.

Mrs. Whitman went on at once and it is nice to think of Jack Chapman's having such a comforter to turn to and such a friend. One can't help trembling at the thought of what the first passion of grief will be to one so passionate.

From Saturday to Wednesday I took all to myself—four such peaceful days—what Mrs. Whitman calls "a festival of memory."

She came to me, and Gertrude Brooks and Mrs. Paine, and the four years seemed to slip away and leave us all the grief but without the sting, and on Sunday I was able to go to early Communion, which was a great joy to me and tho' I felt rather ill at the time I was none the worse for it on Monday. Indeed, I am *much*

better and intend to get really strong so as to give you a tight hug when you get home. Yesterday I got downstairs to lunch and Elinor and Mr. Chaplin and Joe Smith came to meet me. It was what might truly be called a "*succès fou*" in every sense and I laughed myself sick and was glad to come back to my bed. Today we bid Elinor goodbye—she is going to Richmond for three weeks—and the afternoons will seem blank enough with only one Curtis girl to drink tea with us.

Of course we have been crying our eyes out over "Margaret Ogilvie," like all the rest of the world, and Paulina and I have been most interested in the "Life of George Romanes," by his wife. Do read it sometimes—skipping the science, as we did. He was such a dear, and having reluctantly lost his first faith and accepted bare materialism he fought his way back into almost entire light before his death—which came all too early.

Mamma sends her love—"a great deal" and I am

Always yours,

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, Feb. 4th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

The house is in a state of "confusion worse confounded," for this is the day of the "Three C's" (or the trebly cursed). Not only have superhuman efforts been made to seat and feed a possible fifty-three stout females, but for a day or so I have been stumbling over window-men and women with pails of hot water on

these first two flights trying to make a new clean house out of an old and dirty one. I tell Mamma I shall request a Chestnut or so (the most lynx-eyed) to run upstairs and see what a pretty view we have out of our three-pair front hall bedroom — where the window has *not* been washed nor the paint scrubbed to receive them. By four o'clock Mamma will, I imagine, take to her bed with gratitude and a hot-water bag, and a certificate from Dr. Jelly will prevent her ever having to have it again. Do they have Sewing Circles in Rome, and if so do they receive their dear guests in the Forum?

Your last letter sounded quite settled and cheerful. Of course I will keep the sermons for you and I am going to write your name in them on the 21st so when that Sunday comes round you are to think there is one person at least across the ocean who is remembering you on your birthday. By that time you will have probably decided on your summer plans and tho' I shall be gladder personally if June is set on for your return I am not sure but August would be the wiser — economically and otherwise. I think it might be easier for you to take up your life in the city where duties crowd so close on one another tho' I know it will be bitterly hard in either place.

Lie still, be strong today, but Lord, tomorrow,
What of tomorrow, Lord?

Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
Be living green upon the sward

Now but a barren grave to me;

Be joy for sorrow?

Did I not die for thee,

Did I not live for thee? Leave me tomorrow.

Mrs. Whitman came home from Minna's funeral Friday and came in to see me Saturday quite overcome by this new blow not only for Jack and the babies but for herself. She reminds me of that remark made about St. Paul, "He had a thousand friends and loved each as if he had a thousand souls and died a thousand deaths when he parted from them."

You have probably heard that Mr. Whitman was poorly? It sounded rather alarming at first, but he is able to go off on a fishing expedition with his brother this week and Mrs. Whitman is going to New York for a few days' entire change and rest.

Love from all,

Alice.

To Mrs. Frederic Dexter.

Thursday and Friday,
Feb. 11th and 12th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Today Joe Lee's engagement to Maggie Cabot is absolutely out—if it had been anywhere but Boston I suppose it would have been so ten years back. But isn't it nice? She will enter so warmly into every part of his life, and they are both so unselfish that they deserve to be as happy as they will be now, together. We are going to have them to dine here next week with Mrs. Whitman and hope to get to know and love her *almost* as well as we do Joe himself.

This is the bright side of the picture but, to quote the great and good Rochester, "I've had a blow, Jane." The Hoopers have suddenly decided to sail on the 24th to be gone eight months! Just think of it! We are trying

hard to be glad — but see stars rather. Of course after a few days in London and Paris they will go straight to Rome, which won't be large enough to hold my intimate friends if this sort of thing goes on. For they are adding insult to injury by taking Dr. Bigelow with them. At least he has got as far, he says, as the old woman who said she "was going to New York Wednesday, D.V., and coming back Saturday *anyway!*" He came to make me a farewell call Monday, and Tuesday we had a good-bye dinner of eight for Ellen. It was pleasanter than anything with a good-bye in it sounds as if it could be, and I was allowed to sit through the meal and was then carried upstairs to my bed — so you see I am better. All last week I got tired-er and tired-er and finally on Saturday and Sunday I was very ill but I am pulling through now. Perhaps it would be quicker if something exciting didn't happen every few minutes. You can picture us this summer in solitary grandeur on our hill — the Hoopers gone — you and Bella Curtis refusing to return and Joe Lee a married man.

Paulina is in a perfect whirl of gaiety just now — I mean for us — and I wish you could see her going out to dinner in her new black velvet gown trimmed with rose-colored satin and real lace, with her new pendant round her neck. My bosom swells with sisterly pride. It's a way of being vain without the sin — or is it? When one is as close as a Siamese twin?

That dear Helen Storrow now comes to see me regularly on your Thursdays and has brought me a tea cup with little rosebuds just like the one you gave me that got broken — in fact to take its place. But new things

don't ever really take the place of old ones, do they? and if not a china cup certainly not the place of an old friend.

Your loving
ALICE.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

February 18th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

It seems as tho' we had come to the Land of Beulah, where "The Bells did so ring and the Trumpets continually sound so melodiously" and where "they would cry again, 'So many went over the water and were let in at the Golden Gates today.'"

Mr. Curtis's cold changed into slight pneumonia Friday and he died quietly that same evening — less from the disease than from the feebleness left by all these years of poor health. In a true sense he died in the war — leaving ten of his best years there and all his strength — and if it had not been for the absence of two of the girls one would feel that it was grief without its sting — beautiful and timely. But poor Bella so far away, with her aching head and low spirits and tender affections makes one's heart ache. Elinor was in Richmond but got home Sunday under Mr. Higginson's care, who had gone to meet her in New York. I have seen her every day and dear Fanny, and yesterday Steenie, who is going to be the great mainstay of them all. Mr. Curtis's coffin was carried by four of his sons, all good, strong, loving boys. You know how kind a friend he has always been to Paulina and me, so that we not only grieve for them but with them. This

is the first break in that great, happy family and Mrs. Curtis is alone after three-and-thirty years of that close and tender companionship, but she has always lived in the great things of life — the eternal things — and she is rich in children whose first and only thought is how to comfort her and to live worthily of their father's memory.

Oh, my dear Mrs. Dexter, that gives me such a pang for you! When you get this you will be keeping your holy days in a foreign land among strangers, but one is as close there as here to the real home which every year grows more familiar to us all.

TO MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

[Mar. 9.]

Oh, my darlings,

I must send you a line today though no words are necessary between us, I know. The great sorrow that has come to you has fallen upon us, too, and a little of the deep joy that comes hand in hand with sorrow.

Last night I lay awake and prayed that this cup might pass from you but this morning when your message came to say that she had passed from life to life one felt, almost with a burst of triumph, what it all must mean to her who has lived so long by faith.

As one's love follows her the great gates seem to open and those who have gone before and whom she loved seem almost closer than those who are still with us. There is one fold and one Shepherd. For you I know the vision must be very, very bright in the midst of the darkness in which you stand — looking up. We who love you and share your grief can only hold your hand

and wait to hear from you the message that God speaks to those who mourn.

May He, who seeth the sighs of the heart before they are uttered and heareth them still when they are hushed into silence, comfort you, dearest Ethel and Lily, and help us all to follow more and more in her footsteps who is now a pillar of the great Church Invisible where we all worship in spirit.

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Wednesday, March 10th.

Oh, my dear, dear Mrs. Dexter,

If you were only here so that I could put my arms round you and feel your *bodily* sympathy in this new trouble that has come to us. Mrs. Paine died at three o'clock yesterday morning. You know how dearly we love her! and how close the bond has been between us these last four years—for much longer between her and poor Paulina with all those memories of long stays at Waltham during Mr. Brooks's lifetime. It brings back all the first ache and desolation of those early days without him when she used to come and cling to us—heart-broken herself but full of courage and childlike faith. I never saw any one to whom the other life was so clear and vivid—and her loving heart had gone out into it before the spirit followed it. But it is impossible to realize that we shall never again hear that quick step on the stairs nor feel that warm kiss nor hear all those eager, loving questions about ourselves. My room is full of associations of her—the rug she knit me, the chair she used to sit in, never leaning back, the last

flowers she sent me, still fresh — and there are no *human* consolations — no long illness or weariness or hint of age — and what will that house be without her? — and poor Edith Storer, to whom her mother has been everything? She has been very ill with the grippe for the last month and was only pronounced out of danger Monday. It was in nursing her that Mrs. Paine caught hers, and she had the same high fever and violent cough. It turned to pneumonia Sunday and tho' they did not tell me I grew alarmed and distressed about her Monday evening — so much so that I lay awake all that night and when the bell rang early the next morning I said to Paulina, "There it is." Ethel's message seemed to bring news with which we had been long familiar. Poor children! their father was away — had been away ever since their mother's illness. They telegraphed him Sunday to New Orleans and missed him — sent to Washington Monday in vain, and finally reached him at Tuskegee. He got home this morning and asked to see Paulina, who says he looks fearfully broken.

Dr. Donald has been kindness itself and has the right to comfort which real love for them all and a real sharing of their grief gives.

One can't feel that Mr. Brooks can be far from that household in its great grief. At least one can feel that this world and the other are very close at such times and that, here or there, there is "one fold and one Shepherd."

Mr. William Brooks, who is still ill abed, exclaimed when he heard it, "Oh, how glad Phillips will be to see her!"

Her children are full of beautiful faith and courage — the legacy that she has left them. One gathers strength

thro' such a sorrow tho' it leaves a gap in our lives that nothing can ever fill.

My thoughts were with you Sunday.

Your loving

ALICE.

To Miss ELLEN S. HOOPER.

Thursday, March 11th.

My dear, dear Ellen,

How I long to have you here to help to comfort Tweeby after the heat and burden of these sad days. You know how dearly we love Mrs. Paine and how close the tie has been between us these last years, but for Paulina the friendship has been of much longer date and the thought of her is interwoven with all her happiest memories and the time when Mr. Brooks was still among us.

This has brought back all the ache and desolation of those early days without him. It seems impossible to think that we shall never again hear that quick step on the stairs nor feel those warm arms round us! We knew and loved her as one can only love those with whom one has gone down hand in hand into the deep waters of a great affliction — and she had such a loving and constant heart! That grief was as fresh to her, I am sure, as it was that Monday four years ago when she sent us word that what had been the glory of our lives was ended forever.

But she was full of courage and child-like faith.

There was no flagging in interest, no hint of age or weariness, no ceasing of that eager work for her Divine Master.

One can't help feeling a little of the joy with which

that brave and loyal spirit must have sprung forward to new tasks there where "His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads."

She has left her sons and daughters a rich inheritance of faith and hope.

Lily is going to Edith today and Ethel is to come to me for a little while.

Pray for those poor children and for Mr. Paine, who came back yesterday to that empty house.

The funeral is to be tomorrow at Trinity Church — which has been a true home to her these twenty years.

We both embrace you, darling.

Your loving

ALICE.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

Dearest Elinor,

I long to kiss you again after this long week and to thank you for those dear little sunny-faced daffodils. You know it was only my door and not my heart that had to be shut against you and Fanny.

If only poor Paulina might have some of the lying-still time, but she has to bear all the burden and heat of the days and looks sadly worn, I think.

Being any little help to the Paines is her greatest comfort — and from the wringing of the heart that comes from sympathy one wouldn't spare her if one could.

We all drink of the same great cup.

My dearest love to Fanny.

Your most affectionate

ALICE.

Monday.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, March 25.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I feel quite proud to be able to write you myself today and to tell you that I love you dearly and am really better. Last week I felt so badly to be cut off from seeing the Paines, which is a sort of duty as well as the greatest comfort and privilege, — they are so brave and sweet. And I have been so pleased that not only the girls have felt like coming to me, but George and Robert both, and last night Mr. Paine himself. He talked so much of Mrs. Paine and Mr. Brooks that the happy past seemed more real than the sad present — but it wrung my heart to see and hear him! His life is ended — and he was as much in love with her as five and thirty years ago, besides all that deeper love of knowledge and one-ness which we outsiders can only imagine on our knees.

Ah, well! to that household grief has indeed come “as angels came to the tent of Abraham. The mere frolic of life stands still, but the soul takes the grief in as a guest — kisses its hand, spreads its table with the best food, gives it a seat by the fireside and listens reverently for what it has to say about the God from whom it came.”

Mrs. Whitman says life can only be led on the military basis, and we fill up the ranks and march on. How we long for you absent ones to be back in the home regiment! And, dear, tho’ you can’t expect happiness I know the call to work and comfort others is an almost stronger appeal to your tender and unselfish

heart. And you are one of those who "have the keys."

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

I copied you this little verse yesterday. If only our lives could be bright enough to give the light.

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal word?

He is a brittle, crazie glasse;

Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford

This glorious and transcendent place

To be a window, through thy grace.

GEORGE HERBERT.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Tuesday before Easter,

April 13th, 1897.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

There seems a doom on our Thursdays, so I am going to begin my letter this week in good time and cheat the Fates. I am quite ashamed of the dates on my list, to see how many times I have had to miss writing of late, and that after so proud a beginning they go straggling off after Feb. 18th to March 10th, March 25th, and April 2nd, but I hope you found all those waiting you in Rome and Mamma's one in between?

Your letter from Palermo came yesterday and it is nice to think of your having started homeward up the boot of Italy. If only you were a little more like the man who "went with one prance from Turkey to France."

However, next month comes Manchester and then, Hey, presto! — August and you — with plenty of sunshine stored up for wintry days.

Thursday.

Yesterday Mrs. Bell spent an hour and a half with us, "making sunshine in the shady place," and Monday we had a call from Mrs. Whitman, who is getting back her lost voice. I have seen besides during the last three days, Ethel Paine, Elinor and Fanny Curtis, Gertrude Brooks, and Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, and Helen Storror—so you see I am richly blessed, as usual. Now I am going to take the rest of the week quite quietly all to myself. One clings to these Lenten days and parts from them with regret. They are in keeping with one's saddened outlook and yet full of that "strange and holy quietude" that comes in the hush after a sorrow before the daily routine has to be taken up again. If only this solemn season would leave our lives a little fuller of the knowledge of Christ and "the power of his resurrection."

With brightest Easter wishes.

Your loving
ALICE.

To MISS ELLEN S. HOOPER.

BOSTON, April 19.

Dearest Ellen,

We can think of nothing but the happiness which has come to the dear Paines in the midst of their grief—a real Easter gleam of hope and joy. George finally decided, on Friday, to go into the ministry, a beautiful tribute of love to his mother, whose great wish it was. He had been dedicated to the temple, almost like the infant Samuel, and Mr. Brooks always spoke of having him for his assistant when he was a little boy in dresses. But of late years they have not spoken of it because

they wanted it so much, and didn't want to bring any influence to bear. Though George's inclinations have lain that way his modesty as to his powers has withheld him. You know what a consecrated life his has always been and what a pure and loving heart he will bring to this fuller service of God and his fellow men. We have just had such a beautiful letter from him this morning.

It has always seemed so sad to us that none of Mr. Brooks's young men should carry his message to others, and now the dear old Church has got one who is worthy to be the first fruits. Mrs. Whitman said this news made one go about one's work with a lighter heart, and you can imagine what it is to his family, whose loves in higher love endure.

Nelly knocks and announces George himself.

Your very loving

ALICE AND PAULINA.

Thank Fanny for her dear note.

Would you mind letting Mrs. Dexter see this letter?

To MISS ISABELLA CURTIS.

BOSTON, April 22.

Dearest Bol,

Alice says that the play is now drawing to a conclusion, — all the conspirators are assembling in Florence. You and Mrs. Dexter and Ellen will compare our letters, and it will be discovered that the same time-worn jest has served for three, and Mme. de Sévigné will be blasted. Notwithstanding this horrible disclosure, it is nice to think of all you dear people together, a little Jewish colony in the midst of Babylon the great.

In our window at the moment is a purple glass Iris, just come home from Mrs. Whitman's shop. It went up and made a call on your mother this morning, and really is a dear, almost too beautiful to send.

We love you fondly and rejoice to think how few more times we shall have to tell you so with cold old ink.

YOUR ALICE AND PAULINA.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, April 22.

Dear Mrs. Dexter,

When we heard of Mr. Storror's death almost our first thought was of you — so far away, and longing, as we knew you would, to be here to do some little thing to comfort Mrs. Storror. But sympathy is so much larger a thing than we can grasp that who knows but your thoughts and prayers for her may do as much there as all the little acts of kindness that your nearer presence might have made possible. Jim is so sure that it is just the death his father would have chosen that perhaps it will a little reconcile Mrs. Storror to what was most painful in the outward circumstances of her bereavement. For the rest, she is not one to sorrow "even as others which have no hope," and Bessie is like a very loving daughter to her. Mamma and Dickson, who went to the funeral, said it was very touching to see her come out leaning on Jim's arm, and to see him, reserved as he is, reach out his other hand and pat hers. I hope to hear just how she is, physically, from that dear, affectionate Helen, tomorrow.

We had such a beautiful Easter-day — cloudless and still, with a fresh sparkle in the air — just such weather as one would choose for that “day of days.” And my room was full of flowers, which spoke their own message of hope and peace, and love too. One thought of that bit of Browning, “But who clothes summer? God, who created all things, can renew.”

Had you Easter lilies in Rome? If you could only see the one Ethel sent me! One great, tall stalk with a burst of ten perfect blossoms at the top, like a peal of bells. Mrs. Whitman runs in frequently, just to worship it, and “Susan Coolidge” watched it coming to me and said she had never seen such a gorgeous one.

And I must tell you what a kind thing Dr. Donald did, amidst all his work on Easter. He sent me three red roses from the Chancel, with a really beautiful note. I must keep it to show you.

And so you have seen our dear Ellen — and will shortly see her again in Florence? We asked her to show you our last letter about the great happiness that has come to the dear Paines.

Lovingly,
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

April 28th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

We can talk of nothing — think of nothing — day or night, but gallant little Greece hurling herself vainly against Turkey, that great Power of Darkness, while the Nations stand by guarding their money interests and callously watching their treaties violated, and an innocent people, whom they had promised to protect,

led like lambs to the slaughter—I feel sometimes as if my heart would burst. “All the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations.” “And I looked and there was none to help.” But if there is Divine Justice in heaven there must come a great day of judgment for the nations, when they will have to tread the winepress of the wrath of Almighty God,—and England, whom we have believed in and looked up to!—who more than any other helped to preserve Turkey to be still what she has always been, “an organized negation of God.”

Have you read William Watson’s “Year of Shame”? or that poem of his beginning, —

O languid audience, met to see
The last act of the tragedy
On that terrific stage afar,
Where burning towns the footlights are !
O listless Europe, day by day,
Callously sitting out the play !

Elinor was telling us last night of a little Armenian girl of four years old at the “Gwynne House” who throws her arm up over her head and shrieks at the sight of any stranger. Her father explained in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice that she had been like that ever since the last massacre, when she saw her mother and brothers and sisters murdered before her eyes—and only one out of so many thousands like her! but it brings it home to one’s heart. And to think of our sitting in our quiet houses with safety and purity and justice all about us—helpless to help. But at least we can think of them and feel with them, and it is a comfort to think that nothing can come to a great section of humanity without in a real way coming to us all.

We are all our brother's keeper, and "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain *together*."

"Nevertheless we, according to the promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," and one cannot be a Christian and not take courage. Faith and Hope go hand in hand.

I have written you a gloomy letter, but out of the full heart the mouth speaketh, and we could have spoken of nothing else had you been here today.

Now, trumpeter, for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet ;
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song !
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthralled, the conqueror at last !
Hymns to the Universal God from universal man—all joy !
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—all joy !
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing
but joy left ;
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy !
Joy ! joy ! in freedom, worship, love ! joy in the ecstasy of life !
Enough to merely be ! enough to breathe !
Joy ! joy ! all over joy !

That is a bit from Walt Whitman, and isn't it fine ? Like wine to one's spirit. Mamma and I have just finished the dear "Gurneys of Earlham." It is like a spiritual oasis in the midst of the deserts of literature. And how ashamed it makes one of one's idle, cowardly life ! But cowards have their affections, and I am always

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

BOSTON, Friday, May 7th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Your postal from Assisi has just come, and tho' you mention the flowers there you say nothing about the "brother and sister birds" that must flock about the birthplace of that dear patron saint of pets; and to think of the Hoopers being so near and never looking up Saint Francis! We have just had a fat letter from Ellen at Florence, where she is seeing Bella, but where are you? We pictured a great bit of old Boston in the midst of that romantic little town. This bit of a letter must stand for two—for next week this household will be "on the wing." And it isn't on the wing like a bird, but rather like a flying machine, which takes a long time to get started and stays in the air but a few ponderous seconds before falling heavily back on what Mrs. Leiter calls "terra-cotta." When you hear next I hope it will be on "Castle-Rackrent" paper. Did we tell you our pet scheme of having Bessie pass a whole month with us? to rest, and be nursed, and enliven us all mentally! If we could only have Mrs. Bell close by as an inducement! She made us a farewell call Tuesday and was more absolutely fascinating than ever. I do hope the Mattapoisett summer will be a success,—but by far the hardest pull for us is leaving the dear Paines for so long. We *need* them.

Yesterday, as I could not go to church before the autumn now, Dr. Donald administered the Holy Communion to me here at home. It was all more beautiful and solemn than I can express. Mamma and Paulina and Dickson were about the bed, and dear little Ethel,

who is like one of us. Both the windows were wide open, and Birdie sang in his cage above the great rose-bush, so that it seemed as if heaven and earth *were* full of His glory. It made me feel very happy and peaceful, and the dear room seems flooded with new light now that it really has become "the little Sanctuary."

Your most loving
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

May 17th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

This is the first letter which I have written with my own hand since our move, as Dr. Washburn insisted upon three days of absolute quiet to begin with.

Yes, we bought the little red house just as it stood, except for the old secretary and sideboard, which Mrs. Higginson had associations with, and even those two are to board with us for the present.

Our priceless Nathalie — who is a widow now — and William, the coachman, came down four days in advance of the rest of the menagerie, so that when Paulina and Dickson and Sans-Gêne and I alighted it looked quite settled and homelike. And they had made me a flower-bed along the piazza, which made me feel quite the pride of possession.

I was disappointed that no tenants met me at the entrance of my estate, but perhaps, as they would have been Irish tenants, and the welcome they might have prepared might have been given from behind the shelter of stone walls, it was just as well. "Punch"

says there ought to be a close season for landlords as well as other game.

The Higginsons and Curtises move down next Friday and the Daltons are here already, but one feels that appalling sense of emptiness that seems to fill our little world. Even Mrs. Whitman says she never knew a time when it seemed so empty. That made it doubly hard to leave Boston, where one seemed so close to all the dear memories and sad associations which must take the place now of all the dear ones gone before. We seem to have reached that place in our lives where our great cry must be: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent."

My thoughts are so much with you and my dear Ellen.

Your loving
ALICE.

TO MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

[May 21.]

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Dearest Elinor,

This is just to bring you my love and to tell you how much my heart is with you all today.

I know the coming back to the dear old house will be like realizing your grief over again in all its freshness — only with that numb ache that never comes at first.

But what makes it the hardest will grow to be the greatest comfort — all the crowding memories of the happy years making so much of the sunshine of the years to come.

I looked behind to find my past,
And lo ! it had gone before.

As time goes on and we must live more and more without the bodily presence of those who make the old earth homelike to us, associations grow more and more sacred and it is a continual joy to me that I can associate your father with this room as well as have so vivid a picture of his driving up with Jennie thro' the woods.

Dearest Elinor, I know how heavy your heart has been of late — how the aching need grows with the days — but after the hard taking up of the burden of daily life again I think there is a new realization of that abiding presence which one so easily feels when one has just seen, as it were, the heavens open to receive those we love out of our sight. And you all have the secret of turning your personal pain into a motive for making other people's lives brighter, I know — with all the added nearness of this last year.

Your loving old friend,

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, May 27.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

You see the new hearth has grown quite homelike and familiar — and before long you will be sitting beside it and your absence will seem like a dream. A peaceful dream, I hope, from which you will have waked rested and refreshed.

Bella is probably landing today and Mrs. Curtis will feel happier with that last chick gathered under her wing. Now that the move here, which she dreaded so much, is absolutely made — all the crowding associations of the happy years, that are over for her, seem chiefly comforting — and our dear Paines have gone to

Waltham, where all is so full of their mother. But thro' all their fiery trial one has felt as if they were like the three men cast into the furnace bound, and those watching have seen "four men loose walking in the midst of the fire and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Dear little Ethel is coming to us next week after the Shaw celebrations, to which Paulina will come in with them. Mr. Higginson speaks on him at Sanders Theatre, Sunday afternoon, which will be a beautiful prelude to the great day itself. I am going to send you a "Harper's Weekly," in case you haven't seen St. Gaudens's magnificent relief. How can people speak of the loss such a man as Shaw is to the country when his life is cut short? What after-service could be equal to the image the nation has of him — and those like him, in her heart eternally young — dying at the supreme moment? "He being made perfect, in a short time fulfilled a long time" — and left a name that must sound like a bugle call to generations yet unborn. In these times of darkness and shame it is a comfort to dwell on our "Heroic Age."

Your very loving

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Here are two verses out of Christina Rossetti's new volume which I thought appropriate to Palm Sunday — and very dear besides:

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep,
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and leaves.
Tend thou thy cornfield — one day thou shalt reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

.

But if my lot be sand where nothing grows?
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm;
For, though the desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Tuesday Morning,
June 15th.

Oh, my dearest Linka,

What a day! We had begun to think that story about the dove and olive branch was all a myth, but now everything is forgiven and forgotten.

Paulina has just been off getting blackberry vines and purple irises and buttercups for the table and I only wish you were here to stand with "Gammardge" and her cortège of cats in the sun where I could see you.

If you were, Paulina wouldn't have had to drive the little mare in solitary state over to the Curtis's yesterday — but even I was not more alarmed than if she had been riding on one of those bits of shingle tied by two strings to holes in a turtle's back. We used to find that a most thrilling thing to watch when we were children and lived by rivers where other people's escaped turtles seemed to abound.

And to think of Lily's coming to Castle Rackrent — we are filled with joy at the very thought. I wonder when you all come back from Dublin whether Robert wouldn't spend a night with us? — or perhaps sometime when he has to come down from Dublin on business? Then we would feel as if we weren't robbing you — and I know how necessary he has become to you all.

As for you, darling, I am counting on three more days in the autumn to end my summer with another such little bright spot as you made for us in the beginning.

I cannot tell you—I wouldn't if I could—all your brave and sweet example is to us, but the very thought of you makes my heart grow warm. When another of the great links that bound us is gathered into God's hand it draws us not only so much closer together, but so much closer to Him. The whole friendship takes a great step on and up.

My heart has ached for you all so much this summer. I have known a little what it must have been. Do you remember in one of those letters to Mrs. Shaw how some one speaks of the great sacrifice which is made as a whole at first, having then to be made day by day in detail? And every new light seems to make the grief more vivid.

But in all our loneliest moments—in all the changing moods that sorrow wears, "He who seest the sighs of the heart before they are uttered and heareth them still when they are hushed into silence" is our Comforter. And I know you have the secret of turning the comfort you receive into joyful service for others for God's sake.

Your most loving
ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
Thursday, June 24.

Darling Mrs. Dexter,

To think my letter should have given you a sleepless night! As if you hadn't enough gloomy friends already!

There are times when "the heavy weight of all this unintelligible world" lies heavy on my heart, but you know I am *personally* quite happy.

And the friends here and the friends *there* make my outward and inward life very rich and full. To say nothing of Mamma and Paulina, who fold my whole existence in their love. I want to say with Herbert—

Thou who hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a thankful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As though Thy blessings had spare days,
But such a heart whose pulse may be Thy praise.

And now you would like to know what we are doing with ourselves this exquisite weather. Last evening I sat out for an hour and more in the porch and had a long call from Mrs. Higginson, and a short call from Mrs. Whitman, and then sat up to supper. So you see I am getting slowly but surely stronger to greet you on your return, and, by the way, you have never told me what day in August you sail on nor by what ship? As soon as you have kissed your relations on the wharf you remember you are coming straight to Castle Rackrent for a quiet week? I know several people who will be glad enough to get you home again—and the Sermons are waiting for you in my drawer with their belated birthday greetings—and Mamma and I are prepared to quarrel as to whose friend you are. She says I stole you from her. Did I?

Mrs. Bell writes that even the roads at Mattapoisett don't turn but go straight ahead—nowhere—and that as there are no rocks to be warned from she supposes the lighthouse is to prevent people's coming to those

shores for the summer. Mrs. Pratt wrote Mrs. Whitman that "it was no worse to say it than to think it; Mattapoisett was the derndest place," but I daresay they are having a very pleasant time notwithstanding all.

Your loving

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,

Thursday, July 29.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

As one would run to the gate to meet a dear friend and then greet her again at the porch, so I like to send you a little message of love at each stage of your journey, and when you come aboard ship your face will really be turned homeward.

You will have closed that page of your life and will have turned back to the sad, familiar ones again. And I hope your return will not be as sad as you fancy. Our lives would be dreadful if the past had no power to illuminate the present, and if associations were not like a pale kind of sunshine in days otherwise so dark.

The memories of the past and the great hopes of the future ought to be like strong wings to us all — I wish they were always. Do you remember Mr. Brooks's speaking of "frivolity and despair, those two benighteners of the human soul"? and the last, I fancy, is even worse than the former. I have been struck, in reading Ecclesiasticus lately, how many warnings there are for the hopeless and discouraged. The "Woe unto you that have lost patience," and "Woe be to fearful hearts and faint hands," followed by "Ye that fear the Lord hope for good and for everlasting joy."

Here's quite a sermon which I have been preaching,—but more to myself than to you, and I will end it with three lines which I have just come across in Browning's "La Saisiaz:"

While for love—Oh, how but losing love does who so loves succeed

By the death-pang to the birth-throe—learning what is love indeed?

Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled.

I need not tell you I am always

Lovingly yours.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, Friday Morn [August].

Darling Tomahawk,

Mamma and I almost wept with joy when we heard of our little *Soeur de Charité* lying out in a canoe under the stars just like other people. And what beautiful weather you are having now! My mound was still too wet for me to sit on yesterday afternoon, so we dallied in the porch and drank sarsaparilla—this time not served us by our "dainty *sarsaparillière*," as Bella and I remarked with a smile. For those dear old Curtises say some of them are coming over every day and this time it was Elinor and Bella again. Later Joe and Maggie came for a little call—a very little one, as they were walking home to supper and I imagine Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley brooks not delay. She perfectly irradiated happiness and affection, and dear old Joe sat and basked in it. I've come round to your opinion, and

think he's got the very one only person for him. "His atmosphere," as Mrs. Whitman says. Maggie and I kissed at parting and then were both took rather shy. We must have them to supper every week in September. Do you think it would be more appropriate to ask them with Mrs. Dexter or Miss Milberry?

Mamma has gone out for her little drive and I am just gloating on the sea and sky on my piazza. A few moments ago a doll's Bengal tiger came strolling up the road out of the shadow into the sunny strip. There is a lamb's kidney waiting for her when she comes in.

Last night when she came up to the porch at supper time the milk boy's fox terrier barred the way, — and then made quite a fierce rush at her, growling and barking. Dickson came gallantly to the rescue and coaxed Sans-Gêne down from the oak-tree where she had retreated and brought her in with her tail as big as Gam-mardge's arm. Dickson is a nice boy!

Did Dickson tell you of little Robert's devoting over an hour to one small pool of water on the rocks, "so as to find out everything that was in it"? Mamma said it was like William and Lucy Smith examining the grassy top of a wall — inch by inch — when they were engaged.

"Yes," said the scoffing Tuncle; "'Angelic Lucy, here is a spider!' 'Soul's William, I see an ant!'"

Uncle Melly's day off hasn't crystalized yet, but next week he is going to Sorrento. At least so he says.

Later.

Mamma has just got back, bringing letters from Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Dexter and Ellen, but none from you —

which is a disappointment. It will come this afternoon, I suppose. I enclose Ellen's because it is thin.

Mrs. Bell is to go with Mrs. Pratt for one night to Mrs. Howe, who really needs them, but all other invitations she declines, so she "can't follow where her heart unwillingly goes," etc. She says she has "been haunted all her life by the fear of *waking up dead* at some unfortunate friend's house." Doesn't that sound like her?

So you call yourself a spider? What do you think of me, weaving all this long web out of nothing?

I see I have left out three words, "One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels."

Your angelic
NANNY.

TO HER SISTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Wednesday Morn [August].

Dear Gregory,

Is it bubbling hot with you? The grasshoppers seem to like it, and hiss and buzz and sizzle like doughnuts in a frying kettle. Sans-Gêne came lanking in at nine quite exhausted with the heat and now she is asleep in her bassinet. Gammardge didn't tell you how she *did* arrive, as I prophesied, just after you left yesterday, — her necktie untied and torn and dirty from the haste she had made and her little bunch of catkins wilting in her mit-clad hand. She flumped down outside our door with a mew when she found you were gone and was

afterwards 'tic to 'tomach — from disappointment, she said, but some think from an over-indulgence in fishes' heads.

Did Dickson show you Dorr's coat of arms, which he has been looking up for a book plate? Three heraldic boars' heads. I suggested the motto, "*La nature l'a fait sanglier — la civilization l'a fait cochon.*"

Bella looked poorly. She and Elinor had been over seeing Amy Coolidge, and of course Bella had William's supper much on her mind. Fancy William Blake depending on his victuals.

Hug Ethel and Lily for me and write me just how they are and all about them.

Oh, Spidrousness, this is but an empty web without you and I am like a desolate dried fly hanging in one corner — once

Your festive
NANNY.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

September 15.

Dear Nelinor,

I am so anxious to hear whether your bird has flown as well as mine — a tomahawk.

I am afraid she went up yesterday alone, for Uncle Melly thinks Ethel doesn't get off till today. However, all roads lead to Rome, and what a lovely time those three little friends will have together in that earthly paradise, chaperoning Adam and Eve!

When I asked Paulina if I might have a cigar box full of sand for slips she said I wanted "the earth with

a fence round it," but ha! ha! now she is gone I have asked Joe Clark for a sand-box, and mean to spend my substance in riotous slipping. I have chosen you as my companion in vice. Don't you think it would be awfully nice if we could make a few tries at those yellow Irish roses you met in the village. I say this tentatively — as dear departed Jean Ingelow would say — as you would have to do the begging; and have you any big sweet-briars that wouldn't notice a lost branch, or anything else juicy in the rose line to spare? I have enough *wichuriana* and *polyantha* already, which you must help me pot later. You see what an honor it is to be chosen as my companion in these little affairs.

Yours on her hind legs with her paws a-dangle,

NANNY DOG.

To HER SISTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Thursday Morn,
September 16th.

Dearest Tweeby,

As you know my desire for "the earth with a fence round it" you will not be surprised to hear that I have got a box filled with sand, by that *nice* Joe Clark, and meditate verbena slips. How else shall the Roman arena be supplied?

At other moments I crane out my window and watch my new garden-bed, which has been dug and refilled in layers and needs only to be peppered with wood-ashes to be a perfect thing. Already before the eye of my imagination I see a thick screen of climbing roses and

a high hedge of sweet-peas — all blossom and no stick. But lest you should think you were getting a business letter from Asa Gray I will change the subject — first inquiring if that dear Ethel is going to let Walter give some small roses green-house room for me next winter?

Do you think at my present rising-scale weight I could be, in any sense, called "a slip of a girl"? — which reminds me that when Ben and William were bearing me upstairs yesterday, faint and done-up after my drive, William said to Ben, "This is a ten-pound heavier load than last year, Ben." "Yes, indeed," said Ben, cheerfully, "and that's a good sign!" If that's their idea of encouraging the fat sick — *excuse me!*

Oh, Twiney, that drive was such a failure! I have been singing "Willow, tit-willow" ever since.

But I'm recovered this lovely morning, and looking forward to my call from Mrs. Dexter.

Ellen has just got home from Newport.

She says that dinners of a hundred and twenty people are now the fashion — shade of Lord Chesterfield, what would you say to that? — and it is bad form to speak of your cook as "she." It is either "him" or "they," so I now say that "they have over-boiled my egg" — or possibly dropped it among them.

Other news there is none except that pussy is her "Gammardge's only comfort," and that I had a letter from Mrs. Bell, which of course had been missent to Winchester, perhaps because the M and A were particularly plain.

Go on having a beautiful time, but don't forget there's one who loves you fond, and that's

Your
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

Monday Eve,
September 20.

My dearest, dear Tweeby,

It is a rainy afternoon and Mrs. Whitman has just ridden off on her broomstick, leaving the world to Gam-mardge and to me. Shall I omit Sans-Gêne, who, seeing my table spread over me, has crouched down on my knees, purring loudly. She thinks she has been 'vited, poor lamb.

I suppose you saw in the last number of our favorite sheet a final letter on the subject of "Squirrel-cide." Luckily for Kitty, the words "No more of this — Ed Spec" appeared below, or we should see her name appearing unfavorably in print, for yesterday she brought a poor little red squirrel corpse to my door, and as pleased with herself as possible, the little wretch!

We got two dear, scrabbly letters from you today and you speak of Thursday, but don't hurry off on our account, for we are doing nicely.

Of course, as I politely tell Momb, existence without you is a world without a sun. But Nansen, I believe, managed very well by lighting up the Fram and inventing lots of work and play. It was only Kane's dogs that went mad in the hold. "Mad as hatters," I hear you say, "in a darkness that could be felt."

I am so glad Professor James did come, but after meeting all the worthies in the Elysian Fields will you be content to return to a work-a-day world and the striped arms of a Pusstress? There will be two human pairs beside.

Your own

NANNY.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Thursday Eve,
October 8.

Dearest Ethel,

To begin with business: Paulina wants me to tell you she shan't be able to get to Waltham this week till Sunday afternoon as she has promised to take supper at the Higginsons on Saturday to meet those distinguished strangers, Mr. and Miss Hooper. Now that we have seen Ellen her absence seems like a dream — and how dearly natural she looks. I can't tell you how much we enjoyed our glimpse of George, and I hope it is the beginning of many, tho' I know how full to overflowing his life is, as well as Lily's, of interests and occupations. It is to you, dear Linka, we chiefly look to keep a wide enough margin for all the foolish, running comments we like to make along the real, serious, printed matter of life, so to speak. As one grows older one more and more divides one's dear friends into those one likes to see, and those one *needs*, and you and Lily have become a necessity of our lives. So take great care of your dear self and be able to come often

to see me, for I am hungry for a sight of you. The thought of how many miles nearer we shall be to Waltham reconciles us to the thought of leaving this beautiful out-of-door life so soon.

Do you remember how, in the notes to the Roumanian Folk Songs, it tells how the young women there each have one intimate friend who is called her "little sister of the cross"? Isn't it a sweet name for so sacred a tie?

Your loving
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

Monday Morn.

My precious Hawk,

This is just to say that the household is getting along as well as it can away from the protecting shadow of your ebon wing.

Do you suppose the person in Browning who said, "So I shall see her in three days and just one night, but nights are short," was a forlorn young woman whose sister had gone on a visit to the suburbs?

Kitty has just meowed at one of Mamma's sneezes and had to be comforted. That is my chief bit of news—or mews.

For the rest, it was Miss Mason, rather than her fat cousin, who came yesterday afternoon, and I missed Fanny. Mamma was kept all day on a strict diet of the "Jewish Church" and Robertson, with Habakkuk for a treat, but then he, you know, is "*capable de tout*."

Kiss Ellen for me and then get her to kiss you from

Your
NANNY.

To Miss ETHEL L. PAINE.

[Nov. 12.]

Dearest Ethel,

When we saw the snow this morning we thought at once "and now our Linka won't be able to come in," and we howled with the wind.

Your roses are close beside me, but I long to kiss the sender and have her blessing on the year to come — a year made brighter by the thought of her friendship.

I came down to tea Wednesday and my little party was a great success. Elinor didn't drop in till it was all over — indeed, I knew she wouldn't feel like coming — but the other nine assembled with great promptness, beginning with Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Lodge, and ending with Mr. Higginson. The trouble was, it was all stars and no sky.

Yesterday I lay still, so don't look severe, my Red Queen, but go on loving

Your social and aged
NANNY.

To Miss ETHEL L. PAINE.

[Nov.]

Dearest Ethel,

Lily's roses are on my table and the old room itself seems to blossom with the memory of the happy sight of her with her lover.

Till I saw him I didn't think any one could be good enough for Lily, but my heart went out to him more and more, and now I think of them together — one incomplete without the other.

Lily has entered into this experience so sweetly and

solemnly that the light shines through her on to us.
The whole world seems brighter.

It is as if we had all tasted of the great cup of joy
which God put first into her hands, and you most
deeply of all, my darling.

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

Monday.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

[Christmas.]

My dearest old Elinor,

I can't let Christmas come and go without its bring-
ing a word of love from me to you.

I know all the sad and lonely thoughts that will come
crowding round this first Christmas "when the strong
voice is silent and the dear face gone," but the saddest
days are not always the hardest days to bear, and the
day itself brings much of joy with it.

And friendship means so much — means more and
more as the years go by.

Yours does to me, I know.

Your loving

ALICE.

Christmas Eve.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

My own darling,

My thoughts will be with you and yours tomorrow,
but I know that amidst all the sadness of this first
Christmas without the sunshine of her visible presence
the day itself brings its own deep joy with it — throb-
bing up like the color from a jewel's heart.

On Christmas morning we must all feel a little as the Shepherds felt when the sky opened and the angels sang — our angels bidding us rejoice with them that Heaven is drawing so close to the dear old earth.

The veil
Is lifting, and the voices of the day
Are heard across the voices of the dark.

Yours in joy and sorrow,

ALICE.

Christmas Eve.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.

March 9.

"Now," says one of the Friends of God, "notwithstanding all the gifts and enlightenment that God bestowed on me there was yet a secret spot in my soul; and it was that when I looked upon my fellow-men I esteemed them as they were in this present time and stood before God in their sins, and this was a hidden spot, for I ought, through grace, to have regarded them not as they now were, but as they might well become. . . . Oh, thou poor, miserable creature, how strange thou art! . . . How darest thou, then, to esteem according to what he now is thy fellow-man, who is made in the image of God, and whom Christ has made His brother in his human nature, and not rather decree that God may make of him a comely and excellent garden wherein He Himself may dwell."

It is good for us to be on the Mount, but only on the condition that when we have "looked upon the glory" we descend to take our part in the conflicts and sorrows of common life.

The Jews have a beautiful thought, that an angel only lives while he serves.

There is an exceeding bitter myrrh which God gives, namely, inward assaults and inward darkness. When a man is willing to taste this myrrh and does not put it from him it wears down flesh and blood, — yea, the whole nature, — for God appoints unto His servants

cruel fightings, and strange dread, and unheard-of distresses, which none can understand but he who has felt them, and these men are beset with such a variety of difficulties, so many cups of bitterness are presented to them, that they hardly know which way to turn or what they ought to do. But God knows right well what He is about.

But when the cup is put away and these feelings are stifled a greater injury is done the soul than can ever be amended. For no heart can conceive in what surpassing love God gives us this myrrh, yet this which we ought to receive to our soul's good we suffer to pass by us in our sleepy indifference and nothing comes of it. Then we come to complain, "Alas, Lord! I am so dry, and it is so dark within me!" I tell you, dear child, open thy heart to the pain and it will do thee more good than if thou wert full of feeling and devoutness. — TAULER.

"Dear Lord and Bridegroom, appoint unto me what Thou will. I am willing to suffer all things with Thy help and in Thy love." When the Bridegroom heareth this He loveth the Bride yet better than He did before and giveth her to drink of a still better cup. This cup is that she is to cease from all her own thoughts for she can take pleasure in nothing that is her own. — TAULER.

The measure with which we shall be measured is the faculty of love in the Soul — the will of a man — by this shall all his words and works be measured.

ST. MICHAEL'S AND ALL ANGELS'.

Amid a world of forgetfulness and dreary in the sight of his own shortcomings and limitations, or on the edge

of the tomb; he alone who has found his soul in losing it, who in singleness of mind lived in order to love and understand, will find that the God who is near to his conscience has a face of light and love. — T. H. GREEN.

For consolation's sources deeper are
Than sorrows deepest.

WORDSWORTH.

We live by admiration, hope and love.

TO MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Darling,

I can't let our great Saint's Day go by without a word of love to you.

As this season comes round the years seem to fade away and we are again standing on the Mount of Vision — only with a surer sense of God's power to fill our loneliness with His light.

And five years ago this week your mother came to me and I felt her loving arms round me and the beating of that strong and tender heart which was never to fail me any more.

If I could love you better than I do, dearest, it would be out of daily gratitude for all she was and is to me.

Ever thine
ALICE.

January 23rd, 1898.

TO MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Dearest Gertrude,

I am keeping these few days very quietly and peacefully, but I had a little faint hope that you would come today. Perhaps you could Wednesday morning, but promise not to if you ought to stay at home. My thoughts are with you all. I know yesterday did not pass without its bringing its own sunshine with it to light us on our way and to give a meaning and a colour to the year.

These sad and sacred days, so full of memories and hope, cannot but be times of deep joy and refreshment to us all.

Time seems so little as one looks back, does it not,
and God's power to help and comfort us so great?

All which I took from thee I did but take

Not for thy harms

But just that thou might'st seek it in my arms.

All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home.

Rise, clasp my hand, and come.

Give my tenderest sympathy to your mother, and
believe me,

Always yours in true love,

ALICE.

Monday, January 24th, 1898.

To Miss ELINOR CURTIS.

Sunday Morning,
February 13.

Dearest Elinor,

Isn't it delightful to see the blue sky again — after this long, sad week? Paulina hasn't been allowed to see Ethel yet, whose wound is healing well, but very, very slowly, while Lily begins to look quite white, after the long strain, and with all her wedding preparations before her.

Mrs. William Brooks is so feeble and poorly that they have finally got a trained nurse for her, and Mrs. Whitman has been in great trouble all the week over Mrs. Lockwood's illness and death.

But what has wrung my heart most has been Mr. Balch's death, and the light gone out of another home. He was a perfect saint upon earth, you know, and I have been able to think of nothing but those poor girls,

and especially Bessie, who was coming to see me that very day, and who, I feared, was in no condition to bear such a shock, but I have had a brave, sweet letter from her, full of joy for him and peace and comfort for themselves.

I hope your mother is doing bravely, and it must be a comfort for her to have the world shut out and her sacred days so still. I think of you all so much, but I cannot think of you without your father, and I am sure you are to be together in the future, as you have been in the past, and as you must be, in some real sense, even now.

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

March 9th.

Dearest Ethel,

Did you ever see this little poem of Tennyson's, which I thought would speak to you today, at the close of one year and the beginning of another, in which we hope that those whose visible presence has gone out from among us may be nearer and nearer to us in the spirit?

I could not help thinking, this morning, of that verse in "In Memoriam," —

Come — not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm ;
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

In the inner sanctuary of our lives, where we turn in the deepest moments of joy and sorrow and bewilderment, certain great figures seem to stand "to bear witness of that light," like beautiful windows full of the

rich colors of their own personality, and filling our gray lives with new glow and radiance.

Mine seems very full today.

Your loving

ALICE.

To MR. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

[May 19.]

My dear Mr. Paine,

The wedding roses that you sent me are only another sweet link in the long chain that binds our households together. You know how our hearts ached and rejoiced with you yesterday. It was all so solemn and beautiful, and Lily's face was so full of peace, that who could but feel that at such a moment, and in that place, her mother and Mr. Brooks must be very near her?

Few can carry into the new life the memory of a past so rich in blessings.

Yours in true sympathy,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Ascension Day.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

MANCHESTER, August 16th.

Dearest Bessie,

And, after all, you never wrote the "long letter full of plans" you promised me and I have let all these weeks slip by in silence—not forgetfulness. All our hearts, I think, have been with the soldiers, and now, even with this much-longed-for Peace really come, our rejoicing is all blurred with the thought of their unnecessary suffering — this wanton waste of precious life.

Bessie Foster was with us those first terrible weeks of July — reading the papers aloud to me and working for the "Volunteer Aid" with Paulina, and we who had no one near and dear at the front learned a little what war must mean to those with loved ones in the midst of it, and for years instead of days. I hope you think as I do, that this was a righteous war, undertaken by the Nation *as a whole*, for humanitarian reasons? No one could doubt, could they, that it has been all bright with heroism and chivalrous treatment of the foe? If only we make a peace worthy of it! As for the Porto Rican campaign, it has been painfully like a comic opera after the tragedy of Santiago. Ponce yielded to Mrs. Lodge's brother's ship, on which our friend Bay Lodge commands two guns. Constance's husband is on General Wilson's staff, but poor Harry Curtis never got further than Tampa, and an old great-aunt's husband of ours, who was made a Brigadier General of Artillery, never got beyond the inglorious drill of Chickamauga.

But to leave these national themes. About the middle of July I fell ill from too much excitement and am just beginning to pick up again. That is why I haven't written earlier.

And now, dear, how are you and where are you?

Of course we must have a regular day of meeting next winter, if it is only every fortnight.

Mamma and Paulina are well, and my uncle, who lives with us, and the pets who make so large a part of our very quiet lives.

Dickson's large small-family is in Pittsfield, so that he spends his week-days with us, or as much of them as he can tear away from the new house he is building in Cambridge.

Have you seen Mrs. Whitman's window at Memorial Hall, and how do you like it?

Please remember me to Emily. I think of you all often.

Your loving

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,

October 27th, 1898.

Dearest Bessie,

That "number 200" on this envelope makes me feel a little as if I were addressing the hero of one of Rudyard Kipling's novels, but I trust it is all right.

Well, here we are safely at Home (with a big H) and feel as if the two weeks we had been here were years instead, and I wish you could see my pretty new-old room with its new paint, and green paper, and its chairs and curtains all covered with big, old-fashioned red and blue peonies to go with my carved bed. It was a surprise from Mamma and Paulina and Mrs. Whitman — and I feel as if a fairy godmother's wand had turned my pumpkin into a beautiful new coach and yet left, shining thro' all, the shape and associations of the dear old familiar vegetable. I have been seeing lots of my friends — Bessie Foster again before she sailed, and people who have moved to town, and those whom we catch on the wing and laugh at because they are still country mice — if mice *are* ever are on the wing. "Where Rob Roy sets there is the head of the table," and when we are in Boston we feel that winter is begun.

Mrs. Bell came in last Saturday, and they are so pleased with French's statue of their father (tho' she says one can never feel *intimate* with a bronze statue), and still more with Joe Choate's speech at "the unveiling" at the Court House last week. Paulina went with Mr. Higginson — and as Uncle Melville — and thought it a very fine speech, charmingly delivered. Afterwards Mr. Higginson introduced her to Mr. Choate.

But a foreign stamp is worse than a sonnet for cramping one's poetical flow of inspiration and I want to ask you all about yourself — and the voyage and your new world.

I can't tell you how nice it was to see you again and to see you taking up the burden of life once more with so brave and hopeful a heart.

Always most affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Despair is the sin against the Holy Ghost.—LUTHER.

But if all who may count themselves happy were to tell very simply what it was that brought happiness to them, the others would see that between sorrow and joy the difference is but as between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of life and a hostile, gloomy submission.

MAETERLINCK.

September.

Who can so exalt himself as to comprehend this one line of St. Peter's: "Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's suffering."

In Paradise there will be little dogs with golden hair shining like precious stones. The foliage of the trees and the verdure of the grass will have the brilliancy of emeralds, and we ourselves shall have the same friends as here but infinitely more perfect. — MARTIN LUTHER.

Blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. Amen, said the Spirit. — CARLYLE'S "Cromwell."

Woe unto him that is faint hearted, for he believeth not. — ECCLESIASTES, iii, 13.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
Sunday, January 1, 1899.

Well, dear Bessie, a very happy New Year to you—first in Japan and then at home—and I trust it isn't too late to hope that all Christmas joys were yours.

We had Dickson's children to their tree and our family dinner on Saturday, so that we had a beautiful, quiet Christmas Day all to ourselves. I sometimes think that all the little happiness of Christmas—the excitement of presents and all the kind thoughts of friends, and the meetings and pretty customs, hide from us the deep joy of the day itself. "The Word became flesh—that foundation of endless hope stands fast and we can stay our souls upon it."

So the All-Great were the All-Loving too.

So, through the thunder, sounds a human voice.

How one's heart turns to one's Browning on these great days—our modern David. Don't you feel the devout Jew in him throbbing to his very finger tips?

Lovingly,

Alice W. S.

To MISS ELLEN S. HOOPER.

Dearest Ellen,

Your lilies brought their own Easter message with them.

On these great days we seem to go up, as Moses did, into Mount Pisgah, and from the heights the desert be-

hind us seems very short, and the Land of Promise very near, and the same sky over both.

Memory is "not burden, but wings!" And you, darling, who have served me so richly with your love and sympathy these sad six years, I keep you always in my heart of hearts.

I wish you had known him — some day you will, please God.

Yours in true love,

NANNY.

January 24th, 1899.

To MRS. WILLIAM G. BROOKS.

January 25th, 1899.

Dearest Mrs. Brooks,

I am afraid these days find you very sad and ill and anxious — with strength little up to the new burdens and cares laid upon you.

How dare I make light of such troubles, or bid you, who bear them so sweetly, take courage?

And yet I know that there is an especial message of hope for us all to bear to one another now that our Mr. Greatheart has left us. "And if at any time you see my children faint speak comfortably to them."

Yet how feeble our voices would sound if there was not behind them the Divine blessing for those who mourn and who are weary and heavy-laden.

When our own hearts are bruised and aching we can sometimes best feel the deep joy at the heart of things and understand that it is indeed those that walk in darkness who have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

On these great days we feel that "The veil is rending and the voices of the dawn are heard across the voices of the dark."

And Monday, with all its crowding memories, must have been a day of refreshment to you all — a day to drink great draughts of hope and inspiration.

Such a joy as your household has had can never be a *past* joy — it must come welling up in your hearts when the outer circumstances of life seem darkest.

You must be sure that that constant love still enfolds you and that from "the quiet shore" he feels for you the "painless sympathy with pain."

If, with his death, not only the great spiritual master and guide went out from among you — the tender friend — but the central pillar of your household life, how great a privilege yours is to sorrow so nearly and so deeply.

What lives can be unhappy with such a memory; with such a hope?

"Behold, I send an Angel before thee to keep thee in the way and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared."

The God of all comfort make His face to shine upon you now and forever.

Lovingly,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

Feb. 4th.

Dearest Bessie,

I want to at least begin my letter to you this morning to tell you that my thoughts are with you on your Saint's Day. I don't know how you feel about anni-

versaries, but to me they shine out among all the level days of the prosaic year like mountain tops, where one looks out into the Promised Land and breathes a finer air. The future and the past seem to clasp hands, and memory is "not burden, but wings."

As Mrs. Whitman wrote me a few weeks since, "On these great days we seem to have a new window toward Jerusalem," and so I hope today will have been to you a day of deep joy and refreshment — of real home so far away.

To HER SISTER.

Wednesday, Ten o'clock.

Well, my Precious Bird, you need not think you are the only traveller, for have I not come all the way from the back to the front room — where Sans-Gêne has been doing the honours to me and the Judge with "this is my bed," and "this is my window and my snowstorm," and "this my mantelpiece race course."

And by the way, how about this snowstorm? Did you rush straight into it, and were you much delayed? We hope for your Philadelphia letter in the next mail and shall be glad enough when the "all sofa comes to the all bed" — a sort of modern reading of Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane.

The coal — you see the connection — must have reached the Cardarellis, for no Eugene turned up, and the Zenana funds this morning have again reached the magnificent sum of three dollars.

Here is a key, found between the rooms and probably dropped from the key-basket, but Mamma and I send

it on the millionth chance that it may belong to your jewel-box. Otherwise, think of it as the key to your Kutzly's heart.

She smelt all over your bed with great care this early morning and had a crying bout for "Aunt T." after breakfast.

One characteristic conversation I must tell you before I stop to eat my second breakfast.

Said I to Gamdge, "Will you get me some valentines?"

Said she to me, "What kind? Of course you don't want any love in them."

Fancy such a valentine!

• • • •
It's as bad as an "Expurgated Mrs. Hemans," or as a Unitarian Hymn.

I have no such scruples and sign myself *your* Valentine, with a real little heart skewered through with a sort of heat-lightning dart of affection.

To HER SISTER.

February 14th.

With two men on the shed shoveling snow as high as their waists.

Well, dearest T., there is plenty of bridal white about today if the poor little birds have the heart to mate. The Judge has begun to sing. He says he "feels the ichor of Spring in his veins" — which is more than the rest of us do. Yesterday I began to get quite desperate and felt like the Yankee Uncle Melly overheard saying, "I wanted to turn my face to the wall and let it snow."

Mrs. Dexter and Ellen watched me over their tea and wondered I was ever depressed by mere weather. As I tell Momb, I am supposed to be made of cast-iron, with no sentiments, but I'm tired of the cold and I want my Twiney. To which she replied, with her usual sympathy, that your being here would not change the temperature. She little knows! I could bear it better if you had been in decent warmth yourself, but Mr. McKinley's prophecy seems to be literally true, "There is no more any South."

Nothing later than your Saturday letter has reached us so we have to fancy what distinguished men, famous and infamous, you are meeting.

• • • • •
Mrs. Dexter finds our house very warm and restful and is the cosiest of guests. We should hardly know she was here, which is the highest of compliments. The last time she called on Mrs. Tyson she found her massaging her flying-squirrel. Isn't that dear? And speaking of the insane and their pets, I must tell you how Uncle Dickson and Kitty lush together. He puts his head down on the floor and she rubs purring against it. They call it "electric sparking Sunday nights."

Little Nancy is full of her approaching birthday. She said, "Is I to have my friends to my party? Who is my friends?"

• • • • •
I'm saving you Dr. Huntington on Christian Unity and only wish I had something equally long on your two other favorite topics, Socialism and Prohibition.

Your bigoted, money-loving, intemperate

AUNTIE NAN.

TO HER SISTER.

Thursday Morn.

Darling T.,

When they knocked at the bathroom door this morning to ask what I would have for breakfast I called out, "Toast and milk and a grape fruit—and lots of letters from Miss Paulina," and sure enough there were two on my tray to open the day cheerfully for us—the ones written Monday and Tuesday from Washington. I wept at the thought of your naval dinner party having died of the cold. Is a sailor kept at bay by mere snowdrifts? Admiral Beaumont wouldn't be, even though Grandmother Nares, in cap and spectacles, cried out distractedly, "Come back, my precious child."

• • • • •

Yesterday at five I stayed abed and attired in Ethel's nightgown and Ellen's coat had the dearest dolls' tea-party for my little Owl-friend. Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt who stayed for a comfortable hour and a half, and Mrs. Whitman who flew in unexpectedly on her broomstick, which had been harnessed to take her to three Radcliffe committees before the cock crew to disperse her. I'm beginning to be pretty desperate for the sound of your wings upon the stair—even for your croak telling me to write no more, but to eat my second breakfast. I obey. Sansge sends you a whiskery kiss.

Your
NANNY.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
February 27th.

My dear Mr. Allen,

I have put down the few things that turned up in our little talk Thursday. I wish we could do more to help you in your work. The little sayings one remembers seem but crumbs to have brought away from such a feast—and I suppose it will be years before one hears of even a small part of those he helped who had no claim on him except that of need. I always feel as if he had described himself in that sermon on "the Safety and Helpfulness of Faith" in the passage ending with "Friends bring their friends into the presence of these healing lives as of old the men of Jerusalem brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."

I have one friend, who never heard him preach, to whom his sermons were life in a time of great darkness—and I have another friend who, a firm believer in another creed and church, in the perplexity and grief of her life went to Mr. Brooks. There must be thousands and thousands of such cases. Our Catholic dress-maker used to go to hear him preach, and three of our servants have said to me, "We Catholics all loved Mr. Brooks," just as the young Catholic priest told Anson Stokes that they considered him one of themselves.

I was much struck, after what you told us of the Philadelphia sermons, at coming across (on pages 17 and 18 of the Lectures on Preaching) what I suppose would be his own criticism of that earlier manner.

His growing love of clearness of expression and simplicity of thought accounted for his preference for Tennyson over Browning — much as he loved the latter. And how like, by the way, his "I shall be musical in heaven" is to Browning's "Other heights in other lives, God willing."

I wonder if his family have dwelt enough to you on his love of the past with all its associations, tho' no one could read his sermons without feeling it — the Stone of Shechem especially. He told my sister that he had found put carefully away the flowers he had got from the tree on his Class-Day and I remember his saying here once that he wished a man's house could be burned when he died. It was so painful to see strangers in the familiar rooms.

Of course you knew that he slept on his mother's bed — the bed on which he was born. After her death he told Mamma how much he longed to have her speak to him once again "as a mother."

Since you were here I have thought of two remarks of his which I thought might interest you — one to my sister about some Church Congress, "People will discover how imbecile we are and abolish us. They — the speakers — tow all great subjects out to sea and then escape in small boats thro' the fog;" and then when he was here at five o'clock tea one afternoon — and tho' he didn't like tea he drank it as "a symbol of friendship" — he got laughing over the fact that when the news of the great fire in Chicago was brought to the Church Congress "they read the Litany, which contains every supplication except that for a city in flames."

I have always heard that he replied to a man who said, "I can't believe the whale could have swallowed

Jonah," "He was only a Minor Prophet," but it may be apocryphal.

That under what you call the "natural gladness" there was a deep strain of sadness I can well believe. As he says himself in one of his favorite jewel-similes "the sun touches a diamond and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen on it," but I am sure that the dominant note of the life was joy. Like his favorite Pippa he went thro' all the scenes of sin and sorrow with the "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world."

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

His pleasure during his last illness in the red rose sent him by Mrs. Whitman — his having its place changed and watching it in the new light.

His love of jewels.

On some one's speaking of those who died with all their music in them: "But what poor creatures we should be if we died with all our music out of us."

To the paralytic young man who used to come to Trinity in a wheeled chair: "I preach sermons — you live them."

Dr. Whittemore's saying that now he could face death. (I have written to find this out more exactly.)

The man dying of consumption out of town who said to his wife that the one person he would like to see was Mr. Brooks, only they had no claim upon him, and her going to him, and his coming to her husband once a week till his death.

A woman told our dentist that she could not be sure of her next appointment as she had a dying friend whose death would be hastened by Mr. Brooks's. He had been so much to her. When she next came her friend had died "*holding* his photograph."

A Mrs. —— of Brimmer Street, when her child was taken ill of diphtheria, sent for Mr. Brooks merely because she had known his mother; and he did everything for them.

His saying, "I shall be musical in heaven;" and after getting some one to play him something in the major and in the minor key, "I see! The minor sounds sort of 'sat on.'"

Mr. Hooper's aunt, who lived next them when they were boys, overheard his mother expostulating, "Phillips, I can't have so much noise on Sunday."

On one of the Paine's saying that the face of some St. John was too sad: "No," he replied, "how could the apostle of Love be anything but sad-hearted in *this* world?"

TO MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

BOSTON, March 4th and 5th.

Dear Bessie,

The doctor has put me on short rations of friends for some time to come and this week has cut me off entirely, but that mustn't prevent my beginning my little monthly chat with you across the lands and seas.

Here life wags gently on like Hamlet's tail. Mrs. Bell, when I saw her last, was so thrilled over the Browning love-letters that she wouldn't go to the opening night of the Sargent pictures. She says, to her surprise, *her* letters are charming, but *his!* "She must have married to avoid the postman. It was like getting every morning, 'Sordello, with my love.'"

By the way, New Yorkers are in a great rage because Sargent says Boston is the only city in the United States where he would consent to exhibit!!

Mrs. Whitman, a month ago, came near having a very serious accident. A tall chest of drawers in her studio tottered and fell. She jumped from under it, but it struck one foot, which was seriously bruised. She is beginning to hop about again, with a stool to rest it on when she stops hopping, and it will be a long time before it is quite well. Think of our Infanta of Spain tied by the leg!! She who always got about on wings.

The early part of this week every one hung breathlessly on the bulletins from Rudyard Kipling's sickroom, and there was a great sigh of relief when the papers posted up, "Kipling and the Pope better"!! As Joe

Lee says, we none of us realized till then how much we cared for him.

Affectionately,
ALICE W. S.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

March 7th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I am sending you a passage from one of Martineau's letters, written shortly after his wife's death, in case you have not seen it.

I have you especially in my heart today and know that your thoughts are at home and very full of the sacred past.

Saturday is the anniversary of Mrs. Paine's death and it was very sweet to have both Ethel and Lily here this morning at the Holy Communion.

When we praise God on this side it is easy to feel that it is with "all the company of Heaven," but the world shadows and the self shadows close over us again, don't they?

Lovingly yours,
ALICE.

A blessing so prolonged I cannot be so faithless as to turn from gratitude into complaint.

If I step into a darkened path I carry with me a blessed light of memory which gives at least a gloaming, though the sun is set, and promises a dawn when the night is gone.

The short vigil will soon be over — and while it lasts neither the departed nor the lingerer can quit the keeping of the everlasting love. — JAMES MARTINEAU.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

March 15th.

My dear Mr. Allen,

Your account of young Mr. Noble reminded me of a passage in one of Mr. Brooks's sermons, "Once or twice in our lives we have stood by the grave-sides of young men which were too solemn for regret. We complain that life is short. It is not time you want, but fire. The cloud lies on the mountain-top all day and leaves it at last just as it found it in the morning, only wet and cold. The lightning touches the mountain for an instant and the very rocks are melted and the whole shape of the great mass is changed. Who would not cry out to God: Oh, make my life how short I care not so that it can have the fire in it for an hour! If only it can have intensity! Let it but touch the tumult of this world for an instant. Then let it go and leave its power behind."

I wonder if you know that unauthorized volume of sermons called "The Spiritual Man," and published in England after Mr. Brooks's death? Some of them are the most meagre of notes only, but others have beautiful passages and thoughts.

Ethel and Paulina hope to call on you Saturday, soon after three o'clock, unless they hear that that is not a good afternoon, and I will send by them the "Attic Philosopher" and Mr. Brooks's little dialogue, both of which I read last week. The latter is very slight, of course, but very characteristic, too, isn't it? with his favorite quotations from Tennyson and thoughts which grew and expanded into sermons later.

I am constantly re-reading Robertson's sermons, but magnificent as they are, I always turn from their stern sadness to Mr. Brooks's written words as one would go from a gray fortress out into the bright sunlight. Perhaps it is because I see and hear him behind the printed page, but it seems to me that the words shine with his personality:

Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break ;
Never dreamt, tho' right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph ;
Held — we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

I have far exceeded the space I had allowed myself and, I am afraid, your patience, but I must not close without telling you how very proud and happy it would make me to help you in any way in the Biography — in any way in which I could be of most use.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET,
March 23–28th, 1899.

My dear Mr. Allen,

Here is a note from the Rev. —— telling that bit of conversation I half remembered the other day, but it sounds to me stiff and uncharacteristic, as if it had filtered through another mind. The passage in the sermon where Mr. Brooks speaks of the bitterness of feeling of the city poor is in the Second Series, "Christian Charity," pages 348–354.

Mamma thinks the anecdote about the steerage was told us by an acquaintance of hers who crossed with him on the steamer, and I know we heard it quite directly at the time. It was that last summer, during the cholera scare, and the steerage passengers were kept aboard while a tug came up to carry off the cabin passengers. Just as they set off the steerage gathered together to watch them. Mr. Brooks went to the side of the boat and lifted his hat to them, and bade them good-bye.

He spoke to Paulina once about the painful contrast one feels between the well-to-do and the steerage on board ship.

Did you ever hear about some one's going into some poor woman's house once and finding him in sole charge of a sleeping baby, whose mother he had persuaded to go out for a little walk? I have always heard it.

Miss Harmon — who was at the head of the Trinity Church charities for a long time, and to whom there is a memorial window in the Trinity Sunday School — told Mamma that she used to give Mr. Brooks a list of the poor women in sorrow and distress that he might visit and pray with them, and that many of them used to say to her afterwards, — especially those whose little children had died, — “ How can he know so well just how I feel? ”

It must have been this intense power of fellow-feeling — this sensitive openness to the wants and pains of men on the one side, as well as to the great eternal truths on the other, that made him stand to rich and poor alike as “ one that comforteth the mourners,” — or was it through that ever-deepening communion with a Master who was a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief?

There is so much that is too sacred to be spoken of. He himself speaks of the relationship between a minister and his congregation as "one of the very highest pictures of human companionship that can be seen on earth, and when it is worthily realized who can say that it may not stretch beyond the line of death and they who have been minister and people to each other here be something holy and peculiar to each other in the City of God forever?"

There is a passage in his sermon on "The Purpose and Use of Comfort" that seems to me to describe the secret of his power—"Oh, when I see how few men are aided by the arguments with which their friends plead for their faith, compared with those to whom religion becomes a clear reality from the sight of some fellow-man who is evidently living with God, who carries the life of God wherever he goes—when I see how the real difficulty of multitudes of bewildered men is not this or that unsolved problem, but the whole incapacity of comprehending God—when I see this, I understand how the best boon that God can give to any group of men must often be to take one of them and, bearing witness of Himself to him, set him to bearing that witness of the Lord to his brethren which only a man surrounded and filled with God can bear."

And those felt it most who were most conscious of the need of something beyond and above their lives—the poor and the lonely and the sad especially.

His niece, Gertrude, told me there were constant pilgrimages to his grave and little offerings of flowers left there by the poor.

We told you how, on the day of his death, an old farmer pulled up his horse on the Milldam and said

to Mrs. Higginson, "Have you heard that Phillips Brooks is dead?"

And Dr. Donald told me that a few years ago a hard-worked-looking woman called at the Clarendon Street house, so poorly dressed that he thought she had come to beg, and gave him sixty dollars (I think that was the sum) for the Memorial in the Church.

Little children turned to him like flowers to sunshine, and I think his expression when he looked down at them, or held a baby in his arms, was the most tender thing I ever saw.

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, a child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

But "In Memoriam" is full of him — and how fond he was of it.

He used to talk to us a great deal about Tennyson and about "our set" as we called them — Maurice and Stanley and Kingsley. I remember his saying Coleridge was one of the most interesting and puzzling of men, but Newman, "after all, his was only a second-class mind." By the way, do you remember Lowell's saying that Newman made the great mistake of thinking God was the Great I Was rather than the Great I Am?

He laughed over the photograph in which little Maurice, in an ill-fitting coat, hangs on to big Tom Hughes's arm.

"No matter how spiritual a man is if his coat sleeves are too long."

On hearing that Esther Maurice was accused of destroying some of the Hare family letters: "If even more had been lost to the world I think I could have forgiven her."

"But why do Mediums always live at the South End?"

Young man: "I am in Boston getting subscribers to 'The Churchman.'"

Mr. Brooks: "With no success, I hope."

Mamma told him that her grandfather said that Bishop Bass, who was an ancestor of theirs, looked in his picture like a judge who had just given a wrong decision. "He is the first person," said Mr. Brooks, "that found any expression whatever in Bishop Bass's face."

"What high-churchmen lack is a sense of humor;" and he was fond of speaking of the Advent as "that new meeting house of theirs."

He said he walked across Green Park behind three English bishops and was inwardly chuckling over their costumes when they came to a fence. They put their hands on the top and jumped over, while he meekly went round, not despising the aprons so much.

We asked him if he would wear a curly-brimmed hat with rosettes, and sign his letters Phillips Massachusetts. He promised that the first so signed should be to me.

I remember some one saying how characteristic his card was — just Phillips Brooks — and how eagerly he

burst out once, when we talked of a person with rather affected manners: "If only people would be simple."

Very reserved people I don't think he got on well with — he was too reserved himself, at once, and too sensitive to atmosphere. "If they've only once expressed themselves," he said.

When we told him Commodore Beaumont, who married his friend, Mary Perkins, ate his meals alone aboard ship with two sentries at the door, he exclaimed, "How dreadful! I'd have in the cook to eat with me." He loved people as people, didn't he, and always wanted to "hear about folks." In one of his sermons he speaks of what I know he felt about the city streets: "To us those streets are sympathetic. To prosperous men, full of activity, full of life, the city streets, overrunning with human vitality, are full of a sympathy, a sense of human fellowship, a comforting companionship, in all that mass of unknown and, as it were, generic, men and women, which no utterance of special friendship or pity from the best-known lips can bring. The live and active man takes his trouble into the crowded streets and finds it comforted by the mysterious consolation of his race. He takes his perplexity out there, and its darkness grows bright in the diffused, unconscious light of human life."

There is a passage in his "How to Abound" about the dangers of the life full of friendship and admiration, which must have come out of the heart of his own experience, as well as this bit from "The Sea of Glass:" "You may go thro' the crowded streets of Heaven, asking each saint how he came there, and you will look in vain everywhere for a man morally and spiritually

strong, whose strength did not come to him in struggle. Will you take the man who never had a disappointment, who never knew a want, whose friends all love him, whose health never knew a suspicion of its perfectness, on whom every sun shines and against whose sails all winds, as if by special commission, are sent to blow, and who still is great and good and true and unselfish and holy, as happy in his inner as in his outer life? Was there no struggle there? Do you suppose that man has never wrestled with his own success and happiness — that he has never prayed, and emphasized his prayer with labor, ‘In all time of my prosperity, Good Lord, deliver me!’ ‘Deliver me!’ that is the cry of a man in danger — of a man with an antagonist. For years that man and his prosperity have been looking each other in the face and grappling one another — and that is a supremacy that was not won without a struggle — than which there is no harder on the earth.”

“He who is silent before the interviewer pours out the very depth of his soul to the great multitude,” and, as he himself says of Robertson’s sermons, “It is interesting to watch, as you often may without any suspicion of mere fancifulness, how the experience shed its power into the sermon, but left its form of facts outside; how his sermons were like the Heaven of his life, in which the spirit of his life lived after it had cast away its body.”

Some one accused him once of always addressing men in his sermons, and adding women and mothers and girls as an afterthought, and I remember our laughing at him once because, after admiring the beauty of a fancy ball, he added that “ordinary parties were all

black." It was evident what *part* of the party he was thinking of.

Once here, at tea, where he was the only man, he spoke of the strange willingness Englishmen showed to change their names, forgetting, as Mamma told him, that all the ladies present either had, or intended to, change theirs.

He was much amused that the first big volume of Stanley's life only carried one thro' his schooldays—and said a biography ought to begin in the middle—just as you met a man—and go back to his childhood and on to his death.

Did you ever hear how his carriage failed to come one day till it was too late to get him to a meeting and that he expressed himself with considerable impatience—and that the next morning he went over to the livery-stable office at the Brunswick and apologized for his hastiness?

His impatience was sometimes quite evident in the way he touched the bell in the Sunday School if there wasn't silence at the first ring.

He was sometimes bitterly deceived in people—you must know instances—but it was not from lack of discernment—he was very discerning, I think—but because, like that old Friend of God, "thro' grace he regarded them, not as they now were, but as they might well become." When he had finally made up his mind he was capable of much righteous indignation. Besides, every one showed him their "Star-side."

One other little incident I must tell you. Gertrude was always afraid of lightning and he used to hold her in his arms through thunderstorms.

I have set down many things too slight to record, but

I thought any little touches that might recall him vividly to you would help you in your work.

Very faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

This needs no answer, please.

To MRS. WILLIAM G. BROOKS.

Friday, April 14.

Dear Mrs. Brooks,

I was so sorry to hear from Gertrude how poorly you were and how your trip to Andover was more than you felt able to attempt.

Why don't you just lie quite still and give up planning for the future till your strength comes back? or will your doctor and nurse shake their heads at me for this unscientific advice? I know when Mamma had nervous prostration she was told by her physicians that it was the one disease in which effort was not good.

I wish I could get to see you. I know so well how you feel — only what comes to me only by days, or even hours, you are called to endure for weeks. But when we are weakest and most broken we can rest more entirely on the Divine strength. Strength will come — hope will come — the great tide is sweeping up to float you off the sand, which seems so blank and barren about you.

I sometimes think we feel like violins, whose little bridges have been broken down, and whose strings lie all unstrung, but we can believe in the Great Musician, who will set all to rights in His good time, and draw sweet music from us yet. In the meanwhile we have

only to wait and trust. Do you remember that verse in "The Christian Year"—

O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm
And break the charm
Which lulls me clinging to my Father's breast
In perfect rest.

Lovingly yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

June 3rd.

Well, dear touring Star,

I suppose, by this time, you are shining down on the green hills and meadows of Stockbridge?

And is it as beautiful as Manchester, with the sea in the distance and our thickets musical with wood-thrushes? All my social dram-drinking is a thing of the past — so are people and news. The woods are full of "ham-
merdryads," in the shape of carpenters, putting the last touches to Miss Thayer's clothesyard and finishing Sans-Gêne's little attic room and new window — did we tell you about it? — with a wire screen, to cut off from the rest of the attic, so that she paces up and down inside more like a Royal Bengal tiger than ever. But a tiger with a halo — for she is an angel this year and enjoys her out-of-door life with a tender regard for our feelings. Then, you see, we have her basement room to use in the really hot weather for three or four poor guests for a week each.

Will it work, do you think — or will one trifling brick of practicalness tumble and send the whole ideal structure into nothing?

We all live in a rut and no one but geniuses ever get out, do they? In fact, the getting out constitutes the genius.

I am so glad you have got your Susie safely back, and now get strong for Wednesday, the fourteenth, when you must come on the 10.45 train, remember, and stay till Friday *afternoon*. I am better and beginning to get downstairs at five and try a few steps up. As for my nights, I have slept more since we got here than in the last three months in town put together.

Lovingly your
COUNTRY-MOUSE.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

June 20th, Tuesday.

My dear Mr. Allen,

By what express did you send "Hort's Life"? for it has not yet reached me. I delayed on that account writing to thank you for the dates of the sermons, which must have taken you a long time to copy for me and which I am delighted to have. I notice in putting them into our first volume of sermons, which is, I think, the most beautiful of all, that those were written between '68 and '78 — the "All Saints' Day Sermon" the earliest and the "Shortness of Life" the latest. That, of course, covers his first nine years in Boston, and was there ever a time when he preached better written sermons? Of

course I have to judge only by what is printed, as I was born about the time he came to us and was still youngish in '78.

Thank you again for your kindness and for sending me Hort, which, I daresay, is just falling under the spell of this sleepy place.

I hope this hot weather hasn't made you even more conscious of the heaviness of the work before you than ever.

We were fortunate in escaping with only two hot days a fortnight ago, but they couldn't have been much hotter anywhere. The sea, on such days, lies like a burnished mirror to reflect the heat, and "Rackrent" is but a small wooden castle hidden in trees and so named because I play the part of Irish Landlord.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

I left this note open in case Hort should arrive during the day and here he is at last and none the worse for his travels. The express must have been celebrating the battle of Bunker Hill.

To Miss ELINOR CURTIS.

MANCHESTER, July 25.

Dear Elinor,

Here we are writing our tenth letter to you, in foreign parts, in return for three. Our name is virtue. You will say your days are too full, but we might retort that ours are too empty. It is dizzy work this being an epistolary spider and swinging out into space on a delicate thread of anecdote made out of your own insides — perhaps internal consciousness or subjectivity are pret-

tier words than Mrs. Nickerson's favorite in'ards, but let it pass.

We also had Joe and Maggie to supper with Ethel, and having always given her the impression that we lived the life of a hermit thrush "so beautiful, so melancholy," we then proceeded to crush into seven days — how many more things do you think? A supper at the Hoopers, a supper at the Higginsons, a musical at your house, a reception, an afternoon tea, three luncheons, and a picnic at Coffin's beach. And what a nice time we had at the last; lots of Cabots and prisoner's base and a sunset and a moon, and to keep before us the fact that "the greatest of these is Associated Charity" Marian Jackson and Zilpha Smith arm in arm; Ellen Emerson also was present, neatly but not gaudily attired and up to date in current topics. She wanted to know if Roosevelt was yet governor.

We feel more hopeful about the return of our little doves to the Ark now that Bessie's ship is in.

Old Noah and his pets will be glad enough to get them back.

Affectionately,

ALICE AND PAULINA.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

July 26th, 1899.

My dear Mr. Allen,

I sent the sermons back to you yesterday and trust they have reached your hands safely.

I have been reading them carefully, bit by bit, with

the printed sermons, and was interested to find how closely he kept to his plan as a whole — the order of the passages and number of pages allotted to each — and yet how the dry bones live! The earlier synopses seemed to me less finished than the ones written only later by a few years. For instance, the "Curse of Meroz" in '77 has an occasional little outburst, apparently for himself alone, "It makes one mad" — "the muddy humility of Uriah Heep." Indeed, I noticed a number of personal applications which do not appear in the sermons themselves. In the "Greatness of Faith," opposite the words "blatant infidel," is written, "Ingersoll." I have also found passages marked for three pages reduced to half a page, — example of a man building a house changed to one facing a great grief, — and in "Christian Charity" whole passages, and even ideas, left entirely out.

He must have feared his own facility and the glowing images that came crowding on his mind, to tie himself down so — almost as a poet would, into sonnet form.

I hope that this beautiful cool weather has been of help to you in your work.

Paulina finished "Hort's Life" to me aloud yesterday and we are going to begin the "Christian Ecclesia" today. We have been very much interested, tho' I think half the letters — especially those on the details of travel — might well have been spared. What he said on Mr. Brooks was interesting, I thought, but very inadequate.

I have been rather ill this last three weeks and am still getting only from sofa to bed and back again — what I call "the grand tour."

Sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO HER SISTER.

Judge William C. Talcott of Valparaiso, Ind., eighty-nine years of age, and Miss Alice S. Boardman, aged seventy-five years, of Richland, Vt., after three months' courtship, were married yesterday by Judge Hogan, aged seventy-five years. The groom is the oldest editor in the State.

Saturday.

Darling Twiney,

It is never too late, you see, for love's young dream — so courage! I show mine by still spreading the festive board with fruit and viands of every sort, like St. Agnes's eve, for that American eagle. He has not come even in your absence!

Mamma didn't tell you that that cat has on both her hunting gaiters and her naughty towgers, and Thursday evening disappeared for two hours — one of which was spent in shrieks for her by the servants and in agonies by her 'lations. It may sound like an anti-climax to add that it was only half-past seven when the prodigal returned and eat the fatted kidney. I said to Uncle Melly, "Perhaps we *were* a little more ridiculous than usual." He kindly assured me that he hadn't thought so — which was a dubious compliment.

Aren't you having a lovely time! I'm so glad the genial Mephistopheles really turned up.

I find I have a rival at the barn! The mare has gained fifty-five pounds this summer. Fat or thin, I love you fondly.

Your own
NANNY.

TO HER SISTER.

Monday Morn.

Dearest Mauvaise,

We are getting along splendidly and your little charge is no trouble at all. Yesterday at twelve she went down-stairs with me to bask out of doors and at luncheon-time strolled in, hung her auriole on the hat-rack and joined us in the dining room.

And so the serpent with "Woman's Mission" in his jaws has penetrated even the Lake Champlain paradise?

Fanny has been telling me more of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's desire to have women fend for themselves and their offspring like the beasts of the field. I don't see but what her ideal is reached in the slums among the Eichwalds and Mulherns. The only trouble is that poor "Man's sphere" will have to dwindle to—say the *Island* set in a silver sea.

She is also waging war with the Old Testament, because it always speaks of a just, an unrighteous or cruel man, while woman is left scornfully adjectiveless. Do you think of Deborah and Jael as "pure womanly"?

She will next be getting up a Crusade, I suppose, against the blasphemers who describe little girls as being made "of sugar and spice and everything nice," while they reserve to the youthful male the more human elements "of scissors and snails and puppy-dogs' tails."

From One who prefers her privileges to her rights and still clings to the dark ages of chivalry.

TO HER SISTER.

Telegraphic
& R.R. Stations
Rackrent, Manchester.

Upper Piazza
Sofa — County
U.S.A.

Thursday Morn.

Sans-Gêne gazed up at the moon behind the crumpled pine last evening and said she was thinking of Aunt T. You know she doesn't usually care much for scenery, but it was a mackerel sky. What weather! You must drink deep of beauty these ten days before resuming the sad and weary round of sickroom duties. We are doing nobly. In fact, Dr. Washburn and I have decided in solemn conclave that now I have really taken a turn for the better. The old moss-grown bucket is creaking up from the depths where Truth abides.

Who should turn up yesterday, stung on by remorse, but Linka, and she was allowed to play "*Sous-mauvaise*" till I was ready to see her. It was not a long visit, as she had to catch the six train back and William had flown off with the span, forsooth. News she had none, and we talked Dreyfus! Don't you love Zola's "Truth is on the March"? Emily is a gallant old girl. And weren't you pleased to see that they had burned Mercier in effigy at Darmstadt?

A most interesting letter has come from Ned Williston. He thinks if the Filipinos get no more arms the trouble will be over in two or three months. He says the situation is most extraordinary. The insurgents return quietly to the towns after the battles and stay till next time. We keep no prisoners but officers, and nurse all their wounded — these latter scarcely ever return to the ranks. Indeed, he thinks if we could cap-

ture the leaders the war would be over. But Uncle Melly won't let us forward his letter. And Uncle M. reminds me of euchre. We three still play. "There's nothing, you know, like playing Old Maid with a Gummy and cheating the Gummy."

NANNY.

To Miss ELIZABETH BALCH.

BOSTON, Sunday Nov. 27.

The winter is going quietly in its old ruts — purely social for me and varied with charities for Paulina, who has got most of the little boys of St. Andrew's in her admiring heart, to say nothing of their families. Thro' her I get interested in them too. Indeed, I tell her that I am getting to have so spiritual a meaning for my neighbor that it includes every one except those who live in the immediate vicinity.

And speaking of neighbors, we are so enjoying having Joe and Maggie Lee in Chestnut Street. Dear old Mr. Henry Lee died Thanksgiving Day, or rather, "fell on sleep," having had all his family about him for the last time. He was a link with our past, and tho' we only saw him once a summer we were very proud of that one call. What a long and useful and dignified life and what a beautiful end!

Lovingly,
ALICE.

To PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

Tuesday.

My dear Mr. Allen,

It was very kind of you to think of Paulina and me, but you know how much our hearts have been with you in your work.

Your note, we thought, sounded very tired and depressed, and I am afraid these long weeks of writing under pressure have begun to tell on you.

Do take a little rest at Christmas time!

We never wrote you, did we, about the clubs Mr. Brooks belonged to? It was not the Wednesday but the Thursday Evening, and he went so little that finally, Mr. Paine says, he was put out of that for non-attendance.

In reading Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure" — the first one — aloud the other day Paulina and I were very much struck by the resemblance between Herakles and Mr. Brooks. Have you ever noticed it? There is something in the impression it leaves on one — the bigness — the sympathy and cheer he brings with him into the house of mourning, that recalls the other so vividly. Of course you mustn't answer this, but with best Christmas wishes, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Dec. 26.

Dearest Gertrude,

Paulina and I are charmed with our green candlestick and have labelled it "Castle Rackrent" in our minds.

I long to see you and to show you all my pretty things, but the most beautiful part of the beautiful day was a surprise planned by Paulina. In the late afternoon my door was opened and nine little fellows from the St. Andrew's choir sung the Christmas Carols to me in the lower hall — Ethel playing the accompaniment. Two of them were Mr. Brooks's hymns, and the little boys' voices — the surprise — the day, with all its associations, quite upset me for a moment. It is sweet to look back on.

I hope the joy of Christmas Day was with you all, brightening the year to come. If we could only enter, even so little, into the meaning of yesterday and Easter Day it would be like two strong wings, to carry us over all the little troubles and anxieties of life, wouldn't it? The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace.

Lovingly,

ALICE.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Some one with wings where I had weary feet.

It is impossible for two souls to meet in sweet communion without religion's sooner or later crossing the threshold of their discourse. — PÈRE LACORDAIRE.

A friendship which, at this most solemn time, does not seem so much to have been interrupted as to have been consecrated for evermore.

In old days it was strength to be with him and for the future it will be strength to remember him.

WESTCOTT.

Some griefs build the soul a spacious house.

It was said of St. Paul that he had a thousand friends and loved each as if he had a thousand souls, and died a thousand deaths when he parted from them.

Epitaph in a German Churchyard,

I will arise, O Christ, when Thou callest me, but oh! let me rest awhile, for I am very weary.

The night time of the body is the day time of the spirit.

When we are very tried we must shiver, but we can and do warm one another when we strengthen in one another the conviction that we are all in solidarity with Him. — “Letters from a Mystic.”

Deep thinking is attainable only by a man of deep feeling, and all truth is a species of revelation.

For the maintenance of Truth is God's charge and the continuance of Charity ours. — WHICHCOTE.

January 23.

Trusting in Thy goodness and great mercy, O Lord, I draw near as one sick to the Saviour, as one hungry and thirsty to the Fountain of Life, one needy to the King of Heaven, a servant to my Lord, a creature to my Creator, one desolate to my kind Comforter.

Irenaeus says: "The glory of God is the living man; the life of man is the vision of God."

Who lives in Heaven with the angels and on earth with my soul.— DANTE'S "Convito."

The Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms
That it receives whatever turns to it.

No votarist of our faith,
Till he has dropped his tears into the stream,
Tastes of its sweetness.

Crushed from our sorrow all that's greatest in man has ever sprung.

"The ascent is thro' self above self," says Richard of St. Victor. "Let him that thirsts to see God clean his mirror; let him make his own spirit bright."

I think Heaven will not be as good as earth unless it bring with it that sweet power to remember which is the staple of Heaven here. — EMILY DICKINSON.

Receive every inward and outward trouble, every disappointment, pain, uneasiness, darkness, temptation, and desolation with both thy hands, as a true opportunity and blessed occasion of dying to self and entering into a fuller fellowship with thy self-denying, suffering Saviour; then every kind of trial and distress will become the blessed day of thy prosperity.

LAW's "Serious Call."

Is the Soul which has never been subdued to patience, braced to fortitude, fired with heroic enthusiasm as harmonious, as strong, as large, as free as that which has been schooled in martyrdom? — MARTINEAU.

We can best conquer want by wanting, weariness by wearying, pain by suffering, grief by grieving, death by dying. — MAGEE's "The Victor manifest in the Flesh."

I believe that those whose hearts have been educated in a wide-reaching sympathy and passionate eagerness to exercise their inheritance of eternal beneficence in behalf of their toiling, woe-begotten brothers and sisters in their tribulation will enter at once, when they quit this world, into the fulness of angelic ministration.

"Letters from a Mystic."

All our ideas of heart knowledge appear to be connected with suffering. We must each of us go into the depths if we are to save those that are in the depths. — "Letters from a Mystic."

Religion doth possess the whole man — in the understanding it is knowledge; in the life it is obedience; in

the affections it is delight in God. — BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

The riches of earth can be left and inherited; the wealth of the soul must be won. — BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

For this cause art thou formed, both of flesh and spirit, that thou mayst deal tenderly with that which comes visibly before thee. — IGNATIUS.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

January 16th.

My dear Mr. Allen,

We all so loved the Dr. Vinton anecdote about getting "a man into a corner and then throwing his soul at him," and it is so characteristic, that we hope you can tuck it into the second volume.

After the second meeting at Faneuil Hall, when Mr. Brooks was shaking hands with the people, one man carrying a baby on his arm stepped shyly up and said, "I thought you'd tell me what to do for my wife's rheumatism. She has it so bad." Mr. Brooks said he didn't know himself, but he would send some one who did, and took the man's address.

Afterwards he exclaimed, "Imagine Mr. X. consulting me about his wife's rheumatism!"

Mr. Brooks told us that his old sexton disapproved of the crowds that came Sunday evening, and at last came to him and said, "I know how to keep them away. When a young man and woman come together I put them in separate pews." "And," added Mr. Brooks, "he expected me to sympathize in this *fiendish* device."

We had a very interesting talk with Mr. and Mrs. Deland Sunday and one little thing she told us I must save for your next call.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

No thanks, please.

TO MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

March 8th.

Dearest Ethel,

I can't let tomorrow pass without a word of love to you.

Your mother's friendship means more and more to me as the days go by — it seems as tho' those dearest to us only went out of our sight into our soul of souls. "Such losses," Westcott says, "give a human reality to the unseen world. Those on whom we look no longer are, in some sense, felt to be more continuously near than when they moved among us under the limitations of earth; and their spiritual presence supplies a living and intelligible form to the Communion of Saints, thro' which we enter on the powers of the eternal life."

And thro' these dark and bitter days it has been a comfort to rest on the thought of her perfect love and loyalty.

Dearest Linka, you must put your arms tight round poor Paulina and let her renew her strength at your sunny heroism.

Yours ever and ever,

NANNY.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Dear Mr. Allen,

I am always so pleased when I happen to be able to track people's quotations for them.

The poem is from Browning's "Paracelsus," and tho' we have not that volume with us I can give you the

lines correctly, as they have always been great favorites with us:

I go to prove my soul !
 I see my way as birds their trackless way !
 I shall arrive ! What time, what circuit first,
 I ask not ; but unless God send His hail
 Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
 In some time, His good time, I shall arrive.
 He guides me and the bird. In His good time !

The other bit from Mr. Brooks's sermon on the death of a young man is in "The Spiritual Man" volume, pages 84 and 85, or rather pages 85 and 84, is the order in which I remember giving you the quotation once.

What glorious weather we are having! I lie on a sofa on my upstairs piazza among the tree tops and drink in the beauty and peace.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Sunday, July 29th.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

HOME,

November 15th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

I have grown a week stronger since we wrote and a whole year older.

Saturday was the milestone, and for a birthday present Mrs. Bell made me a long call in the morning and Mrs. Whitman a short one in the afternoon.

I don't mean I didn't have more material gifts. You will be amused to hear that Ethel's little old silver dish has on it two Cupids putting two birds into a cage, and

that Paulina has given me my latest craze, a house for Purple Martins, the Purple Martins of an impressionist imagination.

So you see I am just as much of a baby as ever, notwithstanding my years. I found two lines in Beaumont and Fletcher that seem to suit my case exactly:

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Friday afternoon for my *one* person I saw Joe Smith and his Corinna — such a pretty girl, and so sweet and affectionate. He looks beaming, and glances from her to you, eager for sympathy.

Paulina's days are full of small gaieties, all the pleasanter for being small, and in a few weeks I hope to get down to help her with the Wednesdays. Mamma is well and sends love. It is nice to hear of you lotus-eating, and natural to have this little talk with you on one of our Thursdays.

My heart has been playing rather troublesome tricks of late, but it is a shade better this week than last, and I have sat up once for half an hour in a blanket — always a forlorn business, and, what is quite the reverse, I have managed, even the worst days, to see my five o'clock friend.

Dr. Mason gets a little doubtful about "those friends" sometimes, and asks if the enjoyment pays for the effort and fatigue. He is very kind and dear, and as Dr. Washburn makes me an occasional call, unprofessionally, I have not lost one in getting back the other. It isn't every one, is it, that has two pet doctors?

The Bells and Pratts go back with Nellie next month, but only for a visit. They are looking for rooms at

York for the summer, and little Helen is to come out to them next winter to start her young-lady life in the Chestnut Street house.

Mrs. Bell told me of her indignation at some friends asking her if they would not live in Europe — “*Live in Europe,*” she repeated, with a whole line of exclamation points.

She makes me an hour’s call every week, and is dearer than ever. She seems to have the fountain of eternal youth in her heart — and it bubbles up irrepressibly from under the weight of anxiety and years and sorrow.

It isn’t too late to send, tho’ it may be too late for you to get, every beautiful wish for the Christmas time.

Lovingly,
ALICE.

To PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

November 18.

Dear Mr. Allen,

The lines are from Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,” and here is a correct copy, with punctuations.

I am glad you see rest ahead tho’ it is put off for yet another week.

Paulina came across this sentence of Gregory’s on Origen, which, of course, is familiar to you, but was new to us and made us think of Mr. Brooks:

“Love for him was like an arrow which fixed itself deep in the heart and could not be drawn out, or like a spark setting the soul on fire.”

Faithfully yours,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Sunday.

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Dec. 19th and 20th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Isn't the week before Christmas a lovely time? The "Peace" isn't exactly here, but the "Good will to men" seems to hang over the days and warm our hearts.

Mrs. Whitman was here last night, fresh from the shops. She said when she saw the dense crowd, from Shepard & Norwell's to Tremont Street, and "realized that every one there was buying for somebody else!" We thought it very characteristic of her dear, hopeful way of seeing things. And she was full of joy over Mr. Brooks's Life, which she had been glancing thro' before a real reading. She thinks it is a remarkable piece of work — and couldn't wait till Christmas before sending it off to Miss Woolsey. This made us very happy, as Professor Allen had filled us with his own doubts and discouragements as the work went on. No one could have given it more loving thought and study, however, nor been better fitted for so difficult a task. He has given the book to Paulina and me "in glad and grateful recognition of the many happy hours spent in talking over the life of Phillips Brooks." And she is going to read it aloud to me as soon as there is a little lull in the Christmasing.

And now, dear Owl, I suppose you will hoot in a melancholy manner if I don't tell you just how I am —

instead of drawing cheerful conclusions from my writing with my own pen — but that for tomorrow.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

[Dec.]

My dear Mr. Allen,

Do you keep wishing carpets in Cambridge, or genii that do your bidding for the rubbing of a ring?

We could not believe that the Life came from you so soon after you left us till we opened at the fly-leaf and read the beautiful inscription.

It made us very proud and happy to have it given us together in this way — and Ethel understands entirely.

Mr. Stokes writes that he is not sending it to us, as he supposes you will, but that he is giving it to all his other friends.

Paulina and I are beginning it over again from the very beginning — she reading it aloud to me. We want to get the effect of it as a whole.

I have said nothing, but you know how much I feel for you in finishing this great work, to which you have given so much thought and love these last years — it must be like breaking off of some sacred companionship.

Faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Tuesday.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

That I may be a word of God, not a mere cry.

Indirectly quoted from St. Ignatius.

They who are sick need a Saviour; they who have wandered a guide; they who are blind one who shall lead them to the light; they who thirst the living fountain, of which he who partakes shall thirst no more; the dead need life; the sheep a shepherd; children a tutor; all mankind need Jesus.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

January 3rd, 1901.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Did you hear how Boston welcomed in the New Century with hymns and the noise of trumpets?

We have been reading Mr. Brooks's sermon "The Great Expectation," and thinking with what joy and hope he would have looked forward into the new stage of the world's life even tho' there is "distress of nations with perplexity and men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

Booker Washington finished one of his speeches with, "Why am I hopeful about my race? Because I have read American History. Because we went into slavery two centuries ago without a language and came out speaking the noble Anglo-Saxon tongue. Because we went in Pagans and came out Christians. Because we went in with the chains of slavery on our arms and came out with the American spelling-book in one hand and the Bible in the other." Isn't that fine?

And now to descend from these heights to dear every-day things. I was delighted with that perfectly charming handkerchief, and it came as such a surprise. To be sure I felt a little as if I had had a Christmas present from my Owl on the day itself, for Mamma had those two photographs of beautiful stiff angels you once gave me framed together for Rackrent — such a pretty picture they make.

I had numbers and numbers of pretty things, including a new silk coat, a promised gown from Mamma (shall I ever need it, I wonder?), old silver from Mr.

Paine and Ethel, a charming night-lamp from Mrs. Whitman, and a twenty dollar gold-piece from Paulina, to spend on my follies.

But the present that touched me most was a great bundle of evergreens from poor old Ben Morse, at Manchester. Every picture is draped with it and gives the "little Sanctuary" a most Christmas-y look.

I wish we could live at this season all the year — or rather, keep the spirit of it fresh in our hearts.

I am better — really better, after giving them all a long fright. I ought to have been named for my great-grandmother DeWolfe, oughtn't I? I cry it so often.

Mamma and I are delighting in the "Letters of T. E. Brown." Have you seen them? There is one on the death of his wife that I am sure would go straight to your heart.

Don't, in exciting Rome, forget

Your loving

Alice Weston Smith.

To Miss Isabella Curtis.

48 Mount Vernon St.,
Boston, January 28.

Dear Bella,

The "Queen of the Mavis" sends you *his* love and this spotted feather from his breast. Professor Allen, wishing to be sympathetic, said he had a fine head and shoulders. Did you ever hear of a bird's shoulders before? He is a very dear fellow. Otherwise what news have we to send you from this sad, sad town. It is a comfort to think of Mrs. Fiske's having two such sons-in-law to stand by her, and how happy it must make

Elinor to feel how much she is to them all at this time. Didn't you feel awfully about the old Queen's death? We feel as though one of the foundations of the world had fallen, and every one is gloomy except Mrs. Whitman, who strikes a more cheerful note. "Victoria," she says, "was modern and sporadic; with Edward VII she feels as though she had lapsed into history."

Mr. Paine told us he was much amused yesterday at a service at the Central Church, to have them say, in a prayer, that they trusted "she had gone to a larger sphere of usefulness." As though, poor thing, she had been a "violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

Mrs. Bell came to make her farewell call yesterday and was so fascinating that we were less and less reconciled to her being torn from us. They go abroad tomorrow night. She speaks of modern Paris as "Albany with the streets running with blood."

To PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

Sunday.

Dear Mr. Allen,

Quite a wail went up yesterday when you did not appear! We hope it was only the extreme cold, or some trifling business, that kept you, and not illness.

Of course we understood your not coming the week before. We had heard of Mrs. Stone's death.

We had so many things to ask and tell you about the book — indeed, we begin saving up Sunday and usually forget half we wanted to say when Saturday comes.

And that reminds me. Miss Foster wanted me to ask you about the Sermon on Civil Service Reform,

preached by Mr. Brooks in '89, and mentioned on page 721 of Volume II.

Is Mr. William Brooks the person to apply to in view of its publication — or would this be out of the question? Miss Foster is "prominent in Civil Service Reform Circles," as the newspaper would say.

Miss Lowell is delighted with the Life — indeed, we hear only a chorus of praise. Mr. Higginson gave it to Mrs. Higginson as a Christmas present, and they intended to read it together, but she could wait no longer and has started without him. Paulina found her last night just thro' the ancestry chapter, over which she was most enthusiastic.

We are deep in the theology.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

St. Valentine's Day.

My darling Elinor,

You would think, with my love of birds, that I would get used to the spring and fall migrations of old pets, but don't. I think of putting half a dozen favorite friends into cages and keeping them always about me, but in the meanwhile —

No matter, you'll soon be back, and when in May you come driving up to Rackrent you will see me looking out for you through an opera glass to see if you've got the proper amount of wing-bars and a "partially concealed erectile crest."

Have a lovely time and come home rested and refreshed to your mission of sympathizer and comforter.

As we get older that must be more and more our desire and inspiration — that and being a little worthier of the past, whose full glory and dearness we did not know "when we walked therein."

I don't ever tell you — being shy, you know, with strangers — how I love you, and how my heart-strings are wrapped round both Sharks-mouth and "28," which I have never had to remember without your father.

Nothing takes the place of the old, and our roots have gone down deep into the same soil together, haven't they? And drunk of the same stream, and the same birds have sung among our branches — as they do today.

Your loving
NANNY.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
March 11th.

Dear Girls,

But little Bol's letter sounded gloomy.

If the gloom ever comes on again come right home and set up a Japanese robin. Helen has just given one to me and he lives with the Judge and the Admiral of the Blue as happy as can be. And sings! He positively shouts for joy, just like a big robin; only he is little and gray, with a red beak, a moss-green head, and a flame-coloured throat. If it weren't for his large thrush eye he would look like a fast chickadee who had

put on gay clothes and rouged his beak. But he isn't coming to Monte Carlo!

Your fondest

ALICE.

To MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Easter Eve.

Dearest Gertrude,

When Paulina called last and found a carriage at your door to carry you and your mother to Andover we were pleased, but since—

What weather you have had—and weather means so much more in the country.

How have Mrs. Brooks's health and spirits stood it, and has she been strong enough to enjoy seeing Susie's boy?

We have you all constantly in our thoughts. Indeed, dear Gertrude, your wonderful courage and cheerfulness are a help to us all.

What faintings of the heart you must often almost sink under we can only guess at—what self-control and long patience and unselfish interest in others we can see a little. “Tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong and He shall comfort thine heart!”

And hers, too, who has been called on to endure so much hardness these last years—depression of spirit as well as pain of body, and weakness, which is worse than pain. “But when the times of restitution come—The sweet times of refreshment come at last.”

And will you give her my dearest love and wish her and yourself all the brightest Easter wishes from me?

Lovingly always,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

SUMMER OF 1901. — BIRD TABLE-TALK.

And smalle fowles maken melodie.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song ;
No winter in thy year.

JOHN LOGAN.

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Legend of St. Brendan.

And when the eventide was come the birds began all with one voice to sing and clap their wings, crying, “Thou, O God, art praised in Zion and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.” And always they repeated that verse for an hour, and their melody and the clapping of their wings was like music which drew tears by its sweetness. . . . And when the dawn shone they sang again, “The splendour of the Lord is over us;” and at the third hour, “Sing psalms to our God; sing, sing to our King, sing with wisdom;” and at the sixth, “The Lord has lifted up the light of His countenance upon us.” So day and night those birds gave praise to God.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd masonry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. . . .
Where they most brood and haunt
I have observed
The air is delicate.

May 6.

Moved to Manchester, to April skies but bare trees. Saw four or five Robins driving up from the station; otherwise emptiness and silence.

May 7.

At gray dawn the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds, Robins, roused us to ornithological duties.

Before breakfast saw a pair of Red-breasted Nuthatches constantly eating about the barrel house, two beautiful male Black-throated Greens in our tree and about, a brilliant Pine Warbler in the pine, and a fat little Gray Warbler with yellow bib and wing-bars on the tree, who afterward turned out to be his wife, as we saw them kissing in the air.

Exquisite warm day; spent eight and a half hours in the open air and had the bird-table set out and the granary taken down, including squirrel nest, in the basement. The red owner came to seek it in the afternoon. Heard Song-sparrows, Oven-birds, and a Bob White; some unfamiliar songs, and what we took for a Flicker's voice. Three birds fly into the pine — one has a deep rose breast — Purple Finch at last. We also see a pair of Chickadees, and I see Downy, and Paulina sees Phoebe and one Robin.

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.— COLERIDGE.

May 12, Sunday.

Like the soul
Of the sweet season, vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what.

Clears off exquisitely warm and bright at noon. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, as I lie on my piazza, I hear a few preliminary harsh notes, and then a small bird launches himself into the air, between hemlocks and crooked pine, in a perfect ecstasy of song — a musical rocket — and is gone almost before I realize that I have seen the Oven-bird singing his afternoon song. Heard him twice again an hour later, and at six see him again, this time bursting from the hemlocks over the house, and so near that I can see his lighter breast and his whole body quivering. Hear, several times, a chittering of Swallows, or Swifts, and see two or three groups of small birds, flying high at sunset, who might be they. Also largish bird with sharp chirp. Throstle and I stay out till nearly seven and enjoy a two hours' concert from a Wood Thrush soloist.

May 16.

They pruned themselves and made themselves right gay,
 Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
 And ever two and two together were,
 The same as they had chosen for the year
 Upon St. Valentine's returning day.

CHAUCER'S "Cuckoo and Nightingale."

Exquisite day. See all the birds of yesterday but Pine Warbler. Parula and Black-throated Blue, and in addition our first Vireo, the yellow-throated. Later he and his mate in crooked pine.

See two Redstarts — males in full chase — also courtings and fightings innumerable among the Black-throated Greens. Mrs. Black-throated Green lands on

table, and Humming-bird sits in tree, and I can see the ruby at his throat. Chestnut-sided, very prominent, house-hunting, and in full song. I also see a big, heavy bird flying low over the house. Short tail, white stomach, long neck, and black head? Saw a beautiful gray Squirrel in full plumage.

May 18.

With what a clear and ravishing sweetness sang the plaintive thrush;

I love to hear his delicate, rich voice
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills for aye; the sweeter
His song is when the day is sad and dark.

LONGFELLOW.

Cold and gray. Two male Redstarts pursuing each other through my tree, the color of the oak buds. Mr. Nuthatch feeds his wife very tenderly with suet; later a Chickadee feeds his wife in the tree, while Mrs. Black-throated Green carries more wicking up into the pine. Chestnut-sided all about in full song. At breakfast-time get my first view of a King-bird and a splendid view of the first Blue Jay of the season. See the Wood Thrush a number of times, also Indigo-bird, and Mrs. Downy, Robins and Crows. Pouring with rain, but Thrush chants his vespers undisturbed.

May 28.

“And the rain it raineth every day.” Mrs. Downy, the Nuthatches and the Chickadees come eagerly for their breakfast with their feathers touzled and wet. Later Indigo-bird appears, neat, glossy and composed.

Blue Jay comes to eat suet and I get a splendid view of a Flicker sitting in a pine branch with his red collar gleaming and his wings hanging so that I see the golden shafts. The Blue Jay returns five more times to the suet, so big and handsome and blue, and once while he eats Mrs. Black-throated Green sits on a twig close by and watches him. See besides, through the windows, Robins and Crows. In the heavy mist Oven-bird sings his flight-song over and over, and the Whippoor-will calls from the brook.

The High-hole flashing his golden wings.

June 4.

Exquisite day from dawn and much warmer. Get my first really good sight of an Oven-bird hopping along a bare branch and singing, and later see him, or rather the Golden-crowned Thrush, walking down by the garden bed, and, finally, carrying off a big piece of boiled egg.

Male Ruby-throated Humming Bird sits, gleaming with green and crimson, on the downstairs piazza rail. Get several glimpses of an unknown warbler with a yellow rump — some yellow on wings or side and a general grayish back?

After lunch a biggish bird flies into my tree and sits for ten minutes or so on the suet branch, quite still or pruning her feathers, smaller than a robin, with a medium stout bill — no eye-ring or wing bars. The head and the whole body yellowish green, the tail long, slender and dusky grayish brown, as were also the wings — Mrs. Scarlet Tanager!

At eleven put the "Admiral of the Blue" into the big cage and open the door — he flies out, but only

diagonally across the piazza, where he sits looking out through the bars into the tree for a while and then hops back into his cage, where he remains, though the door is left open until four o'clock.

Like a caged bird escaping suddenly.

And as the cageling newly flown returns.

June 21.

Showery and warm — cleared off exquisitely by sunset. Waked by a great clamor of young and old birds near Paulina's oak. Paulina saw a Yellow-throated Vireo in the tumult. Later two or three young bird flurries under my tree, in which Vireo and Wood Thrush take part. Oven-bird picking up cracker by the garden path, and Jay on the ground there. Bob White voices very near. At six Baltimore Oriole hangs about in his oak. At six Phoebe appears again in the crooked pine, etc. Later we get a splendid view of the Oven-bird, singing his exquisite song far, far above our heads — then as the trill breaks he falls with it and drops down among the tree tops.

That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

June 23, Sunday.

Heavy fog, which clears by ten o'clock, when Black-throated Green hovers all about my tree; then the Red-start who wants to come on to the table, and quarrels with Nuthatch on the subject. Jays about the mound and Wood Thrush "chooking" in the sumachs.

Just before lunch one Chickadee returns to the table after a nine days' absence and I suddenly perceive that there are three Nuthatches, the little father eating nuts, and two babies in my tree, fatter, fluffier, with yellower breast and, if possible, stubbier tail.

Hear and see more of them later in further pine trees, tenderly waited on by their papa while their dingy mother takes a much-needed rest.

Red-eyed Vireo comes into the tree, and of course Indigo-bird. In the afternoon another thunderstorm and more fog.

June 26.

Looked out at sunrise, deep pink through a grey mist, and every bush and tree musical with little bird voices. Mrs. Nuthatch eats from the dish in my hand four times. Paulina sees the lost honeymooning Tits beyond the paddock. The Wood Thrush comes into my tree as well as the Red-eyed and Yellow-throated Vireos, and I see the Chestnut-sided Warbler. Very hot all day, but the afternoon nearly as exquisite as yesterday, and the Thrushes even more glorious. One sits for fifteen minutes on the tip of a pine, singing steadily, while three others answer him. Black-throated Green bathes twice. Robins thick everywhere. See the Oven-bird's flight-song. Spent the night out of doors, and just at twelve, as the moon sinks behind the trees, the Oven-bird bursts into an ecstasy.

June 27.

At 3.30 the Whippoorwill stops singing and all the other birds chirp themselves awake. At five the most exquisite Thrush music for two hours, three long duets from a singer on the tip of the crooked pine and one

on the near hemlocks, each duet ended by the hemlock Thrush joining the other in the pine, singing awhile, and then flying after each other at six. Mr. Nuthatch eats from the dish in my hand. Black-throated Green bathes twice and Chestnut-sided and Indigo-bird land in my tree all at once. See beside, before breakfast, Jays and Red-eyed Vireos everywhere, Swallows and Swifts, Crows and Robins, Black-and-white Warbler in my tree and finally Wood Pewee.

Also see one Baby Nuthatch being fed in distant pine, later. See the two babies, as usual, not far apart. A flurry of Black-throated Greens come into my trees — two Red-eyed Vireos, and then an entirely strange bird — warm brown, with lighter breast, a little striped head, a little puffed up, and a most familiar beak and Indigoish chirp, wings not barred, but different shades of brown — Mrs. Indigo, of course.

Baby Nuthatch No. I flutters up between the awning and the wire door, while Baby No. II sits on the piazza rail. Very hot day, but lovely toward sunset. While we watch a Wood Thrush singing we see the glint of a ruby, catch the light on the same twig, and see the most beautiful male Humming-bird — who sits afterwards in the crooked pine — a marvel of beauty. See the Oven-bird in his flight-song, as we do now very often.

There is a nameless air
Of sweet renewal over all, which fills
The earth and sky with life, and everywhere,
Before the scarce-seen sun begins to glow,
The birds awake which slumbered all night long.
And with a gush of song,
First doubting of their strain, then full and wide,
Raise their fresh hymns thro' all the country side.

July 1.

Waked at four by a glorious Thrush concert. See before breakfast eight of the same birds as yesterday, plus a Crow, a Yellow-throated Vireo, and the dear Redstart. Black-throated Green bathes, the Vireos hunt the Jays about, and the Goldfinch voices come very near. The Nuthatch babies appear again in great force and their parents are not too busy to do a good deal of courting. Chestnut-sided Warbler comes into my tree and Oven-bird feeds on the garden path. At five see for the first time the preliminaries to the flight-song, — the Oven-bird making his way up to the top of Paulina's oak and then launching himself off. Slept out — breathlessly hot.

July 6.

Male Humming-bird darts between the oak scrub and the honeysuckle — a blaze of crimson. Blue Jay in the tree before breakfast. Indigo-bird on the table and Baby Nuthatches all over crooked pine. One little girl and one little boy (in beaver hat) sit close together, eating suet, and the little boy takes nuts from the dish held up to him by Paulina, as does the little mother. The father only lands on the dish held out anywhere.

July 7.

Like a pomegranate flower
In the dark foliage of the cedar tree,
Shone out and sang for me.

Baltimore Oriole day. One appears in his own oak at breakfast time; then two on the "gate-post pine;"

then a brownish bird with yellowish breast and orange rump and tail — my first Mrs. Baltimore Oriole. Then the two dash about, whistling, chattering, flashing from tree to tree.

Three Baby Boy Nuthatches sit on the suet branch together, eat from dish held to them frequently, and one lands. Baby Girl feeds twice from dish held to her. Oven-bird sits in my tree and Mr. Hummingbird settles pensively in crooked pine. Chickadee eats suet and Indigo-bird seed.

Wood Thrushes glorious after lunch. Saw one of them and also Chestnut-sided Warbler, Red-eyed Vireo, etc., and, last of all, Jays being chased from the garden path by the irate parents of the neighborhood. Saw the flight-song.

July 24.

Baby-bird day. Twitterings from every bush nursery and broods of Red-eyed Vireos, Black-and-white Creepers, Black-throated Greens, and Chestnut-sided Warblers everywhere with anxious parents (the latter green back and top of head, whitish face and breast, yellowish wing-bars, but tail erect and wings drooping in the correct manner). Saw my first Cedar Waxwings, one six times, sitting on a sunny pine top, so that I could see even the red on his wings. Also two Kingbirds (not seen since May 18th), two Hummers who come together (neither adult male), Redstart, Pine Warbler, three mealers, etc. Flight-song and a near Thrush concert.

Hatched and fed as safe as may be
Many a little feathered baby.

Aug. 2.

Another perfect day. Saw twenty kinds of birds, including Barn and Tree Swallows, Chebec, my first male Downy Woodpecker of the season and my first Scarlet Tanager; male Blackbirds far overhead and Goldfinches a little nearer, so that for the first time this year I saw the yellow breast and dark wings.

After breakfast the sunny hillside, about and below the crooked pine, the oak scrubs, barberries, everywhere, were —

All alive with tiny things,
Stirring feet and whirring wings,
Just an instant seen.

Aug. 19.

Two great birds fly low over the mound pine as large as Crows, with square, short tails, and, seen from below, dark gray in color — Hawks or Owls. See besides, Gulls, Crows, Robins, Vireos, Swifts and Barn Swallows, Black-throated Greens (male and female), Black-and-white Creepers, one of whom hops along piazza rail. Young Pine Warbler, young Chestnut-sided, adult male Redstart, distant Goldfinches, Wood Pewee, Chickadees and Nuthatches, who bring three babies today — a girl and two very baby boys who sit huddled up together on a branch of my tree for an hour or more being fed and sleeping — the most adorable feather bunch.

Oct. 3.

Clears at noon after a pouring night. In the barberry tangle, eating the berries, see yesterday's Thrush, whose bright brown head and shoulders suggest the Wood, if it were not too late. Later see an all olive

backed Thrush in the tangle with throstle-like breast, and then what is undoubtedly the Wood Thrush. A Brown Creeper creeps up my tree and in the sumachs we get a splendid view of our first Ruby-crowned Kinglet (uncrowned, with white spectacles, distinct wing-bars, forked tail, and so tiny). See twice again the duller Thrush, and see his buffy eye-ring and lores; why not the Olive-backed?

See besides, Chickadees, Nuthatches, a seated Jay, Robins and a Junco in the barberry tangle, and then see (in a flock who arrive with loud chirpings) one sparrow-like bird, distinctly a rich brindle back, broad brown and black stripes, head with at least two stripes, possibly grayey white with white chin piece, young White-throated Sparrow.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

(May 19.)

Dear Mr. Allen,

We were sorry not to see you yesterday, but very glad that you did not get your first glimpse of Manchester on such a grim and ugly day.

And next Saturday we will try to arrange the weather better, but do come next time, won't you, rain or shine, on the 12.40 train.

A week's margin is all the view deserves, and if the skies fail us we can look inward and not outward — down and not up.

We still cling to Saturdays, if they suit you as well, from sentimental reasons.

The train goes to Boston in the evening at about 9.30, which will give you time for a comfortable cigar.

You see we haven't borrowed so many of your books without guessing that you smoke.

Very faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Sunday, May 19th.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Monday, May 20.

Oh, dearest, dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Our very souls are wrung for you!

The alarming message — the long, long, anxious voyage, and then this awful news to greet you — you who have had so much sorrow and loneliness, and so little joy, these last years.

And I know a little how close your sister was to you — what a comfort and stay — what a true, strong, unselfish life hers was.

You must feel as if she had laid down health and strength — almost life itself — in the service of others.

Indeed, if the shadow had fallen upon her brave spirit Death must seem to you all not Death, but Life and Light and the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

That must be the only comfort to your stricken heart these awful days. "If ye loved me ye would rejoice."

I long to put my arms close round you, dear.

God bless you always and always, and make His face to shine upon you in your darkest hours.

Yours in true love and sympathy,

Alice.

To Mrs. FREDERIC DEXTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

June 3rd.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

This isn't a note to answer, but just a little word of love this exquisite day.

I wish you were here in the peace and glory — for our hillside is a mist of green under the tender blue of the sky — and it seems somehow easier to think of you and Ellen in such scenes as this.

But next week I shall have you both — Ellen at her own house — and you even closer. That will be so dear — and you will stay two nights, won't you — so as to have one long, still day between the journeys?

Mamma's seeing you was a comfort to us all. Do you know the sense of things being unbearable? I mean of sorrows coming close to one's friends—till one sees one's friends and feels the warmth, as it were, and knows by touch and sight that it is bearable by the grace of God.

And what beautiful tributes to your sister from the town of Brookline and the Catholics.

As I was thinking of her and you the other day I remembered suddenly a verse from Mrs. Browning—do you know it?

The heart that like a staff was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest in the longest day,
With patient love is snatched away,
And still my days go on — go on.

Lovingly yours,
ALICE.

To MISS ELINOR CURTIS.

MANCHESTER, August 19.

Dearest Elinor,

We know you would sympathize with the fact that little Father Nuthatch has brought two babies of his second brood to call, and that your old heart would melt if you could see them cuddled down on a branch close together, like two dazed feather eggs, with their pink melon-colored waistcoats shining in the sun. And yesterday one of the little monsters flew across Alice and clung to the screen door for a long while within reach of her hand while we all gathered to watch him, so fluffy and tailless, with tender yellow feet and yellow

buttonhole stitching round the corners of his mouth. Then he climbed slowly up the whole length of the door and flew bravely. And then the two old Pewees have brought their three "Weepes."

Did we tell you why we can never more write to William Brewster, our Massachusetts advisory counsel? We described a rare new Warbler we had seen, with pearl-grey waistcoat and crimson cap. He wrote back—hide our blushes—"Could it not possibly have been allied to the Chipping Sparrow?" How are the mighty fallen! It was.

Alice is so romantic about you nowadays that I make merry on the subject. She says that if, like the people in Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes," she only could grow more and more like her companions, her wings would sprout and then she could fly over mornings to Sharks-mouth to see you all.

Affectionately,

ALICE AND PAULINA SMITH.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

CASTLE RACKRENT,
MANCHESTER.

Sunday, Sept. 30th.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

When my familiar birds slip away these autumn days and leave me I comfort myself with the thought that warm weather will bring them back again in brighter plumage and full song — and how much more my human Owl!

We did not want to say last night — we don't like to

think — how much we are going to miss you. Only get rested and refreshed and grow such an elastic conscience that in the future you will be able to jump up, like Gulliver, at any moment, and break the thousand hairs that tie you down.

Then we shall make all the calls on your time and sympathy we long to.

It makes Boston seem a chillier place to go back to without one of the warm hearts that beat kindly for us to bid us welcome.

Real friends are too precious to spare! But we don't live by sight, and the thought of you will bring Italy closer.

God keep you safe, and make his face to shine upon you more and more unto the perfect day.

Your grateful and loving

ALICE.

To HER SISTER.

Wednesday Morning.

Darling little Workbasket,

It was nice to have two letters from you walk in hand in hand late yesterday afternoon.

Ethel and I were out on the piazza, and inside the screen door sat Momb and Doodles and Krututsk, who had come down to hear about Mauvaise, in her uncle's arms.

Ethel looks very well and was exceedingly dear and characteristic.

Little Father Nuthatch has struck — for shorter hours

and more time to eat his meals. When those big fat babies choke down their nuts to hop after him, twiddling their wings to be fed — he bites at them quite ferociously. It was cunning Monday to see three of those same babies all splashing about together in the big tub and then hanging themselves up on the sunny tree-trunk to dry.

I asked Josephine last evening if she had heard the Owl hooting.

"Yiss'm," she replied, eagerly, "I was sitting out on the steps. Wasn't it just lovely?"

Do you suppose for a moment that she was sitting on the steps alone? It reminded me of Burroughs's saying it was no use making inquiries of the lovers he met in the English lanes. They had always just heard the nightingale!

Your
MOCKING-BIRD.

To PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

Christmas Eve.

Dear, dear Mr. Allen,

Our hearts have been very heavy for you since Friday, when your letter came.

And that you should have been called upon to bear such an irreparable loss, alone — away from home and the others, who knew and loved him.

When we stand helplessly and see a dear friend enter into a great sorrow we are like those who saw Moses go up on to Sinai — we can see the clouds and the lightning, but he hears the voice of God.

I know it is so with you — and thank you for telling us about your brother.

How beautiful Death must be to such as he!

The pure spirit must flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came ;
A portion of the Eternal that must glow
Through time and change, unquenchingly the same.

But oh! it doesn't make the human loss and need less bitter, I know.

One just has to rest heavily on God's will.

The beauty about you will bring its own message of peace, and Christmas time is full of light for "those who sit in the valley of the shadow."

Paulina sends her tenderest sympathy. She is busy running up and down from St. Andrew's and trimming our own tree.

Ever faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Christmas Day, 1901.—M. M. W. died.

Men are more truly measured by their fellows when life closes than at any other time. The trumpet note of the Saviour's praise echoes to earth and for the moment drowns, with its jubilance and beauty, the petty criticism, the false and disproportionate judgments that blind us to true human worth. We hear in our souls the verdict of God, and we cannot but admit that it is true.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
January 26th.

Dear Mr. Allen,

Your letter came yesterday and was a great comfort to us all. You are in the deep waters and know how strange its ebbings and flowings are — how at one time the waves seem to close over one's head, while at others there is a great calm.

And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy.

No, indeed, "those whom we lose by death do not quit us all at once," or rather, it is as if we, too, went a little way with them and caught a reflex of the ineffable vision.

It is the coming back alone — the daily missing.
But our loneliness is shot thro' and thro' with a sense of peace and gladness.

His going was so quiet and painless — so merciful and inevitable. After that first stroke it was death that seemed life to us — and that last day was so like him — quiet and unselfish — giving no trouble. Did Paulina tell you how he called out "Merry Christmas" to Mamma over the stairs just half an hour before he asked her to come into his room and said he must have had a stroke? He was quiet and calm — said he had no pain — and hoped Dickson and the children would come in just the same to their dinner and tree. Then he fell asleep and passed into unconsciousness and death.

Poor Mamma — he was her only brother and had shared all her joys and sorrows. He was like a son to Papa

and since his death has lived with us — going quietly to and from his work — “standing by” as he would have called it — surrounding all our lives with an atmosphere of *silent* sympathy and protection.

And his pleasures were so quiet: beyond the profession which he loved he wanted nothing but his books, a long drive or tramp with a friend, and his life among us all, where he loved best to sit as amused spectator. Oh, if we had only told him oftener how much we cared! We children couldn’t remember the time before his kindness began — and he was so modest and self-effacing that only now, in the large light of death, do we fully realize the full beauty of that life of unselfish devotion, of faithfulness to every trust. “In true humility he stood firm, in simple obedience he lived, in charity and patience he walked.”

He was gentle in his judgments; dumb in the expression of emotion; very pitiful to the young or helpless or unprotected. Pain for those he loved seemed to wring his very soul. What he has done and felt for me all these years — but I don’t dare dwell on that.

And Dickson, who has always had him in his work as counsellor and friend, says he feels as if he had lost his father for the second time.

His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

They were always acts — not words. Under the tumults on the surface there are always lives like these — the anchor-lives. And it has been so comforting to find how many appreciated what he was — not only the old classmates and companions — the boys and girls who had grown up about him and always called him “Uncle

Melly"—but the servants who worked here, and all the clients, who feel as if they had lost a dear friend.

It would have surprised him greatly.

Mamma bears this trouble as she always bears trouble, so bravely and quietly—never thinking of herself. Wherever she is there may be sadness, but no gloom, and she loves to dwell on the past with as many smiles as tears. And how dear the past shines out at such times. Indeed, grief seems to test the real things of life, doesn't it?—not to rob us of joy, but to add a new depth and glow to everything, however small, that really reaches down to the eternal source of things—human and divine.

Pleasures seem tawdry—but joy, friendship, the beauty of the world, even one's daily bread, seem sacred.

I can understand your deepened interest in Rome.

Do you remember the passage from "Robert Falconer"? "To the God of the human heart nothing that ever has been a joy, a grief, a passing interest, can ever cease to be what it has been; there is no fading at the breath of time, no passing away of fashion, no dimming of old memories in the heart of Him whose being creates Time."

I am so glad you knew my uncle a little in his home life.

Faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To LADY BEAUMONT.

March 26th, 1902.

Dearest Lady Beaumont,

Your letter came last night and was a great comfort. All you said was so true—so true of my dear uncle

and of what is the most poignant part of our grief — of not letting him know more all he was to us while we still had him — of the great miss his going would leave in our lives — and yet we try not to dwell too much on our loneliness, or our own imperfections in the irremediable past.

It is a comfort to think of that good, unselfish life having so peaceful a going home, and when we look about us and see how, to many, the will of God must be groped for in storm and darkness, we cannot be too grateful that to us it came so graciously.

And we thank God, not only for his death, but the whole life he lived among us and the example he has left.

“In true humility he stood firm, in simple obedience he lived, in charity and patience he walked.”

Mamma is as brave and unselfish as she always is — taking her sorrow straight from God’s hands and casting no shadow on those about her — but the loss is a very, very heavy one.

All his life Uncle Melly had shared her joys and sorrows, and she had no other brother or sister.

But we have Dickson — and what that means to us words cannot tell. We are building him a simple house on our little Manchester place, so that he can be with us and yet not separated from his own wife and babies.

They are all very happy over it.

Last month we spent having the “grippe,” and I think it will be a really good thing in the end for Mamma, as it made her take the rest and care she needed.

And Easter is coming with its great message.

Lovingly,

Alice W. S.

SUMMER OF 1902.—BIRD TABLE-TALK.

Ring sudden laughters of the Jay.

TENNYSON.

The early Redstart twittering through the woods.

WALT WHITMAN.

Song birds in every furrow.

HEYWOOD.

May 11, Sunday.

Waked by a great shrieking of Jay and Crows, apparently in my tree, and find the suet gone. Ice still in the bird pool, but get out at nine o'clock and see in the first twenty minutes Blue Jay, Crows, Indigo-bird and Boy Nuthatch, both eating on table, Chickadee,—our first,—Parula in hemlock hedge and my tree pursued playfully by Black-throated Green; then, like a bright butterfly, fluttering all about the mound pines, our first Redstart, and at the same time, buzzing across the piazza and seated facing me in the hemlocks, our first Ruby-throated Humming-bird: in all eight birds, and three of them new. Later see the Black-and-white Warbler repeatedly, and my first Chestnut-sided Warbler in my tree; also one Swallow. Mrs. Nuthatch eats hemp on the cracks of her favorite piazza post and two Nuthatches, boy and girl, take to coming together, but no little, dingy, black-headed Father Nuthatch.

Driven in by the cold at eleven o'clock, and see afterwards nothing new but Chippy and a Robin hopping all about the bird-table—my first. Hear the Purple Finch warbling about among the near pine tops long and loud.

Two young Nuthatches courting — the little girl begging to be fed with quivering wings. See Chestnut-sides pruning himself on his own oak. At sunset a glorious duet between Wood Thrushes, apparently near.

May 18, Sunday.

One bright May morning in a world of song.

We looked out early to see all the uninvited guests: a Crow eating suet, the red Squirrel and the big gray one with the ostrich feather tail, in possession of the piazza, and a Jay in my oak tree. Later the legitimate mealers arrive, Nuthatches, Chickadees and Indigo-bird, while the Oven-bird eats crumbs in the garden path. At noon two Indigo-birds fly into my tree together and sing and dash at each other, but the old bright one doesn't allow the new, younger, browner one to land on the table.

Get out at five o'clock to a Robin-Thrush concert. See the Wood Thrush two or three times, and Chippy in my tree and eating on the garden path with the Indigo-bird. My first big brown Hare hops about under the hemlocks.

May 25.

O birds that warble in the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the days go by,
Sing sweetly.

What dream ye, as they utter forth May music growing with the
growing light,
Their sweet sun worship.

TENNYSON.

Of moonlight nights and rosy dawns
And a nest in a hawthorn tree;
Of the little mate for whom I wait
Flying across the sea.
Through storm and night, as sure as fate,
Swift-winged with love for me.

Whippoorwill shouts again at dawn. Indigo-bird sits on the nasturtium box and chirps loudly for his breakfast. See Black-and-white Creeper, Wood Pewee, both Nuthatches, and then the Chickadees. One goes to the little house, while the other lands three times on the nut dish in my hand!!! the only time any bird ever did it but dear lost "Father Nuthatch." At breakfast time Mrs. Tanager lands in my oak and takes wicking in her beak from a twig; then sits on the lower piazza rail trying to get at the longer strings while her Scarlet husband watches her from the crooked pine. Then they both come together in my oak.

Then Mrs. Redstart and Mrs. Black-throated Green both come together into my oak and pull at the wicking, and Mrs. Redstart hops all along the piazza rail, while Mrs. Black-throated Green lands on my feet and hops slowly up to my knees as I lie on the sofa, and then sits for a few moments looking fearlessly at me with her bright eyes.

See also Mr. Redstart — Messrs. Black-throated Green in great numbers, Pine Warbler and Chestnut-sided Warblers, two Robins come into my tree, and Red-eyed Vireos innumerable. See besides, Blue Jay and Swifts and Chippy feeding on the path, Towhee on the sumach, Yellow-throated Vireo on the crooked pine and Ovenbird in his flight-song: in all eighteen kinds of birds,

and most of them over and over again, but no Wood Thrushes, who sing close about me, invisible now that "leaves are large and long." Cedar Waxwings fly over and Goldfinches constantly, but not near enough to count. Tanagers come back a dozen times, he to the mound, crooked pine, oak scrubs, and she to hemlock hedge, sumachs, my tree, and wicking upstairs and down.

June 7.

What is so raw as a day in June?

Out in the cold wind five hours. A Bob White whistles at dawn, and both Chippies and a very Blue Jay come to pick up the crumbs I sprinkle on the path before breakfast. See the Chestnut-sided Warbler at last, and Pine and Black-and-white and male Black-throated Greens. Lots of little pairs rushing through the air, constantly chirping and calling. Hear the faint warbling of a Purple Finch and the constant, sharp, sparkling song of Indigo-birds. See Indigo-bird, both Nuthatches, Robins, Swifts, Vireos, Oven-bird in the middle of his flight-song, and Towhee shouting in the mound trees, — the beauty! A rainy afternoon, with the Robins and Thrushes singing through it.

They love their mates to whom they sing, or else the songs that meet

The morning with such music would never be so sweet.

The sweetest broken music all about.

June 18.

Yesterday Paulina saw on a small tree a group of six Chickadees, all apparently grown. Could they be an

early brood? And to have "A" wait on "Q" my pair of Chickadees come constantly to the table today, grabbing up every sort of eatable, including the meal worms, and we see that they have a little family sitting on the mound sumachs being fed, just like their parents, only with shorter tails, yellower beak-fastenings, squattier attitudes and more whimpery voices. It is just three weeks and one day since the date given for their nesting. Darling Mrs. Black-throated Green sits on the chair-back close to me, while her husband and brothers sing. Saw the Wood Thrush again singing on a pine top. See my first Chipmunk eating very cunningly on the garden path.

June 22, Sunday.

Beautiful after a pouring rain. Hear on the hillside for the first time a Maryland Yellowthroat, while a Chipmunk sits like "the Statue and the Bust" at a corner of the piazza. The Chickadees made a day nursery for their babies out of my tree, piazza rail and bird-table, driving off all the other birds they dare attack. The smutty little parent takes twenty worms from my hand, and one baby takes his first independent bite of suet, while another coughs out a too big bit of nut, holds it firmly between his little blue feet and devours it in a grown-up way. One of the female Nuthatches eats shyly from a seed dish held by Bessie and one lands again on the whip I am waving.

June 23.

In the pines the thrush is waking;
Lo, yon orient hill in flames!

ARNOLD.

A Thrush sings in a glorious day. Out twelve hours. Male Nuthatch comes half a dozen times to feed, but the two females, constantly flying at each other and being flown at by the parent Chickadees, who have their little family here all day. "Smutty" eats constantly from my hand. Squirrels, red, gray and striped, use my tree as goal in a constant game of hide-and-seek, and I see on the path below Chippy and Blue Jay, Chippy and Oven-bird, Robin, Oven-bird and Wood Thrush.

June 24.

Glorious day, with the Whippoorwill loud at dawn. Smutty Chickadee, tamer than ever, flies constantly to and fro from my hand, as I lie on the sofa feeding his babies with the last of his first hundred meal worms, or coaxing for still one more by sitting on the piazza rail and whistling soft "Phoebe;" when they are quite gone he sits half a dozen times on my chair-back, looking reproachfully, while one of his babies sits on the table in my lap. The babies feed themselves a little. A Goldfinch, in a very yellow waistcoat and black cap, sits swinging on Paulina's oak, and a male Redstart flies into my tree. See the Oven-bird in the midst of his exquisite flight-song five times, the first at high noon, and Indigo-bird, and Nuthatches, and Chippies, Black-throated Greens, Red-eyed Vireos, Swifts. Hear the loud whistling of an Oriole on the hillside for a long time, but the Towhee has stopped his song these last few days and Indigo sings less. Smutty tamer than ever, in the late afternoon over the new relay of meal worms. Once a baby lands with him on my hand. See Pine Warbler, and a bird that looks a little like him, with a green waistcoat?? Then my first Baby

Robin comes hopping up the road, turns his apology of a tail, and shows his mottled, woolly back, and flutters off bravely. (Out twelve hours.)

July 5.

His ravishing carol rang
From the topmost twig he made his home.

At 10.30 my darling little Indigo returns to his canary seed, but poor little "Dowager" Nuthatch has a bloody wound on her shoulder to prevent too much rejoicing over the prodigal mealer. Indigo sings again. See our first White-breasted Nuthatch (policeman type) after nearly two years, in the pines, my tree and piazza rail. Smutty whistles "Phoebe," as he sits on my hand, and a Baby Chickadee lands on my head!!!

See among the Oven-birds one "discrowned," undoubtedly Baby Oven-bird. Female Tanager, after many weeks, Wood Thrushes singing in the crooked pine, one at noon and one at sunset, and saw besides eight other kinds of birds. My tree a perfect "day nursery" now and the birds that aren't feeding babies seem to be singing madrigals.

July 30.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithful mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile.

A number of Thrushes fly up from the ground, and one Baby Thrush sits on a distant pine branch and then flies straight to my tree, and stays quite still, eyeing me, spotty and brown and solemn!!

A great to-do among the Thrushes and Robins for a couple of hours. Saw sixteen other kinds of familiar birds and one unknown,—small, dark bird, with a large light moth in his beak,—at the tip of the crooked pine. In the lovely cool sunset a great alarum of Thrushes, and a little sweet Thrush music, but no flight-songs these many days.

October 28.

The woods are hushed, their music is no more,
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away ;
New leaf, new life, the days of frost are o'er ;
New life, new love, to suit the newer day.
New loves are sweet as those that went before.

TENNYSON.

A heavy Sou'-Wester after a howling night. Saw only Chickadees eating at the "Granary," through closed door and window, and could not bid Smutty good-bye.

Left Manchester at half past eight thro' roads filled almost with a sunset glow from oaks and beeches, maples still flaming among them. I personally saw this year, as well as last, sixty-one kinds of birds, but this year forty of them were in my tree.

The Juncos were very late and few, only singing a little one day, and I saw no Pine Siskins or migrant Thrushes, but the Chickadees, especially Smutty, more than made up for everything.

God keep all the little bird people under the shadow of His wing.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER,
Tuesday Morn.

Darling Twiney,

We are getting along beautifully — beautifully; that is, considering it is a gray world without its Sun, Moon and Stars.

You don't know what a comfort it is having that dear old Jim purring about. He came yesterday on the 4.30 and went up with Dickson this morning.

He "locked up" last night and tho' he had never before fanned out a lamp, thought he would be able to manage somehow. He is to come and go at his own free will, only we have told him that, like the fool in Lear, we "go to bed at noon."

Yes, I saw Di the first hour last evening, and then Mamma left Kitty and me in Jim's care while she saw Mr. Lothrop, who came up to see how we were getting along and to inquire for Jenny Paine. Aren't they kind and dear and human? Apropos of human — we have been the rather ungracious hostesses of a lost pet kitten — afraid it would get wonted here, afraid Nancy would get fond of it. Yesterday outriders — some on Peanuts — were sent out to all the neighbors, in vain. Then Mary Ann heard a rumor that the George Lees had lost their kitten and started out at eight o'clock last evening tenderly carrying the fur waif and escorted by the gallant William. Great joy all round. When I thanked Mary Ann — and she is the human link of my sentence, with her droppings of warm tears, "Why," said she, "I'd walk five miles any time to take anybody their lost cat; I know how they're feeling."

Then we all hugged Sansge and she spit at Mary Ann!

I enclose one of Mr. Allen's many post cards because it contains more than a date, and may lighten your guilty conscience.

Whom do you think he went to see in his shop? And had a heart to heart talk with, but Kensit himself!

Think of my speaking of that mysterious man every time I write.

Did you know he had a shop and really sold things when not in personal combat with the ritualistic foe?

My dear love to Mrs. Higginson and Ellen.

To HER SISTER.

Thursday Morn.

But then, you know, darling, you're not the Fool in Lear, but Kent—and a little homesick sometimes, I hope, for your domineering charge?—who is none so crazy yet that she seeks an open heath in a thunder-storm.

And, by the way, this is our first rainy day, and I am in the sunparlor with Kitty. Usually she stays uncomplainingly here alone, eats her breakfast, plays in her paper house and then puts herself to sleep on the bed with her head against the pillows. When her 'lations finally turn up, instead of reproaches, she greets them with soft purrings and paws going in and out with ecstasy. I wish I could give you as good an account of "Bullen," but, along with his prickly pink cheeks, he has developed a prickly pink temper, so I have put the "Admiral" in with little "Giant Slay Cat." And out of doors I wish I could see anything so thrilling as a Vesper Sparrow and a Meadow-lark, but alas, for Ellen Emmons and her ten strikes! it never was so birdless.

Some days I haven't had a single warbler and even the Chippies think of leaving me to change their garish clothes for something more suitable to travel in!

We complained that your letter, postmarked "Manchester, 5.30 Monday afternoon," didn't reach us till the afternoon of Tuesday, so last night we got your Monday letter without any Manchester postmark at all. Got us there! But what do you think of their sending me a letter directed "Allen's Notion Store," as near enough to Alice Weston Smith for all practical purposes? Elinor went off into mischievous laughter, and seemed to think they had builded better than they knew.

Congratulate us on having finished "Sir Harry Smith." After we had staggered through battle after battle Mamma and I decided that our genius is not purely military.

We clung to such items as this about his horse: "On the anniversary of the Battle of Aliwal when there was always a full-dress dinner at the General's house, some one would propose Aliwal's health, and the beautiful creature would be led all round the dinner-table, glittering with plate, lights and uniforms, and he would be quite quiet, only giving a snort now and then, tho' when his health had been drunk and the groom had led him out you could hear him on the gravel prancing and capering" ("Just like Peanuts," murmured Gamdge, much *émue*), and when Sir Harry, fearing his old age might be unhappy, shot him himself, both he and the faithful groom in tears, "and that night Sir Harry's place was vacant at dinner," Gamdge and I had to stop for a while. Gamdge is a tender-hearted person after all. I wish you could have heard her choking over the

Indian battles the horse was in, and when she got to the end of the epitaph, "He was 22 years old; never was sick during the 18 years in Sir Harry's possession. As a charger he was incomparable; gallant and docile; as a friend he was affectionate and faithful," — she broke down completely.

On the other hand when I wanted to wake her up at one o'clock last night, because then your visit would be half over, she seemed to think sleep was more than sentiment. Have you and Ellen, by the way, read "Love making — old and new," in the last "Spectator"? It is delightful.

Doesn't the length of this epistle make you a little bit ashamed of your shabby, one-sheet affairs? It is my last, however. After this my energies must be spent in getting those pink paper-cotton shirts and white cotton-wool beards with which Gamdge and I are going to pop over the piazza rail at you Monday or Tuesday night.

What is home without a Mauvaise?

To HER SISTER.

The Bird Cage. — A Drama in Five Acts.

Act V.

Scene V. (An untidy room, Mrs. S. soliloquizing.)
Let me see — Do the married pair bathe in a big tub,
and which is little Cock?

(Enter Katie bearing clean trays.)

Oh, Nellie, perhaps you can tell me where I took
these perches from (addressing some one invisible).

Don't get flurried — Grandmother is slow but sure — I shan't give that dirty Throstle another minute.

There (in loud tones of triumph), we're all done, though (in a more doubtful voice) I don't know where these little perches go, and there seems to be a food-dish on the hall bureau.

(Clock strikes eleven outside.)

(Curtain.)

After this, what need of an invisible cap to look in upon your home?

Meanwhile the Dominion quietly reposes in the sun-parlor.

.
I am not weaned.

Your
NANNY O.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

Dear Mr. Allen,

I hoped to have a few red roses to make a little glow of welcome in your study when you arrived — but alas, I don't know whether your house will be open beforehand or even if you come directly to Cambridge on landing. So will you please try to feel that the roses are there to say what I can't say at such a moment?

Paulina gets back from a ten days' visit at Lake Champlain tomorrow, and very soon I hope we shall have you here and those old discussions on High Church and Low — on Pauline and Petrine — can begin again under the bright Autumn skies and colouring leaves.

Manchester is putting on her prettiest looks to greet you.

Always affectionately yours,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Sunday, September 7th.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Tuesday, September 9.

My darling Ethel,

This is just to give you a pen-and-ink hug till you come within closer range.

I am a great deal better, and Paulina is home from the lake, and Jim Storrow is with us.

.
There's all my news in a breath, except that your being safe at home again throws over our shores and wooded hillsides a still brighter glory — the light that never was on sea or land.

Always yours,
NANNY.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

November 10th, 1902. Her birthday.

O God, who art the unsearchable abyss of peace, the ineffable sea of love, the fountain of blessings, and the bestower of affection; who sendst peace to those that receive it; open to us this day the Sea of Thy Love, and water us with plenteous streams from the riches of Thy grace.

Make us children of quietness and heirs of peace.

Enkindle in us the fire of Thy love, strengthen our weakness by Thy power; bind us closely to Thee and to each other in one firm and indissoluble bond of Unity.
From the Syrian Clementine Liturgy (Second Century).

Mr. Nash speaks of Christianity as the power to be glad against all odds.

Mysticism is man's insistence that he should see the unseen with his own eyes.

NASH.

To MR. CHARLES HOPKINSON.

(Nov. 30) Sunday.

Dear, dear Mr. Hopkinson,

I need not wish you joy, need I? But I want to tell you how happy Elinor's happiness has made us all.

It seemed to me this morning that the sun hadn't shone so brightly for many a day. And we thought of you two at Manchester, and your welcome into the warm heart of that great household, and the world seemed a more beautiful place to live in.

Why, Elinor and I have been friends since we were seven years old, and I have loved her better every day.

I needn't tell you what she is,—you *know*,—but in all my joys and sorrows, and still more in all the little doings of every day, her strong affection—her tenderness and truth, and high ideal of duty—have been one of the anchors of my life—and she is so pleasant!

Indeed, the future must look very bright to you—and the world will be brighter for her happiness. She has always shared her best and now we feel as if we had all tasted of the great cup of joy that God has put into her hands.

It is all so strange and yet so natural. I feel as if our friendship—yours and mine, I mean—which began yesterday, had somehow got roots back into the past.

Your and Elinor's

Affectionate old friend,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To Miss GERTRUDE BROOKS.

(Dec. 27.)

Dearest Gertrude,

I can't tell you how much Paulina and I cared about your present. I think you must know what it means to us to have it. And apart from all the associations it is so lovely in itself, with my favorite branch and bird life come to brighten winter.

I shall have it hung where I can rest my eyes on it as I lie in bed.

Christmas time is always so full of Mr. Brooks — fuller even than Easter — because the tree at Trinity, and his giving out the presents, is one of my clearest childish recollections. And the last times he came to see me were on December 28th, ten years ago tomorrow — and January 14th.

The Christmas light that first shone on those that "sat in darkness and the shadow of death" was still with us all, I think, when he left us.

Next week I hope you will be able to come up some morning?

In the meanwhile give my dear love to your mother and believe me,

Always and always,

Yours with true affection,

Alice Weston Smith.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

WEARY.

I would have gone, God bade me stay ;
 I would have worked, God bade me rest ;
 He broke my will from day to day ;
 He read my yearnings unexpressed,
 And said me nay.

Now I would stay, God bids me go ;
 Now I would rest, God bids me work.
 He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
 And vex us so !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Thou, my dear heart, no more I see ;
 Not all alone I wander by ;
 For Hope and Heart-break walk with me —
 Twin-children they of Love's good-bye.
 When dim-eyed Heart-break weeps the loss
 Of some fair nest the winds let fall,
 Hope shows me boughs that make the cross
 Against blue sky, high over all.

I said, I awoke; after some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick, then dead, and through my gay entry they shall carry these bones. Where shall I be then? I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light and the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe.

From Emerson's Journal.

I go, Lord, when Thou sendest me ;
 Day after day I plod and moil.
 But Christ, my Lord, when will it be
 That I may let alone my toil
 And rest with Thee ?

Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder, wondering he shall reach the Kingdom, and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall rest. — Saying of Jesus.

TO MR. ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

(January 25.)

Dear Mr. Paine,

What a touching tribute! It reminded me of a bit in one of the sermons, "In his own circle, in the city where he lives, it seems as if he were more powerful when he is seen no more upon the streets than when men met him every day. There has been, as it were, a descent of his spirit, a Pentecost of his departed presence.

"This is the difference of men — those whose power stops with their death and those whose power really opens its true richness when they die, and the final test and witness of spiritual force is seen in the ability to cast the bodily life away and yet continue to give help and courage and wisdom to those who see us no longer; to be like Christ, the helper of men's souls even from beyond the grave."

How beautiful it all was on Friday, "and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

Sunday.

TO HER SISTER.

Wednesday Noon.

Well, my darling Cinderella, how do you feel so far from the domestic ashes? And do you pretend that the glass slippers "don't bind you anywhere"?

Your letter hasn't come yet, but then we shall know

just how and where you eat that lunch — and what birds of passage you saw flying north — and who met you.

Why didn't we have you telegraph, or were we looking long at a quarter?

• • • • •
“Gray Rose,” very busy over her nest, stops to send her passionate love. Yesterday, after a full bath in her water dish, which was full of diluted whiskey, she sang her hymn. Kitty says, “Lady Henry Somerset must know about this.” She also sends love to her own dear Mauvaise.

AUNTY NAN.

SUMMER OF 1903.—BIRD TABLE-TALK.

If a bird's nest chance to be before thee on the ground, or before thee on the way in any tree, whether there are young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days.—DEUTERONOMY, xxii, 6, 7.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.

Sing, Robin, sing.

I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring ;
The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate,
So Spring must dawn again, with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world or in the world to come.

Sing, voice of Spring,
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

And the hills shall break forth before you into singing.

In the limpid days of Spring,
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still ;
But primrose and veined violet
In the moss-ful turf were set ;
While meeting birds made haste to sing
And build with right good will.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

May Day. (The Month of Music.)

Opens cold and windy. Hear before breakfast the Towhee loud on the hillside and see Black-and-white Warbler. Get out after breakfast for seven and a half hours. A Chickadee flies into my tree, hops on to the bird-table and eats from his own familiar dish — a little later comes fluttering over to me, sits on my finger and takes a meal-worm — my own Smutty. Comes three times more to my hand — the darling. We hear what we think is the Pine Warbler, the rich warbling of a Purple Finch, some unknown calls, and a loud, squeaking note from the mound. See my Chippy in my tree. Paulina takes a bird-walk in the afternoon and sees three Purple Finches, two males and a female, and one Black-throated Green Warbler singing. At five o'clock a dear little Black-throated Green comes and sits about on the bare twigs of my oaks so that I may see him too. Less singing today.

Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray.

SHELLEY.

May 20.

Exquisite and cooler. Showery afternoon. Out ten hours. Hear early a loud unfamiliar chirp and two new songs, one like a flat Purple Finch and the other of the whistling kind. A glorious Magnolia Warbler flies from Paulina's oak to mine, and flies about there at great length with little Parula; then we see at once the first Blackpoll and the first Blackburnian and four familiar warblers everywhere, Yellow-throated Vireos, Goldfinches in the crooked pine again and again. Baltimore Oriole (in the King-bird's oak), a Grackle flying

over, a bird hopping up the rock beyond the barberry tangle smaller than Thrush and larger than Oven-bird, brownish, unstreaked back, without wing-bars, and vaguely spottish waistcoat. See twenty-three kinds of birds in all.

Blackpoll and Magnolia appear again and again. Hear the Pewee's voice for the first time this year. Chestnut-sides pulls at the wicking below. Smutty examines the little green bird-house. Sup out among the mosquitoes to the music of Wood Thrushes and distant Whippoorwills. See an Oven-bird's flight-song.

In russet she and he in yellow,
Singing ever clear and mellow,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, you sweet you.

KINGSLEY.

May 27.

Waked, as usual, by Downy knocking on the crooked pine, but the dawn chorus is less full this last week. Yesterday little Phoebe Chickadee gathered wicking while Smutty sat on the little bird-house porch and whistled softly to her. Today they seem indifferent. Black-throated Green landed on the bird-table. Saw the dear Yellow-throated Vireo again; Blue Jay, Flicker and the Goldfinches, who come three times into my tree, the sumachs, etc., and talk sweetly to each other. Besides see eleven kinds of familiar birds, but not my Indigo today, usually so faithful.

June 22.

Pouring at dawn after a pouring night. Alas! my little Dickories! Hear clamorous baby voices and see

my first young Chickadees being fed in the oak scrub by their dripping father. Later they are on my tree constantly, not so short-tailed as last year, but round, with stubby tails and blue boots. It clears in the afternoon and I get out for three hours. See a baby Red Squirrel in my tree (with a round head and hardly any ears), the baby Chippies and their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Indigo, and Oven-bird, and Goldfinches and Robins. Hear a Catbird's mew. Lots of flight-songs from the Teacher bird!!

June 25.

Opens rainy after a rainy night. Surf high and "the noise as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June" like the noise of the water floods! Thrushes more than ever and later a Purple Finch sings of the human side of joy. A male Humming-bird comes squeaking into the window nasturtiums and comes again. My first Catbird flits about the oak scrub mewing and then sits in my tree and returns to it later; apparently longs to eat on path, but doesn't, that I see. Mr. and Mrs. Indigo come and Oven-bird, Mr. and Mrs. Black-throated Green and *les familles* Chickadee and Chippy; one of the latter hops on my piazza floor, at length. Kept indoors all the damp day. It tries to clear at sunset.

July 18.

Beneath the safety of her wings.

SHELLEY.

Moved in before lunch and saw little. The Chestnut-sided Warbler family — young and old — hop in the barberry tangle. The first Baby Oven-bird feeds on

the path with his mother. (Is it the thought of this little group that later makes the male "at heaven's gate sing?")

See besides Song-sparrow on the path Indigo-bird, the "three regular mealers," both Mr. and Mrs. Hummer, Black-and-white Creeper, Swifts and Goldfinches, and the offish Nuthatches. Thrushes glorious.

Sept. 23.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

A deep orange sunrise ushers in another glorious day. Bluebirds in the distance call, "Farewell, farewell." Two Nuthatches, time after time, and four or five Chickadees (besides Smutty) feed from the dish held for them. See female Downy Flicker, "Policeman" Robins, and Cedar Waxwings, immature Blackpolls, and then, flying low over the pine tops from north to south and the sea, a great V of Canada Geese, with their short tails and long necks plainly seen as never before. Watch them till they fade into the distance.

Sept. 25.

Gloriously bright and cold — forty-four degrees at seven o'clock. Hear the farewell call of distant Bluebirds and then the Towhees shout again on the hillside, — not heard since June.

Female Humming-bird returns to the nasturtiums and — strange juxtaposition — the first Golden-crowned Kinglet of the year appears in the hemlock hedge. See

little Parula Warbler in my tree, Pine Warbler (singing), young Black-throated Greens (trying to sing), immature Blackpolls, and what was, I think, immature Myrtle. See the Winter Trio, the "Policeman" who comes into the tree and up the "tuft," but didn't quite venture onto the bird-table with me on the piazza; one solitary Goose, Goldfinches and Cedar Waxwings, Robins, old and young (one sings his Spring song), a Song-sparrow feeding repeatedly on the path (where of late I have had no mealers but the constant Chipmunks and an occasional Jay), male Purple Finch in the crooked pine, and last of all, also in the crooked pine, a Sparrow-hawk eyeing me malignly over his shoulder with his round, hooked face. Eighteen kinds in all. (Out ten hours, till even the "Greedy Gutchatches" had eaten their very last supper.)

Oct. 1.

"Or, as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air, being beaten with the stroke of her wings and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found."

Not so bright, but ten degrees warmer. A bed till noon when I got out for four and a half hours. Early heard a Phoebe calling outside and a half-familiar little Warbler song on the Black-and-white model, also Pine Warblers trilling, whom later I saw. A confused mass of Chickadees, Red-breasted Nuthatches, and "Policemen" flutter constantly in and out of the nasturtium window. Out, I see Robins everywhere, and then in

my tree, staring at me out of his white-rimmed spectacles, the first Ruby-crowned Kinglet, an uncrowned monarch here ten days before schedule time!

Oct. 3.

Cooler and gloriously bright. Lots of Myrtle Warblers chase one another from tree to tree, chirping like dull bells. A Golden-crowned Kinglet comes into my tree, and a Brown Creeper creeps sighing up a mound pine; then, singing his sweet Robiny song all about from pine to pine, and from hemlock hedge to my tree, the Blue-headed Vireo on the return trip. See an Unpurple Finch on the oak scrub, Robins hanging in the barberry twigs eating the ripe fruit, and Pine Warblers, trilling, and of course the Winter Trio and the "Police-man."

Oct. 4, Sunday.

A most beautiful sunrise of deep purple and fiery pink and above it a single star; then another bright, cold day. At breakfast time hear the Song-sparrows singing sweetly from the lower fields, not heard for months, and the Pine Warblers trilling all about unseen.

A simple sparrow singing from a reed.

Oct. 6.

Warm and mistily bright after a rainy night. A Hermit Thrush, our first this year, sits spottily in the hemlock hedge, and then flies into a mound pine where he exhibits his rufous tail!! (called by Adirondack wood-cutters the "Swamp Angel"). Two Bluebirds, calling, "Farewell, farewell," fly high over, and the dear Blue-

headed Vireo, first singing about unseen, comes into my tree and hops quietly about, eyeing me through his white spectacles.

Oct. 18.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God? — ST. LUKE, xii, 6.

It has been a hard summer on birds, the cold, wet June causing great mortality among the nestlings, especially among Swallows and Purple Martins, it is thought.

Oct. 18.

My last Sunday with my birds. (“Who knoweth if he will return and repent and leave a blessing behind even a meat offering and a drink offering?”)

The day opens grim and gray after a raining, howling night. Grows brightly blue, with beautiful clouds, by ten o'clock when I get out. The oaks on the hillside are changed and the fields beyond stretch like a Persian rug to the sea, which shines like a white pearl.

Oct. 21.

A beautiful early morning. Get out to breakfast on the piazza and to spend two last hours with my birds. All the Red-breasted Nuthatches are there and all the Chickadees (my Smitty, of course, flies to my hand), both Policemen, both Downies, to say nothing of Squirrels, gray, red and striped. See five Blue Jays flying over, calling, “Farewell,” and a small flock of Cedar Waxwings. Hear Jays, Kinglets, and a chirp that might have been Juncos or Myrtle Warblers.

Drive to the 10.24 train under a snowy-looking sky
and through the gorgeous foliage, especially the beeches
and oaks, the latter every shade to blood-red.

Farewell Manchester and all my Dickories, and fare-
well my little Smutty above all.

And still she loves the bird, and still must love ;
That friendship lasts tho' fellowship is broken.

To MRS. CHARLES HOPKINSON.

MANCHESTER, May 27th.

Dearest Nelinor,

So you think all your old friends have forgotten you? Not a bit of it, but, like the parrot, they take it out in thinking.

Lou Wadsworth was here the other day and we found she felt as we did. What does a romantic young woman, spending her honeymoon in Italy, have to do with what Mrs. Bell calls "rancid facts"? However, here is Mrs. Yeats-Brown's letter and we *are* sorry you missed seeing Porto Fino, to say nothing of that friendly little thing herself and the kind old bear of a Monte. Isn't it English to have one's little boys in every corner of the globe? Our old nurse, Jane, sent us a letter from her nephew of thirteen, who has just been left by his father in Johannesburg, where he holds a position as secretary in a mine!

To come nearer home — did Bella tell you that Aunt Florence brought Paulina and me each a beautiful opal from Hungary which we wear in rings, regardless of bad luck?

We are getting indignantly homesick for a sight of your wandering sister Frances, but Bella is a good girl and comes over often, and we wonder which has the redder face from wind and sun. Paulina says we have both crossed the "Rubicund" — which is a new joke; she also says that "some of our standing jokes have stood so long that they have flat-foot."

Ethel was here last night and Ellen last week, and I took supper downstairs with each of them and had an old-fashioned, giggling time. Next winter, when you

and Charley come in from your own *Home* to drink tea with us, perhaps it will be downstairs, as it used to be when we were younger.

What else can I tell you about our uneventful life? except that we are reading the still more uneventful life of Aunt Charlotte Yonge with chortlings of joy.

• • • • •
We are seeing a lot of Mrs. Higginson, which is a great joy after the winter's fast.

Remember me to your "husband." We think of you both daily.

Yours in true love,
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

Friday Morning.

Dearest Paulina,

You have probably heard of Mr. John Russell's death? He died quietly Wednesday at noon, but Mamma didn't tell me till yesterday.

It makes the world seem emptier to have that friendly voice hushed, and that dear person — so brilliant and full of sentiment, so versatile and independent — no longer among us.

It is like losing a bit of our past — almost a bit of Papa, whom he always recalled a little, by that old-fashioned courtesy of manner.

But he has fought a good fight and earned the rest he must often have wearied for.

Isn't it beautiful to think that he had these last two years at home among quiet fields?

Did you see in the papers that he always kept his old horses till their death, and had nineteen buried under a

big oak? How he used to laugh at the amount of pumpkin pie he had had to eat at the Agricultural meetings.

Ah, well.

You seem very suspicious about my health. I have kept a shade better, on the whole, than when you left — and have had two good afternoons.

Your oldest admirer,

ALICE W. S.

To MRS. CHARLES HOPKINSON.

(Nov. 4.)

Dear Elinor,

Think of Mamma's seeing you sitting on a box at poor Ropes's little shop and never asking you how you fared with servants! I am afraid the small Swedish sister of Helen's parlor-maid (which sounds like a German exercise) was altogether too young and inexperienced to be thought of for a moment — tho' our Sophie was eager to run across on her days out and show her how.

But I've no doubt you'll fall on your feet somehow, with a treasure under your arm.

Tell Charles we expect him to drop in constantly this winter, like the old friend he is by brevet.

It was dear to see you Monday. You don't know how my heart thrills at thought of that new nest across the street and the yellow beak that is so soon to poke up above the rim.

Your bird fancier,

NANNY.

Wednesday.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

New Year met me somewhat sad,
Old year leaves me tired ;
Yet farther on my road today,
God willing, farther on my way.

God strengthen me to be myself
That heaviest weight of all to bear.

St. Chrysostom on his deathbed exclaimed, "Thank God for everything."

Galileo says, "We think God's thoughts after Him."

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. Power dwells with cheerfulness.

Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape.

If we meet no gods it is because we harbor none. He only is rightly immortal to whom all things are immortal. The genius of life is friendly to the noble, and in the dark brings them friends from far. Fear God, and where you go men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals.

You shall not wish for death out of pusillanimity. The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. You must do your work before you shall be released. And so I think that the last lesson

of life, the choral song, which rises from all elements, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom.

EMERSON.

On the birth of a friend's child.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Accept the obligation laid on thee :
To worthily defend the trust of trust,
Life from the ever living.

BROWNING.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep ;
From that true world, within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark.

Jesus saith, " Wherever there are two they are not without God, and wherever there is one I say that I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood and there am I."

On the anniversary of Mrs. Paine's death.

March 9, 1904.

Faithful: "I had sunshine all the rest of the way through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Look for your Shepherd and He shall give you everlasting rest, for He is nigh at hand. Be ready to the

reward of the Kingdom, for the everlasting light shall shine upon you for evermore.

Arise up, and stand and behold the number of those that be sealed in the Lord, which are departed from the shadow of the world and received glorious garments of the Lord.

These be they that have put off the mortal clothing and put on the immortal, and have confessed the name of God. Now are they crowned and receive palms.

II ESDRAS.

And wakes once more the sense of tears. The sadness at the Heart of things.

Reproving thankless man who fears
To journey on a few lone years.
Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune ;
Thou, from whose Cross in anguish burst
The cry that owned Thy dying thirst,
From darkness and from dreariness
We ask not full repose.
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes.

Behold how green this Valley of Humiliation is; also how beautiful with Lilies.

Besides here a man shall be free from noise and hurrying of this life.

All states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place.

Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation as in other places he is apt to be.

This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a Pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet with Apollyon, yet I must tell you that in former times men have met with Angels here, have found Pearls here, and have in this place found the words of Life.

That life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.

TENNYSON.

That which thou dost not understand when thou readest thou shalt understand in the day of thy visitation. For there are many secrets of religion which are not perceived till they be felt, and are not felt but in the day of a great calamity. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.

E. L. P.

The good stars in your horoscope made you of spirit, fire and dew.

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

Hearts training in their low abode,
Daily to lose themselves in hopes to find their God.

That a man lay down his life for his friends.

And I will gladly spend and be spent for you.

E. S. H.

Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street;
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet.
There was no bliss drew nigh to her
That she might run to greet.

I. A. H.

Not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves.

Sarah Whitman.

What other words, we may almost ask, are memorable and worthy to be repeated than those which love has inspired? It is wonderful. It is wonderful that they were ever uttered. They are few and rare indeed, but like a strain of music they are necessarily repeated and modulated by the memory. We should not dare to repeat these now aloud. We are not competent to hear them at all times. The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him. They are kind to each other's dreams. Confucius said, "Never contract friendship with a man who is not better than thyself." It is the merit and preservation of friendship that it takes place on a level higher than the actual characters of the parties would seem to warrant. It is an exercise of the purest imagination, the rarest faith, and the

friend responds silently through his nature and life, and treats his friend with the same divine courtesy.

Let our intercourse be entirely above ourselves and draw us up to it.

The language of friendship is not words, but meanings. It is one proof of a man's fitness for friendship that he is able to do without that which is cheap and passionate. This is a plant which thrives best in a temperate zone, where summer and winter alternate with one another. Friends will meet without any outcry, and part without loud sorrow. Their relation implies such qualities as the warrior prizes; for it takes a valor to open the hearts of men as well as the gates of castles. It is not an idle sympathy and mutual consolation merely, but a heroic sympathy of aspiration and endeavor.

There are some things which a man never speaks of which are much finer kept silent about. To the highest communications we only lend a silent ear. Our finest relations are not simply kept silent about, but buried under a positive depth of silence never to be revealed. For human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood.

Surely, my friend shall forever be my friend and reflect a ray of God to me, and time shall foster and adorn and consecrate our friendship no less than the ruins of temples.

As I love nature, as I love singing birds and gleaming stubble and flowing rivers and morning and evening and summer and winter I love thee, my friend.

THOREAU.

MANCHESTER, May, 1904.

It is so with the human relations that rest on deep emotional sympathy of affection; every new day and night of joy and sorrow is a new ground, a new consecration for the love that is nourished by memories as well as hopes. The love to which perpetual repetition is not a weariness, but a want to which a separated joy is the beginning of pain.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Mrs. Whitman's Death.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the Faith. Now, therefore, there is laid up for me a crown of rejoicing which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.

When frail nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour ;
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.

Dear thought of God which God will still think on.

And they shall be as when a standard bearer fainteth.

She met everybody in human sympathy, but of sin seemed to take no cognizance except in compassion.

The sick in soul touch her soul and are well again; the discouraged find new bravery; the yielding souls are clad anew with firmness; the frivolous grow serious; the mean are stung or tempted into generosity, and sin-

ners hate their sin and crave a better life. Oh, there are such men and women in the world. The world finds them out, and souls half conscious of disease creep to their doors. Friends bring their friends into the presence of these healing lives, as of old the men of Jerusalem brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them.

Like Seguier, the Camisard, who had more reason than most people to complain of life, he can say, "My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains."

June 27th, after Mrs. Whitman's death.

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost enkindle the flame of Thy love in the hearts of the saints, grant unto us the same faith and power, that as we rejoice in their triumphs we may profit by their examples, through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

Father, we thank Thee for the faithful souls that have blessed the world, whose lives shine as the light, holy ones who have feared God, who have bravely upheld the right, and generously lived for others' good.

Oh, may their pure and noble lives animate and quicken our hearts, and in our souls may there burn a desire like them to become true children of God.

A friendship which, at this most solemn time, does not seem so much to have been interrupted as to have been consecrated for evermore. In old days it was strength to be with her and for the future it will be strength to remember her.

Never be joyful except when ye shall look on your brother in love. — New Sayings of Jesus.

The weak shall be saved by the strong.

"No reflection," writes Harnack, "of the reason, no deliberation of the intelligence, will ever be able to expunge from the moral ideas of mankind the conviction that injustice and sin deserve punishment, and that everywhere when a just man suffers an atonement is made which puts us to shame and purifies us.

"It is a conviction which is impenetrable, for it comes out of those depths in which we feel ourselves to be a unity, and out of the world which lies behind the world of phenomena. Mocked and denied as though it had long perished, this truth is indestructible, preserved in the moral experience of mankind. These are the ideas which from the beginning onward have been roused by Christ's death."

This is just the heroic in the faith of the Old Testament, that in the midst of the riddles of life, and face to face with the impenetrable darkness resting on the life beyond, it throws itself, without reserve, into the arms of God. — DELITZSCH.

To MRS. CHARLES HOPKINSON.

Wednesday Morn.

My dear, dear old Elinor,

I wanted to send you a rose with a bud — I wanted to write — but the Baby's "Gammardge" thought I had better wait a few days longer, and I knew you needed no words to tell you of the thrill of rejoicing that went through this household when the pink ribbon appeared in your window. And then your mother was so dear to come across and tell us all about it.

I am glad she had Steenie to stand by her, while she stood by Charles, and now I hear that "she" is such a dear, and so pretty, every one says, and all her 'lations seem to care considerable about her. Isn't it wonderful? When I feel a sudden glow at my heart I know my subliminal self is thinking of you with a little girl baby in your arms.

God bless you both, and Charley and your mother, who stand next in the picture.

What a warm nest of love and friendship that little girl has come into.

• • • • • • • • •

I love you, darling.

Your old friend,

NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

HOME, Sunday, Feb. 7th.

Dearest Paulina,

Yesterday, for me, had no history except that, like the Vicar of Wakefield, I moved "from the blue room to the brown." Yes, and in the afternoon I saw

Ethel again, who pretends that her hair is full of the ashes of repentance, tho' it gleams as bright as ever to the outward eye.

Mamma came back from her luncheon party full of anecdote and pastry.

Miss Lowell and Miss Jackson were all delightful, but "mediæval Molly" was the gem of the occasion. She doesn't think there will be war between Japan and Russia, and said it reminded her of two cows, long ago in Conway, who came charging and pawing towards each other down the road — then turned and fled. "John Edward," said she to the disappointed farmer's boy who had been watching them, "what was the matter? Why didn't they fight?" "Wal," he answered, "one of 'em was scared and the other darsn't." And some one else told of a man who had gone to church after many years, and was glad, for he had learnt something — he had found out that Sodom and Gomorrah were cities and he had always thought them man and wife.

Dorr Bradley has written to ask me if he can get a tiger-kitten, of the Mt. Vernon Street breed, for his Alice, but she will have to be satisfied with a "lesser Lord of doom." Is not Sansge, like Warwick's war-horse, the last of a noble line? She is asleep on my feet at the moment, or she would send her love.

Mamma, in the chimney-neuk, is absolutely reading a chapter I chose for her in "The Soul of the Black Folk." It is beautiful and tragic, and true too, I imagine, except that it is unlikely that ten thousand little pickaninnies feel as he does, who is a genius and a poet.

I laughed at Dr. Mason and Mamma's decision that

it was better not to take things too hard if you couldn't prevent them. Do you think Dr. M. is one of those who learns by suffering what he teaches in song?

Miss Mason interviewed a club of young Jew girls a while ago who wanted to join the North End Union. They called their club the Star of Bethlehem, and their mottoes were "Keep wide awake" and "A sleeping fox catches no poultry." Don't you think they had hitched a rather unethical wagon to their star?

Your loving old
SISTER.

TO MRS. F. O. BARTON.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
February 29.

Oh, my dear, dear Mea,

Into the Holy of Holies of such a grief as yours only the nearest have a right to enter, but we who stand in the Outer Court long to bring some small offering of love and sympathy.

I carry you always in my heart — there is not a day when I do not think of you and long to put my arms round you.

When the news of Mr. Barton's death came we realized a little the joy you must have felt for him — you whose heart had gone with his into the Valley of the Shadow — when, at last, "mortality was swallowed up of life." "And, as he went over the River, the last words he was heard to say were, 'Welcome, Life.'"

The dark hours come later, when there is nothing to do but rest heavily on the will of God. "And our hope

of you is steadfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings so shall ye be also of the consolation."

I wish I had known your husband. You must have memories that make you very proud and grateful, and boys to train up to bear their father's untarnished shield. There are so many that need you — young and old — and it is clinging hands that hold up hearts that faint.

Those who love, even Death itself cannot separate, and in all the loneliness and anguish in which you are left you will surely feel the larger life into which he has entered pulsing in yours.

So let her wait God's instant men call years ;
Meanwhile hold fast by truth, and her great soul do out the duty.

May He "who seeth the sighs of the heart before they are uttered and heareth them still when they are hushed into silence" comfort you now and always.

Yours in true love and sympathy,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

SUMMER OF 1904.—BIRD TABLE-TALK.

So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes toward Heaven. "See," said he, "what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come by receiving them with looking up." — Pilgrim's Progress.

May 8, Sunday.

Exquisite sunrise with a pale crescent moon, and the Wood Thrushes singing gloriously a whole hour, with only little Chestnut-sides to accompany them. At five o'clock comes the full bird chorus. Looking out early I saw, first, Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee in Paulina's oak. Then a pair of Robins, the first Chestnut-sided Warbler, ecstatically catching something in a low oak tip, and a Black-and-white Creeper; a little later we see the first Blue Jay in my tree and drinking from the big tub. After breakfast see the Pine Warbler, some kind of Hawk, Chimney Swifts, Gulls, and hear the Purple Finch warbling; a good deal of unfamiliar song, which suggests a Catbird, and a little bird soliloquy as of the Red-eyed Vireo; also the Oven-bird's flight-song in the morning. Hear Downy drumming, Flickers crying "Wick-a-wick," and Nuthatches talking, all unseen. After lunch we see the first Oven-bird, mincing about under my oak, Black-throated Green, and Chippy coming to his supper.

May 16.

Day opens cold and dark after a pouring night. Sun struggles out between nine and ten o'clock when I move out onto my piazza. A Wood Thrush on the little

bushes by the path, a Red-eyed Vireo gossips over her work in the hemlock hedge and oak scrub. Hear a Catbird's mew, and later the faint ringing of an Indigo-bird, whom we discovered among the low bushes at the foot of the crooked pine—a perfect sapphire, and my own, for as soon as the canary seed is poured out on the familiar spot on the path he comes to eat there.

Looking down at sunset time over my piazza edge see little Indigo-bird taking two separate late suppers on the path, and a pair of Robins, Chippy and Oven-birds over and over again, while the Black-throated Greens and a Black-and-white Warbler pursue each other through the low bushes near the big tub.

A silent space with ever-sprouting green,
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.

KEATS.

May 24.

Cloudy and soft, then bright and warm. The hill-side for the first time "a mist of green" rather than a mist of pinkish-brown.

The Cardinals are breakfasting on the path, but where is little Indigo? Has he gone to meet his wife? See besides Chestnut-sides and Black-and-white, Mr. and Mrs. Black-throated Green (she gathers wicking), and Mrs. Redstart, who gathers wicking and hops along piazza rail. Red-eyed Vireos, Swifts, a Baltimore Oriole flying past and a Catbird in the barberry tangle. Pine Warblers twittering and a pair of Goldfinches on the dry leaves, under the ash tree,—he exactly like one of the dandelions near him. But triumph of triumphs, what

I am very sure is my own Smutty comes back to me at last after three long weeks of waiting. The Chickadee pair have been indifferent to meal worms, even when set out on the bird-table, besides looking pale and small and young and timid for my gallant Smutty. But in the middle of the afternoon, chancing to leave the meal-worm dish uncovered on the table by my sofa, on my return I find a Chickadee feeding from it in the old familiar way — a Chickadee that looks like Smutty. While I am dressing he comes back again and after one shy flutter he eats from it beside me as I lie quite still on my sofa.

Stay out through the exquisite warm evening with the Thrushes to sing to me at first. When they stop, there are a few flight-songs. Then I see the first Night-hawk fluttering over me and hear a dozen times, very faint in the distance, but unmistakable, the long-lost Whippoorwill.

In some time — His good time, I shall arrive.

May 25.

Each hidden by a leaf his rapture tells.

Warm and half cloudy — then bright. Out eleven hours. Waked by a Pe-a-wee's plaintive, sultry voice. See a Blackpoll Warbler in the hemlock hedge before breakfast, but where is little Indigo? Chickadees here, and among them Smutty, who sits on a fence, but fears to cast away at first; then comes five times to my little table for his meal worms — twice when I was there.

See Downy, and, on the path feeding, Chippies, Ovenbirds, Robins, Blue Jays (three of the last fly about all day in deadly fight in the crooked pine, scrub oak, etc.).

Red-eyed Vireo everywhere, Pine Warblers trilling in my tree, Chestnut-sided Warblers, Black-and-white Warbler and Black-throated Green, and Mrs. Redstart after wicking; also a pair of Goldfinches in the barberry tangle (he for two long visits), a Humming-bird, and at sunset time a female Tanager, who sits quietly in Paulina's oak and the oak scrub and lets us look at her.

June 4.

Exquisite warm day with the leaves all shining. (Dear little Gray Rose appears to be dying before breakfast and lies on her nest with closed eyes and panting breath, then rallies a little, gets onto a perch and eats. Still very ill, but grows better.)

A female Goldfinch sits in my tree and then returns to it with her husband, who prunes his ebon wing there serenely.

June 9.

At four o'clock in the morning found dear little Gray Rose dead under her perch. She had been so poorly again yesterday that we almost hoped she would die—but never to have her again—never to hear her little hymn!

Fare thee well, companion dear,
Fare for ever well, nor fear,
Tiny though thou art, to stray
Down the unaccompanied way.

A line of singular pathos in the Greek anthology tells of the voice of the singing bird forever hushed. "Thy ways and sweet breath are imprisoned in the silent paths of night."

Smutty flies thirty-eight times to my hand. A pair of Redstarts play tag in my tree and a pair of love-sick Oven-birds under it. See one flight-song. Bright, cool afternoon. Stay out till seven. All the birds singing sweetly at sunset time and the sweetest singer of all lying still under the nasturtiums beside me. My dear little Gray. I have you also in my heart.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we,
And after that — thou dost not care ;
In us was all the world to thee.

June 10.

Lovely November day, autumnally cloudy and bright, both. Paulina, walking out, sees a pair of Purple Finches in the midst of an ardent courtship, he dancing in the roads with trailing wings and she at the roadside pretending to search for food and not to see him. Thrushes glorious at sunset time, and very near. Deep pink sunset over the sky.

June 27.

After a hot night an exquisite morning — cooler, with a fresh air stirring; indoors at noon for an hour, then out again. A Red-breasted Nuthatch lands on the first mound pine.

The most beautiful of afternoons, with a deeply-blue sky and cool, still air. At sunset the west is gold with a pink afterglow on the sea, which is full of light, like an opal. A Wood Thrush sings his evening hymn on the crooked pine. Then a full moon.

The light that never was on sea and land.

July 10.

See the Chickadee family, the Downy family, the Catbird family. (There are four maltese kitten-birds.) Mr. and Mrs. Redstart carrying food to invisible voices; the Chippies with a very young brood (one baby takes his downy nap on the piazza rail till his mother comes back for him), and the baby Black-throated Greens being escorted about the mound, the hemlock hedge and my tree by their proud parents. Mrs. Hummingbird makes six visits to the nasturtiums. A Wood Thrush flies from the path and Oven-birds fly up into the sky in early morning "afternoon songs."

August 15.

Exquisite morning, and all the little birds astir. Get out at 5.30, when, though the sky is blue and the sun gilding the pine tops, a pale pink haze is over the sea.

See Wood Pewees, Song-sparrows, Goldfinches, who light on trees, Robins, who are clamourous on the hill-side, Flickers, and old male Redstart.

Smutty, ever since his young have been self-supporting, has been contented with six or seven meal worms a day. He, like all the cage birds, is moulting. Out fourteen hours through a most perfect, warm day. Thrushes talk at sunset as they did at dawn, but no singing!

Sept. 5.

Glorious sunrise with a Thrush "chooking" and purring as he did last evening at sunset. Get out at five o'clock. The pine tops and their trunks are in a deep glow as if reflecting a great fire. Hear a loud unfamiliar single note — very sweet — on the hillside, and hear the

Cardinal sing from the hemlocks. A small Warbler comes into my tree with a warm brown cloak and hood, two white wing-bars, a gold waistcoat streaked with black. After sunset a Wood Thrush flies almost into my arms.

Oct. 5.

Warmer, but not so still nor unclouded. Out six hours. The air is full of Bluebird calls and soft little unknown trills and whispered songs — one like a fairy whistle. See the Brown Creeper and Juncos in the trees and feeding on the path with the White-throated Sparrows and the Song-sparrows. Hear the "chook" of the Hermit Thrush and then, triumph! there he is among the barberries jerking his rufous tail. Myrtle Warblers everywhere, and in my tree a Parula Warbler and young Redstart, and then, behind the house, we see Black-throated Blue and Nashville Warbler over and over again, our very first Tennessee Warbler, making the eighth. Warmer today.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

Thursday, June 23.

My dear Mrs. Dexter,

The awful loss we have all foreseen with our minds is now close upon us and we must realize it with our hearts.

Mrs. Whitman is sinking fast, they think. She continued about the same till last Sunday night, when she had a serious turn. Mrs. Parkman does not leave her. Thank God those loving arms have been round her all these last piteous years. She does not suffer much — she has begun to wander a little in her mind — once she said, "I think I am going peacefully from this world to the next." It seemed tragic that the end should come at the hospital away from her own beautiful home — that she has treated her own sufferings always so carelessly, but that is in keeping with a life that came not to be ministered unto but to minister. All the loving service of all the long years come crowding into my mind — the wide human sympathies, the tender heroic counsel — all she has been to me and to hundreds more — "and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." What shall we do without her? It is like the Pilgrim's parting with Mr. Greatheart, "I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage, you who have been so faithful and so loving to us; you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counselling of us. Oh, that we might have thy company to our journey's end! How can such poor women as we hold out in a way so full of troubles as this way is without a friend and defender?" God help us all.

Your loving,

ALICE.

TO HER SISTER.

(July.)

My own darling,

This is just to put my arms round you again. You know I haven't said anything these last days. Words seem so little sometimes and yet have a trick of opening the floodgates.

Nor dares she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from her lip
Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away.

You know how I love you, and that it is because I shall miss you so much that I can bear it.

All the little familiar habits of love — the shared joys and sorrows — yes, and the shared jokes of all the years — the smiles and tears and half-conscious memories have twisted up our chord of love whose end is "hid with Christ in God."

Time has made for us something that time cannot touch — something that "must glow thro' time and change unquenchably the same."

It will shine on me here and keep your heart warm sometimes when perhaps — even in the midst of mountain peaks and cathedrals — you will want Aunty Nan.

Does she tyrannize over you? and make you take drugs of the first class and novels of the fourth class? and chase squirrels and watch birds — invisible birds in distant branches — and melt in unnecessary black holes of Calcutta?

But she loves you, darling.

Whatever lands doom takes to part us leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double.

Sometimes I feel as if I stood on the verge of my world and saw the sails grow dim in the horizon. But "are they not all the seas of God?" and such gallant ships we have seen battling with heavy seas — safe in port now, thank God.

Keep a brave heart, darling, and come home with renewed joy and courage to your most loving

ALICE.

To HER SISTER.

Monday, July 4.

Darling Teeny,

Would you like a few extracts from our "kindling"? I cannot call it "log" any more than Grandma Lodge could call a parlour-woman a parlour-girl.

It is a bright and windy day after a night made hideous by youthful patriots. Sophie is keeping many-colored rodents at bay while the birds feed — and Sans-Gêne stands in the screen door eager to help. She is her Gamardge's only comfort.

Leaning out the sun-parlour window, when the wind waves the long ferny leaves of the sumachs, one can catch a glimpse of blue eggs in a brown nest — at least when Mrs. Robin isn't being her own rooftree. As a bit of Gothic I am afraid she is pure Brockton.

Did Mamma tell you I had, on Friday, a call from Eliphaz Hopkinson, the Temanite? Afterwards said I to Gamdge, "It's a little too much to be told that the Prisoner would have really been better off without his Picciola." "Nonsense," said Dearie, "you've lots of Picciolas." "But not my little Picciola with the long ears."

Conversation number 2 (something between a *Caus-*

erie de Lundi and a *Causerie avec mes élèves*, which I remember was all fingers and thumbs):

- A. Man has such need of joy,
But joy whose grounds are true.

Mrs. S. Oh, bah, the poets! I wish, if you have to quote, you'd quote something cheerful with a lilt in it.

A. "Young Lochinvar is come out of the west" doesn't seem to have much bearing on my life.

But for all that we are eating venison pasties with some relish, in company with Friar Tuck and the Black Knight.

Your doting

AUNTIE NAN.

To HER SISTER.

July 8.

Greetings from the home-nest, from the Egg and the Nestling.

Smutty sits on the piazza rail glaring at his offspring and wishing he had remained a bachelor. Six babies, all "four times as big as the bush-tit, *are a clawful*." Downy wishes me to tell you that he has taught his "Dunoise" and "Dunoisa" to eat suet by themselves and "he can drum a little then."

Yesterday Kitty and I kept house together while Mamma lunched with Mrs. John Morse, with Mrs. Curtis and Miss Addie Bigelow. That sounds rather giddy, doesn't it? But what do you think of our asking two small boys to spend Sunday with us? However, it got no further, for Dickson, who was to supply the amusements, thinks he had better play with Anstiss, so Mildred's chicks must wait till another Sunday, when the

holes and windows in the Weston-Smith house are mended with something more substantial than cheese-cloth. Knowing that "tho' on pleasure bent you have a frugal mind," and that skies, but not Conys, change, I am sure you will be glad to hear that the damage is paid for by the Insurance Company. Jim Hooper thinks it will cost perhaps five hundred dollars. But that is a small matter. Did you ever hear of so miraculous an escape? Anstiss feels more what she calls "lazy" than she thought she should, but her head is better, which buzzed like a hive of bees the first day. Her chief distress was breaking the Pup's death to Melly-my-love. But the boys all bore themselves like tender-hearted Trojans.

It isn't often this modest family appear in the public print, but on this occasion the "Herald" gave us a few lines which bring friends to inquire.

You will not be surprised to hear that "where the lightning strikes the fawns will be gathered together."

Mrs. William Brooks drove up and Mrs. Bell writes in much excitement, ending with, "Heavy clouds are coming up now, and, as a book I used to read as a child said, my milk teeth begin to chatter in my mouth from fear."

It was dear to get three real live letters from the Faderland — and to think of the red-headed Supporters, one on each side of my Shield and Buckler.

Your lovingest

ALICE.

TO HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER,

Monday, July 18.

Darling Teeny,

As Mamma and I sat on the piazza last evening by moonlight we wondered whether to picture you in Cologne or further down the Rhine.

It was an exquisite midsummer day here and in the late afternoon Mamma went to the Memorial Service at Beverly Farms.

Mr. Dow, the florist, told of all Mrs. Whitman had been to her country neighbors and to the Baptist Church. When Mr. Lothrop came to speak he broke down for a moment and so did Richard Cabot, who made the most beautiful speech of the occasion. Judge Holmes was eloquent, Mamma says, and dwelt on her generosity, her intelligent sympathy with all great causes, her love of her kind, her humour, of her democracy of heart; but Richard Cabot spoke as one of the young men who loved her — whose life she had inspired — “rejoicing that he was turning his young strength to the old questions.”

Immortality, he said, was the keynote of her character — an immortality that begins now; and he read extracts from her letters to him on friendship and death and work — very beautiful, Mamma says, and like her. Her friends, Richard said, were like jewels to her, — all shining with their own beauty, — and she called herself the string on which they hung.

As he spoke it seemed as if the “friends and neighbours she had loved, and who had gone before her, were among them too — Martin Brimmer and the two Obers,

Mr. Larcom and his own mother." He spoke of her hours filled with work; of her splendid courage; of the house she built to welcome her friends, which opened directly into the living room and sacred hearthstone, as her life did.

I tell you this lamely at second hand, but wasn't it beautiful to have it adequately said by some one who knew and cared so much, in one of the places she had worked so gladly and loved so many?

I had a beautiful letter from Mrs. Parkman the other day. One of the last things Mrs. Whitman said that last week was, "It's all been good, hasn't it? for it's been answering to the Spirit."

If "Life is to be measured by the amount of love in the human soul," as Tauler says, hers was a very wonderful one. She bore witness of the light. "And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Your most loving
ALICE.

To MISS IDA MASON.

MANCHESTER, July 19.

Dear Miss Mason,

When you were here last I could talk calmly of Mrs. Whitman's possibly approaching death, but oh, the difference when one had to realize with one's heart that one should see her face no more — never again clasp the hand so tender to raise and soothe, or hear the spoken word so full of inspiration and good cheer! "The sting of death is sin" in more senses than the obvious one, isn't it? and the loss of those we love are our judgment days.

If only I had loved her more generously — not taken so much and given so little all these years which she has brightened by her presence!

At this supreme moment I try to forget my own remorse — try to forget my own changed world — and think only of that heroic life passed out of the valley of the shadow into the light beyond — the light she believed in and bore witness to.

We must try to mourn her as she mourned those she loved, with the strong note of triumphant joy running thro' the pain.

How many lives she has made brighter by living, and she brought not only tenderness, but strength. "At the top of the pillar was lily work."

I am glad there was a Memorial Service at Beverly Farms in the church where she had worked so gladly among the humble neighbors who knew how to love her.

Affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, July 20.

Well, Teeny, so "Nelson was tolollish," compared with you as a sailor on high seas!!

Your letter and Ethel's have just come, and Mamma is committing them to memory just inside my door, while "S. G." lies at languid length on the bed beyond. It is our fourth exquisite midsummer day, and really warm. Last night I slept out under the heavy dew and the stars, and had seen twenty-one kinds of birds before seven o'clock this morning, to the despair of "Sopidge." I have found that the darning-egg is the

only egg in which she takes no interest, and it *is* a discouraging business. She showed me a sample the other day and asked my advice.

"Burn it—I call that a hole with a stocking in it."

Another mild jest of mine I venture to send on the chance it may awake an echo of the giggles in which it was created. I advised Mamma, if in low spirits, to skip—in our Book of Prayers—anything called "General Intercession," as there they give full rein to a vivid, morbid imagination. "For all those wrongfully confined in penitentiaries; for women in perils of childbirth on unseaworthy vessels; for overworked servants; for tired book agents having dogs set on them; for sailors with thin ends to their mufflers—"

Here Gamdge broke into hysterical sobs. I should add that living alone with a Dormouse, "tho' a highly moral, is not a peculiarly exciting, life," but I fear she might say that a combination "Hatter" and "March Hare" also had its drawbacks as a steady companion.

Dickson is a dear, and this afternoon I see Mrs. Peabody, who is also a dear. And now, my dearest dear, good-bye. From

Your devoted

AUNTIE NAN.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

MANCHESTER,
Sunday, July 24.

Darling Linkstress,

What good care you are taking of my baby, or perhaps I had better say *our* baby.

Do you remember Mamma's dashing out as you and

I sat on this piazza last year to say, "You girls may talk as much as you like, but I am Paulina's mother;" and my answering, "Hush! why not let Ethel go on thinking she's her mother?"

But if I am so generous about Paulina you must let me have a good slice of Lily.

That dear thing was here again Friday, and I had the pleasure of pointing out to her the strange lack of humour possessed by the Reformer.

Imagine the Total Abstainers nominating for president a man named "Swallow!" The vice-president is not "Rum," as you might imagine at first, but "Carol," which Dickson says suggests that the platform is "*Wein, Weib und Gesang.*"

Poor Dickson has been gazing wistfully to sea this last two days, where the boys are kept by a northeast storm and a high sea — a hen-father, if there is such a bird.

Friday night it rained and blew so heavily that at five o'clock in the morning we were grateful to see the white tent-top sticking up out of the mist.

Literature preserves an impressive silence as to how Robinson Crusoe's aunt and grandmother felt.

Tell Paulina I don't know what to think about the Cardinal's second nest, if they had one, as I strongly suspect they did, way down the hillside.

Sometimes Sophie and I "hear the lark within the songless egg," but as a whole we lean to despondency.

However, Virginia is safe, and only once has Florider been seen trying to eloquently persuade her into being a Liberal Unionist.

Five minutes for refreshments is nothing to the way that poor woman is expected to choke down her meals.

"Quick-quick-quick," Wolsey sings, feeling as a mother does when she has the children and the nurse is at her meals. Lily also feels that they take an unearthly time, — nurses, I mean, — but I tell her it goes with the nurse attributes.

As the prince in the fairy tale chooses a wife who pares the rind of a cheese, so before hiring a nurse ask to see her eat. If she chews the cud and divides the hoof hire her at once.

You see, darling, I am happy as far as happiness lies in having no history.

I needn't tell you I love you and long for you and rejoice with you every minute.

Your most devoted
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, July 28.

Darling Twitty-wee,

I had my last call from Mrs. Peabody yesterday, and was horrified to find the Elect Lady was not using hospitality to the saints without grudging. In other words she hadn't yet invited her Bishop for October. The path of duty seemed to lie toward Bishop — of something woolly and western, tho' she longed for "Sacramento."

She is a dear old thing and when not talking of "the Sabbaths of Eternity" is refreshingly vicious. It is another case of "Go to hell, Bunch."

And, speaking of Bunch, did we tell you that for five days we added to our list of pets a female Irish terrier who drove about with William on the front seat of the carriage looking for her lost home? I called her the

Doge of Venice!! And thereby hangs another tale. If the real Doge of Venice had a ring with which he "wedded the Adriatic," why should not Bella have a cake with which to wed Squam Lake? so I am having her one baked and frosted. She goes up Monday without a Harvard student, and, as her wharf isn't finished, her furniture and stores must be butted ashore *on a raft by a steam launch.*

Her coffee cups came to the enormous sum of one dollar forty cents, so I made her keep the rest of the gold-piece "to get herself something substantial to eat." Could a Wiesbaden prune come under this head?

Dickson and I were much diverted by Mamma's saying to me, in all soberness, "There are two tomatoes left! I bought four!!" I told her it was only equalled by Oliver Hereford's "going into the country to keep a bee."

Enter Mamma herself, but without a letter. When we last heard you were perched on the spire of Cologne Cathedral taking a bird's-eye view of the adjacent countries.

Sophie has seen an Orchard Oriole, by the way, and a Belted Kingfisher, and we have both seen Baby Tanagers — but, alas! I don't believe we shall ever have Baby Cardinals. Virginia, we have decided, is a person marked for ill-fortune. The loss of her tail was, perhaps, like the loss of Samson's hair.

What frivolous letters I write, don't I? but you can read the serious love parts between the lines.

Did I tell you how profoundly impressed I was by Di when she was here? I think she will have the real fruits of spiritual struggle to give to others.

She has thought on the vision, and heard the knock-

ings of those that seek her. "I think any one would admit," she said, "that in my life I have had more than my fair share of—" "sorrows," I expected, but no, — "blessings."

Some day I must tell you more of what she said. Now good-bye, darling.

From your own
SISTER.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER, July 31.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

This last month there has not been a day — hardly an hour — when I have not longed for Mrs. Whitman and rejoiced with her, and I know you feel the same, and often have a dreary sense of being far away and a-hunger for news.

We who love her gather together and something of her spirit falls upon us — she who in "the midmost heart of grief" always "clasped the secret joy." What a brave, forward-looking life — full of sympathy and strength and work!

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love," and how gladly she spent and was spent for us!

We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die;
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonest the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

Every one has written you, but have they dwelt enough on the beautiful end of that heroic life? After those tragic months — years almost — of feverish strug-

gle against increasing pain and weakness it is a comfort to know there was "peace at the last." She said once to Mrs. Parkman in those last days, "Well, it has been good, hasn't it? for it has been answering to the Spirit." And then again, "Oh! how wonderful, how beautiful, the inner Innerness of—" then she stopped as if rapt in some vision. "I adore Him," she said of our Lord, and over and over again, "Good-bye, darling, bless you! that's all I'll say just now, but love to everybody and all's serene."

In her death, as in her life, she bore witness to the light, — and we lift up our hearts unto the Lord, remembering her.

These are our pillar fires,
Seen as we go,
They are that City's shining spires
We travel to.

And we have been her friends and learnt what friendship may mean.

Yours in true love,
ALICE W. S.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August 1st.

Dearest Teeny, so with the Jungfrau for a background you have seen my tender-eyed Little Cock?

So Mr. Paine went to Berne on Peace business? Has he converted those bun-eating bears? and did he read an article in the "Spectator" on the "Idealism of War"? It seemed to me quite interesting as an answer to Tolstoi. Give him my dear love.

Yesterday Mamma went to Emanuel and heard Bishop McVickar. Today the Weston-Smiths scatter for their fortnight's vacation. Dickson has been working hard enough to really need it, and Anstiss hasn't picked up yet from her lightning experience. She doesn't yet like being left in the house alone. As for me, my feeling about thunderstorms was always a matter of pure unreason, so the knowledge that something sometimes really does happen rather steadies my nerves than otherwise.

Do you remember saying when you went to town for the day remarkable events took place? This was an example of "Ellen Emmons's ten ten-strikes" with a vengeance.

News I have none — seeing you have promised to read a fat red tome full of daily lists of birds when you get home. Mamma sleeps well and Pussy is adorable. Evenings we have chills and fever over Stanley Weyman, — daytimes we toy with the "Outlook," and wish the Negro-problem had never been invented. A "distinguished Southern Educator" apparently thinks the root of the evil in colored schools is that the literature presented to their minds is full of white heroes and heroines. This is the Black Letter Press with a vengeance! May they read "Othello," or would that "put vanilla beans up their chocolate nose"? He seriously suggests that in their primers after B O Y a small negro should appear in the woodcut — also after G I R L (to teach chivalry for their own race, presumably); I suggested that F R U I T should be illustrated by watermelon!! Do I see a frown on the face of my Linkstress? then let me pass to more harmless jests!

Mamma too likes watermelons and lemon pie, but

peaches she won't eat unless cut up and sugared heavily.

I tell her it looks as if she had only a sweet tooth that wobbled.

I am afraid Mamma would "look long at a five-cent stamp" before sending so frivolous a letter as this. But a Nanny Dog must needs be waggish.

TO HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August 5.

My precious child,

.
Ethel's cheery letter was a real comfort to Gamdge, tell her. I am really proud of that woman, who looks like the Co-operative Cauliflower, and under the kindly influence of Mary, the cook, is beginning to find that she needs to be the Judicious Hooker if she is to get into her gowns at all.

The first week after you left I kept her pretty anxious, and she showed it, but now she looks rested and blooming. Early bed, few fellow-creatures, two short drives a day, agree with her, to say nothing of an hour and a half of solid sleep every afternoon. She wants you to know that "when the mouse is away the cat will nap," and that the mouse does occasionally go the grand tour is proved by his being seen—in however lowly a position—at the diamond jubilee.

.
We miss Dickson and his evening calls, but he seems to be having a pleasant time on the blue Kennebec, and writes that he had a dear letter from you.

Except little scraps of conversation, and a few mild jests, what have I to tell you?

We have decided the reason nobody in bird books sees any feathered friends in August is because they are all here. The Thrushes still sing and my sunny pine tops are just full of young Warblers playing tag. I saw twenty-five kinds of bird yesterday, and among them a dear Indigo, who sat on the suet branch, the piazza rail, and Blue's cage fifteen minutes by Shrewsbury clock. But, oh! my bird of birds — “half angel and half bird” — there's nae luck about the house when my gude Mauve's awa'.

Her ain

AULD NANNIE.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August 9.

Dearest Paulina,

It is a beautiful day, cool and sparkling, and Mamma has gone to Dr. Donald's funeral.

Our hearts have been very full of him these last weeks — ever since we heard the solemn word “dying,” which is always new and sudden, however long expected.

He has always been a kind friend to this family.

Mercifully, the pain stopped at the last, but it has been a long, hard crossing, and, for the rest, it has all been so tragically piteous that it takes one by the throat. If every one had been as generous and affectionate and loyal as Mr. Paine!

There Blame deserts, there his unfaltering dogs
He from the chase recalls, and homeward rides,
Yet Praise and Love pass over and go in.

Our neighbor, Mr. Weston, died suddenly the other night, which will make the poor "Owl" long more than ever to be at home. It seems sometimes as tho' no sound reached across the ocean but the knelling of bells.

This morning I saw the first Golden-winged Warbler and (with the first red leaf on the sumachs) he made me realize, with a pang, that summer is on the wane. Such a beautiful summer, with what Shakespeare calls "shiny nights."

A Song-sparrow feeds on the path now and sings grace — but the Cardinal mystery is still unsolved. That big, striped young one was the authentic "Baby Sphinx." It was, line for line, a female Rose-breasted Grosbeak, and yet —

Do you think they could have hired a baby to hold under their shawl while they sang, "Who will buy my sweet lavender?"

I really am better, not worth much — but very grateful when I realize how I was the first two or three weeks after you left — and how I am now.

Pussy is getting fond of Sophie, but she is never gushing, you know.

Congo is still weeping for his lost family, tho' we do our best. Indeed, he has blacked himself all over for the part of chief mourner, and sits on their doorsteps singing the coronach. Bella's island is a great success even tho' no Ferdinand in the form of a hired Harvard student has been wrecked there yet.

You get an occasional communication from Mrs. Carderelli and Mrs. Morgan and Rita Crombie — which we answer.

But what is a letter without a conversation between the two familiar *dramatis personae*?

A. Virginia would like you to buy her some currants to keep her bill pink.

Mrs. S. Would blueberries do as well?

We dote.

To HER SISTER.

August 12.

My precious Baby,

I must begin my tomorrow's letter today — not that I intend, tell that brutal Linkstress, to write the kind of birthday letter she does, which leaves the recipient bathed in blushes and tears.

Lily and I were talking of the futility of attempting to cheer — with such vacant chaff as "gaining a new sister," even if it were not rather blasphemous to fling round the name of sister, which "we two knew the meaning of."

"Perhaps 'new' makes the distinction," Lily suggested, but I told her a new sister was what I gained thirty-two years ago this very Friday. She was dear then, but her dearness has gone multiplying like the nails in that horseshoe.

Aug. 13.

Sophie is bustling about all smiles, for her Ida comes this afternoon — and like Kitty her attendant is more affectionate than she likes to own up to.

I shall be glad to have another mouth to feed for the sake of Hilton and Woodward.

You never saw such ridiculous letters as I write them. Occasionally — as an encouragement — we ask the price

of things which we don't buy. Last time, as I told Mamma, we were very dashing and inquired the price of tame ducks. Ducks, mark you — instead of the market value of half a tame duck.

By the way, isn't that what I am, now my Siamese has been cut from me? or is it half a wild goose?

I had a delightful call from Miss Ida Mason last evening. She came after Diana so she was contraband goods, but "nice customs curtsey to great Kings" and she only comes to the Winthrops twice a summer for one night. She gave me good accounts of Mrs. Perkins who had had her house filled with young descendants who needed her — which, tho' somewhat fatiguing, has been cheerful and comforting.

It is another glorious Autumnal morning and I have sent Mamma out to call on Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Dalton. I am so glad you saw Mrs. Dexter, "and now," as Mamma said in triumph, "I have something to tell her." It is news, you know, that she met you. We celebrated your birthday last evening by opening a new box of Page and Shaw.

And now "my dearly beloved and longed-for, my joy and crown — so stand fast in the Lord, dearly beloved."

Your own loving old only
SISTER.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, Aug. 17th.

Darling Teeny, think of this being almost the last letter! That seems so near, that three weeks and two days — which it is literally — seems dreadfully long.

When I feel rather desolate I say "Rockets!" which

means I am sinking, wrecked in deep waters and sending up signals of distress, but Gamdge, who is the only lighthouse within reach, has let out her lamp and is not even looking seaward, she says, but in her kitchen eating apple-tarts.

You needn't expect to find a sensible family when you get home. We are exactly the same, if not more so.

Mamma is still human and Mrs. Linnet-like. I tell her I don't dare quote Coleridge to her for fear she'll say he was the man who took opium and left his children for Southey to bring up. As for Watts, the artist, she can only look on him as the first husband of Ellen Terry!

I had a most charming letter from Ellen at her French chateau. We felt as tho' we were there in the hot sunshine.

Was it too hot for her to get to Paris to see you?

We read the accounts of European heat as if it were a dream. We stayed in Spring-time and now Autumn has come, and the birds, instead of singing, talk eagerly of the South. It is sad work, but "who can keep the bird from following the flown Summer?" Each morning when the Cardinals come up to breakfast I am grateful my dear tailless Virginia hasn't decided to climb to Florida from bush to bush.

Your own Permanent Resident.

To Miss ELLEN HOOPER.

MANCHESTER, August 18.

Dearest Ellen,

Your tissue paper played the part of a magic carpet and transported us to your charming French chateau, lying so peaceful under the hot sunshine. I wish the

sunshine hadn't been quite so hot on your account — and did you see my children?

Paulina's letters today are still tremulous with the vision and glory of Chartres Cathedral.

I am glad Mrs. Whitman had it before she died. I say died, but I can't believe it — can't believe that I shall touch her hand no more. As when your father went, I understood it best lying out in the quiet hours of sunrise and sunset.

Mrs. Dow came to see me one afternoon, and I am so glad you told me of her.

As for Diana, she comes once a week, and I am sometimes cheered and sometimes much discouraged about her health — but always profoundly impressed by the gallant struggle she is making — Jacob's struggle "in the darkness with the unseen."

I miss you every minute and my Ethel — as for Paulina — but we are doing bravely and every one is most kind and devoted.

Gamdge and I have merry times together and read exciting novels and take early beds. The first two or three weeks I kept her very anxious, but she has had time to pick up since and looks remarkably well.

My birds are more fascinating than ever, but alas! the Thrushes have ceased singing and the little warblers are gathering up their feather skirts to be gone.

Paulina writes that she has seen Storks! but they are not confined to Europe.

And now, my darling, good-bye and God bless you and bring you safe home to

Your
NANNY.

TO HER SISTER.

August 19, 20, 21.

Here's a fat letter for my darling to put under her pillow so long as they won't let her stick hatpins into the air-mattress—and is she really coming home—leaving all the glories and the visions behind her on the mountains because "love dwelleth in the valley"?

I am glad Mrs. Whitman saw Chartres before she died. I was struck, in reading Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein" the other day, with something Wallenstein says after Max is killed:

This anguish will be wearied down, I know—
What pang is permanent with man?
For the strong hours conquer him—
Yet I feel what I have lost in him.
The bloom is banished from my life.

The strong hours do conquer us—the pang is "grieved down" somehow, but I think the dumb, numb heartache is much the worst to bear.

Mamma is gone to town—she and Dickson, to put their arms round the poor little Chief Justice.

It needs a good deal of coaxing to make Gamdge desert her post even for a few hours, but when she interferes with my Napoleonic plans I call her "Grouchy"—with the pronunciation in the English mode.

My plans, as you may guess, are more of the "*Politique de Longwood*" than of the *haute politique*.

Where, for instance, Sophie and Ida shall drive.

A happier pair you never saw, and Sophie deserves it after her enthusiastic devotion to all her strange duties.

I tell her she must have printed on her business cards, "Currying cats a specialty."

Oh! Mauvaise! your little charge is more bewitching than ever. As she lies sleeping on my bed I have fastened on her collar. So that if she did get lost, you know!!

She sends you a hard, rubbing kiss, preceded by a curtsey — one of her curtseys!

Aug. 20.

To go back to "Wallenstein," which we've been reading — Mamma turned so eagerly to the Piccolomini that I told her she thought "Tiny Tim" was the hero.

We've left the Thirty Years' War now and the French Revolution, and betaken ourselves to "Silas Lapham."

It seems rather quiet — indeed, the Lapham family life at the South End is almost as quiet as ours now.

Did you know Mrs. Dexter, in her last letter, still hopes we have visitors? Tho', unless we had the Prisoner of Chillon and kept him immured in the parlor —

There is the greatest thumping overhead, where Mamma and William and Ben pursue the imaginary buffalo bug among the trunks. William, who keeps a marshal's baton in the whiphoulder, is ordering Ben about with great zeal.

He said of Mr. — the other day that he was "fearful! fearful!" but, as I told Mamma, his only other expression, "A perfect little beauty," was hardly applicable.

It's blowing a gale outside and there is no letter. Yesterday one from Ethel.

Your Paris news seems a happy mixture of cathedrals and restaurants — *le tour d'Eglise* and *le tour d'Argent*.

I merely mention one of our *entremets*:

"Doughnuts à la Princess Colonna!"

If only this storm would stop howling — but it started in St. Louis and has swept over the whole country — drowning New York city in rain. Virginia and her Cardinal, when they leave the safe harbour of the hemlock hedge to eat, anchor themselves tight to the edge of the bird-table and reef their top-gallant crests.

Sunday, Aug. 21.

A glorious, bright morning, with the weather pretending it has never done anything but smile, and who will be here Sunday — after-next — after-next, to listen to the Baptist Church bells, from her nest among the tree-tops? "*J'ai vaincu le participe passé*" is nothing to mentally conquering the paulo-post future, and realizing that when you get this the wonder-world will lie behind you as a dream when one awakeneth.

By means of scraps of paper, in the form of postcards, these hounds of affection have tracked their fox as far as Amiens. But England seems only a bright blur.

Did you see Sir Louis at last and Mary Beaumont? — but of course you must — and Professor Cunningham and that *nouveau riche*, the Duke of Argyle?

Tell Ethel all my callers are nice, but three of them I love through and through — with my soul, as well as my heart — and they are Mrs. Higginson and Miss Fanny Morse and *her* Lily.

And now good-bye, darling, and God bless you all and bring you safe home to

Your loving

ALICE.

To MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

MANCHESTER,
All Saints' Day.

Dearest Mrs. Dexter,

Today, when we try to enter more closely into the Communion of Saints our friends who are separated from us—not only by death, but absence—seem very near. You and Ellen are with me—tho' I do long to hear your voices and feel the touch of your hands.

When we reach "48" on Thursday there will be no yellow flower in my room with your welcome, will there? But the love will be there, I know. It is a sad winter that is beginning, and my heart grows faint and sick when I think of driving past Mrs. Whitman's empty house. But not when I think of her. After all, the earthly homes are but "an image of the heavenly." The little memorial pamphlet has reached you by this time, and wasn't Richard Cabot's speech beautiful? Her own words are like a trumpet call.

Some day I must write and tell you of all Paulina's Convention doings—and Dickson's enthusiasm over all the heroic pioneer work the Church is doing. Monday I had a long and most interesting call from Bishop Brent. He is a splendid man, doing a splendid work, and talks with a sober hopefulness that fills one with confidence.

Indeed, I do know how you are feeling about Susie—and the joy for her and the personal loneliness and the sad new beginning. I am sorry you are not going to cuddle down into our nest, which is torn too with time and storms. One day at a time, and God with us. He who is "the same yesterday, today and forever."

Yours lovingly,
ALICE.

To MISS ELLEN HOOPER.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
November 12th.

Thirty-two years ago today, when I was four years and two days old, and quite unconscious of my good fortune, Ellen Hooper was born — in Brookline, was it? — to make the world a different place to some of us.

Oh, my dear, I wish we had you here this winter.

Beginnings are heavy work and make us realize how many things have ended for us here.

Have you seen the Memorial of Mrs. Whitman yet? — but of course you have — and the extracts of her letters to Richard Cabot? They are so full of her and the spirit in which she lived and loved.

Mrs. Parkman is taking her Bible Class, which seems beautiful and fitting, does it not? And the money for the memorial window at Radcliffe has been raised. Radcliffe makes me think of Mrs. Agassiz, who is marvellously better, the cloud quite lifted from her mind and the old peace and sunshine come back.

Mrs. Higginson was radiant over it when she was here Thursday.

But she brought us word that you were poorly — so poorly, we gathered, in a vague way, that we were greatly relieved to hear the facts from Ethel.

So you are to go to Spain “with April and the swallow” to say nothing of the nightingale, when the oranges and pomegranates are in bloom in the garden of the Alhambra? It sounds so beautiful that we are almost reconciled to not putting our arms round you for still another month. Almost, but not quite. In Spain or Egypt we hold you close in our hearts.

Your NANNY.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart.

Mercy is not in any way inconsistent with justice, but only the riper form of it. Now of the ancients, for the most part, it may be said that they had not enough justice to have any mercy. — “Ecce Homo.”

He left the solution to Jehovah and made the grief his own. Neither he nor any other sufferer of the olden time could analyze the cup which the Father had given him to drink. . . . It is divinely strange that his strengthening and confidence came not with a promise of relief and comfort, but with an assurance that his present conflict was but a foretaste of sterner and more agonizing strife. “For thou hast run against footmen and they wearied thee; then how wilt thou compete with horses?” The rock which dashed his ship to pieces bore him up, wounded and bleeding, beyond the reach of the breakers. — McCURDY on Jeremiah.

Pity was to be henceforth no stranger, greeted occasionally, but a familiar companion and bosom friend.

“Ecce Homo.”

That is the real use of a high standard, that it should be something that enables one to help others from their own point of view, not to change all at once that point of view to one's own. — CREIGHTON.

Hope is the mark of all the souls whom God has made His friends. — DANTE.

The Crucifix stood there — a perpetual reminder that happiness is not an end, but an accident, and that pain is the choice of the magnanimous. — STEVENSON.

They, like men indeed, fortifying courage with the true rampart of patience, did so endure, as they did rather appear governors of necessity than servants to fortune. — SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Do valiantly and hope confidently and wait patiently.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

I must bear it inevitably and I will by God's help bear it nobly.

By Friendship I mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of mind of which brave men and women are capable. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

A man cannot touch his neighbor's heart with anything less than his own. — GEORGE MACDONALD.

Unless you are deliberately kind to every one you meet you will be unintentionally cruel every day of your life. — RUSKIN.

Sunrise should mean for us, as for the Greeks, daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life — the thrilling of new strength through every nerve — the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night in the power of the dawn.

RUSKIN.

It may be truly said that in working out his salvation the invalid needs the heart of a chevalier, the soul of a believer and the temperament of a martyr; and more than any other mortal he has to learn to put his trust in the strength of the spirit. — LEIGH HUNT.

It [suffering] taught me the worth of little pleasures as well as the utility and dignity of great pains.

LEIGH HUNT.

My body suffers great pain, but my soul is as quiet as a mirror, and has sometimes fine sunrises and sunsets. — HEINE.

Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits.

Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

And even if death catch people like an open pitfall in mid career . . . does not life go down with better grace foaming in full body over a precipice than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? — STEVENSON.

Some far home-grief that hath bowed her low.

Can that joy old,
Or friends once linked in sunshine, when the cold
Storm falleth, not together meet the sea?

MURRAY's translation of "Euripides."

But when a whole life one long battle is.

The bitter tide of calamity has risen above her lips.

In new-shed tears for sorrow long gone by.

On the Death of Her Cat.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father?

With Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.

And the creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.

The hostility between man and the beasts not only formed once upon a time the chief material obstacle in the progress of the race, but remains still, to the religious thinker, the most pathetic portion of that groaning and travailing of all creation which is so heavy a burden on his heart. — GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

Ripae ulterioris amor — the love of the other shore.

Ignem sui amoris accendat Deus in cordibus nostris.
Amen.

One of the old Fathers said of Christ, “ He dwelt in a tent of the same material as ours.”

Let me speak —
Who may not speak again —
Whose spirit yearns
For a cool night after this weary day.

The common Semitic word for God, *El*, denotes ety-

mologically the goal; that is, him or that to which all human longing aspires, or must aspire.

CORNILL'S "Prophets of Israel."

His windows being open to Jerusalem. — DANIEL.

All is well.

Had He not turned us in His hand and thrust
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,
We had not been this splendour, nor our wrong
An everlasting music for the song
Of earth and heaven.

Go, women, lay our dead
In His low sepulchre. He had His meed of garlanding.
'Tis we, 'tis we,
That dream, we living.

From GILBERT MURRAY's translation of
"The Trojan Woman."

Anniversary of Mrs. Whitman's death, June 24.

If beautiful to me while still in sight,
How beautiful must be your aspects now;
Your unknown, well-known aspects in that light
Which clouds shall never cloud for evermore.

For to miss joy is to miss all. — STEVENSON.

Jesus made love and humility one. Humility is not a virtue by itself; but it is pure receptivity, the expression of inner need, the prayer for God's grace and forgiveness and, in a word, the opening up of the heart to God. — HARNACK.

And Jesus was left alone and the woman standing in the midst. — St. John, viii, 9.

Two persons were left. Augustine says, “The unhappy woman and Compassion Incarnate.”

(*Relicta sunt duo misera et misericordia.*)

The story of the life of one to whom love was the supreme revealer, and life but an opportunity for loving.

From Creighton's Life.

All one can do is to watch the conflict and be ready to cheer the combatant when weary. But remember, the cheering must not be cowardly. It is no good saying to the panting, struggling creature, “How hard it is for you to have to fight the battle. I don't want to help the soldiers to groan, I want to get them to win.”

To obtain first a secure mooring for one's self among the tempestuous sea of doubts and passions and difficulties, and then to be ready to warn others from shipwreck, or to save them when they are shipwrecked; this is all we can do.

We cannot get others to steer by our own charts or follow our course. — CREIGHTON.

Sunday, October 22, 1905.

It is easier to win spoils from death than to keep them untarnished by life. Shame burns warm in a soldier's heart when he sees the arms he risked death to win rusting for want of a little care. Ours will not burn less if we discover that the strength of character we brought with us out of some great tribulation has been slowly weakened by subsequent self-indulgence or van-

ity. How awful to have fought for character with death only to squander it upon life! It is well to keep praying, "My God, suffer me not to forget my bonds and my bitterness." — GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

Nov. 1905.

Anguish gave way to sympathy. The mystery became the stimulus to a mission.

The Just shall live by faithfulness — steadfastness.

HABAKKUK.

Happiness is growth into the purpose of the world.

CREIGHTON.

Shelley says, —

Who, when my being overflowed,
Was like a chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty earth.

It is all there. One's being overflows; there are thoughts which it is hard to express; one does not know their value; if there is no one to receive them they sink into the earth and leave no trace.

But love is there with a golden chalice to catch them and show their brightness another beauty and make them a perpetual possession.

Life has no more to give than the opportunity of loving service. — CREIGHTON.

Sympathy cannot be cultivated in itself; it has no rules. It is born of insight and rests on respect. It is the result of all life's training.

The Christian, through submission to God, is constantly growing out of selfish ideals into a perception of the world as God's world.

But this process is never completed here. All he can hope to do is to carry away the rudiments of a teachable soul to face the knowledge of the hereafter.

CREIGHTON.

Infinite pity is needed for the infinite pathos of human life.

TO MRS. COPLEY AMORY.

Dear Mary,

I was so glad to hear from Mary Lothrop that your father was better. Mrs. Lyman had lunched with Mrs. Peabody Monday and spoke of the more comfortable day and comfortable night.

How has Mrs. Russell borne the terrible strain — and you, dear Mary? And Ellen?

Mrs. Higginson writes that she left the South with Annie. One would fear that that poor child would be crushed under the heavy burden of sorrow and anxiety if one did not see again and again how those who are called on to suffer are wonderfully upheld and strengthened. The new seal on the old promise, "When thou passeth thro' the waters I will be with thee, and thro' the rivers they shall not overflow thee, for I, the Lord, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not."

Affectionately yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

February 15th.

TO MISS GERTRUDE BROOKS.

Dear Gertrude,

In a little silk case, in my bureau drawer, lie the handkerchiefs that are too pretty for me to carry in private life.

Here is the prettiest of them all, which Mr. Higginson brought me years ago, and which is growing yellow with age.

Luckily, it has no initials on it, and I thought you would carry it for me.

It brings you much love, this 27th of March, and

hopes that your new year will deal lovingly with you and yours.

It is twelve years now, isn't it, since I came to know you in the days when the sorrow and triumph stood close together, as they do now.

And Time, which none can bind,
Though flowing fast away,
Leaves Love behind.

Yours then and now and always

ALICE.

March 25th, 1905.

TO MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Sunday Morning.

Dear, dear Ethel,

Our chief thought is a great thankfulness that William is spared the dreary, dependent years stretched so tragically before him — that the brave, untiring spirit has escaped from the worn and crippled body.

Set free at last,
The short pang passed.

But oh, my dear! I wish you could have been spared the sudden shock and horror and all the responsibility.

Spared, too, the grief that must come to you all at the loss of so old and faithful a friend — one so interwoven with the home life of the past.

We longed to have you here last night — to hold you in our arms. But we keep you always in our heart of hearts.

God bless you, darling — you and yours, now and forever.

Your
NANNY.

To MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Easter.

Dearest Bessie,

Easter came in more brightly because my "old soldier" was a little better and I had a note in her own hand — tho' I know that as Stevenson wanted on his tomb "that he died with the paddle still in his hand," so you still clasp the pen. And I had wanted a pretty green dish to set out in my window aviary at Manchester — so the Easter Hare just jumps with my wishes.

Apropos of aviaries Mrs. Lodge's Mocking-bird and the new parlour-maid's pet canary are adding their songs to my bird chorus, so I feel as if all the Easter eggs in creation had been successfully hatched and reared in my room. I am better, and wish muchly that there was any hope of our meeting on Thursday. I saved you a joke of Paulina's, which is about as apt a quotation as I ever heard. Was it ever said before? Mr. Kidner, speaking of some friend who had married his typewriter, added, "That is evidently the career for a bright girl who wants to get married."

"Yes," said Paulina, who is up in "In Memoriam," if nothing else, —

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

Isn't that good? Paulina has just come back from Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt — "Royal folks at breakfast time" — and sweet and sprightly as ever. Friday I had a long and very dear call from Mrs. Lodge.

And now, my dear, dear old Bessie, I want to wish you every best Easter wish and to tell you that this family can enter into the joy of the day — not more

deeply, but with less tribulation, than a year ago. And for our dear dead, for Mrs. Whitman, in especial, who was with us a year ago — we too see the vision of angels.

On each Easter after Christ's Resurrection "The graves are opened and the bodies of the saints arise and come into the holy city and appear unto many."

With true love,

Always yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,
April 29, 1905.

Dear Bessie,

When I directed this envelope I hoped to write you a Palm Sunday letter, but it is not too late to wish you every beautiful Easter joy. The light of that day shines for us thro' the year.

I have thought of you much of late, for if Mr. —'s defalcation struck us, who were strangers, with shame and horror, what must it have been to you? and a man brought up under your father, who carried the highest Christian ideals into every detail of life "through dusty lane and wrangling mart."

But perhaps, dear, I only pain you. The longer I live the more I realize the solidarity of mankind. We stand and fall together — the sin of the sinner is our sin, but also the virtue of the saints. From ourselves we turn to "The Lord our Righteousness."

By the way, I must tell you of a joke of Mrs. Bell's.

Mrs. Bell spoke of the strange consolation some people took in "Amiel's Journal." "Now I could bear it if he had written one page and signed it Jane! People may be gloomy and desperate — but gloomy and slack! He's like 'Marianna in the Moated Grange.' If she'd got up and washed one of those windows she might have said she felt just the same, but she wouldn't." Isn't that both wit and wisdom?

Write and tell me when you become an aunt and how you are and address me Manchester. We move Thursday and I long for the freshness and green and quiet. And we hope it will make Paulina sleep.

Affectionately,

ALICE W. S.

SUMMER OF 1905.—BIRD TABLE-TALK.

I have kept the bird in my bosom.

May 9.

A sharp, short thunderstorm at dawn ushers in what promises to be a rainy day and only forty-five degrees at seven o'clock. But it clears off warm and lovely so I get out at ten for nine and a half hours. See the solitary, silent Chippy feeding on the path, the Chickadees, "lovers newly wed," Oven-birds, Black-throated Greens (the female proves to be a songful young male in a small necktie), Black-and-white Creepers. Get the Humming-birds' nasturtium bed planted. The male Chickadee lands on the Mikado's cage and then flies round the corner of the house where the rustic bird-house is, calls his mate softly and flies back. (Does he think of hiring it? and is he my Smutty? and where is Downy with his drum? and those ungrateful Nuthatches?)

In the late afternoon get a splendid view of my first Blue Jay, being pursued by an angry Robin, then a pair of Jays, Swifts, Purple Finch. Robins sit about solitary or in pairs, one "sighing like a furnace;" much song from them. Song-sparrows mixed with "purple warbling" and an occasional flight-song. Then later, against a golden sunset and under a crescent moon, the Wood Thrush chants vespers.

I love the birds and their sweet voices in the lulling song of the woods. — Old Welsh Bard.

May 10.

A cool, bright blue day with a high west wind. (Out eight hours.) A Red Squirrel, alas, feeds on the

table. A Wood Thrush strolls about the path and among the dry leaves under the hemlocks all the morning, as tame as the Oven-birds themselves. One Ovenbird drinks from the big tub, then a Chipmunk drinks there.

The Chickadee pair call each other in soft, plaintive voices and again discuss taking the rustic bird-house. See Barn Swallows, Black-throated Greens, and Black-and-whites, Robins, and then my first White-breasted Nuthatch, the "Policeman," walking head first down a mound pine. Later, see him again and hear Vireos loud on the hillside. Early afternoon exquisitely still and warm. See an Oven-bird taking his preliminary run up a staircase of trees before his flight-song. A second Wood Thrush joins the one below.

May 13.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And Robins whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year.

BURNS.

Waked to the warbling of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, apparently just outside our windows, but not able to look out. Hear also the near mew of a Catbird and see from my bed a Blue Jay in Paulina's oak, her mouth full of twigs.

Yesterday the pink buds on my oak opened into pale leaves and the barberry bushes are deep green now, instead of bare twigs as they were May 4th. "And Spring comes slowly up this way," but she has come at last.

Sophie plants the lower garden, with Oven-birds walking round her. She sees two Yellow-throated Vireos.

Paulina walking into the woods behind us in the late afternoon hears two Hermit Thrushes sing in rivalry!

May 14, Sunday.

A gray and cloudy morning. Hear early the rich carolling of what I call the Rose-breasted Grosbeak. Get out to breakfast. See Blue Jays, Robins, Ovenbirds, Chippy, Barn Swallows and Swifts.

Hear Downy's distant drumming and the mew of a Catbird. Then my first Catbird hops up through the barberry tangle into my oak, flies down and drinks from the big tub, gives me a song and departs, instantly followed by Mrs. Downy, who flies at once to the suet and makes a good meal.

Saw four courting, fighting, love-sick Oven-birds all at once on the Chipmunk's stone with erected crests and drooping wings. Out only till half past eleven. Paulina sees the renegade Chickadees twice return to feed on the table and suet.

May 17.

Opens drizzly and dark after a cold, wet night. Wood Thrushes glorious, and hear the Towhee, Catbird, etc. Look out early and see my Chickadees at breakfast. See in my tree together a Blue-headed Vireo and a small Warbler with a yellow breast whom I take for a Parula without a necktie, but after breakfast Sophie comes to say she has just seen from the sun-parlor window a tiny bird with a green back, gold waistcoat and small, black cap: Wilson's Black Cap of course.

Was my Parula one also? No, for later I see, time after time, little "Wilson" flying about the barberry tangle—the first one I ever saw, and such an unmistakable little fellow.

See Oven-bird, Mrs. Black-throated Green, Black-and-white Warbler, and the "Policeman" in the crooked pine. Downy on the suet. Sophie sees two smallish Thrushes with uniform colored backs and pale breasts without obvious spots. She shows me one of them in the oak scrub, a Veery, the first ever on our Manchester list. I think a Duck flies over, but what kind? (The triangular mystery of last summer.) Little Wilson's Black Cap hangs about most of the day near the barberry tangle. A grim, gray day, so like an ice box in temperature that one goes out on foot for a moment and hurries in again to the closed room.

May 20. Rose-letter day.

Heavy shower at dawn—then clears bright and cold—forty-six degrees at seven.

Florider taps on the window and Hampton Court wakes to the music of Thrushes and birds innumerable.

Look out early to see the Rose-breasted Grosbeak singing in my tree; three times more we see him in P.'s oak. Also see, before breakfast, Purple Finches, Chickadees, Catbird, Wood Thrush, Robins, Parula Warbler, the first Wood Pewee in my tree, and all about Magnolia and what we thought might be Mrs. Tanager, and a little later what was certainly Mr. Scarlet Tanager, my first male, blazing in the oak scrub. Blackpoll Warbler, Black-and-white, Chestnut-sides, Blue Jay being pursued by Mrs. Humming-bird, Chippy, the Gray-cheeked Thrush.

But the great feature of the day is the Rose Breasts — three beautiful males appear on the hillside and sit about, showing their deep pink neckties and occasionally the pink glow under their wings. Then Sophie sees Mrs. Rose-breasted Grosbeak near the kitchen door, brown and comfortable, surrounded by admirers, and shows her to us. Later she appears in a low oak below the crooked pine and her admirers appear with her. One eats barberries in the tangle, one sits in the oak scrub and the mound and the top of my tree.

June 30.

Another exquisite day. Thrushes glorious at dawn, and after them a Cardinal solo and much serenading of Virginia. At breakfast time hear a distant warbling of Purple Finches, a Song-sparrow's sweet voice, and nearer an Indigo-bird.

A Scarlet Tanager sits in my tree and then, after much sly blinking on the piazza rail, Smutty Chickadee lights on the dish in my hand for the first time — takes nothing, but I feel the touch of his dear little claw.

Chippy comes to eat, and Downy and Catbird on the table. A Robin carries off a long piece of wicking from the sumachs, while Theocrite shrieks, "Stop, thief." See little Chestnut-sides, Pine Warbler and Swifts, and lots of Red-eyed Vireos, Oven-birds on the path and in flight-songs. Goldfinch in the crooked pine, lots of beautiful Barn Swallows again. Black-throated Green and Black-and-white Creeper. Hear again today in the hemlock hedge the unknown little Warbler voice, like the trill of an ecstatic grasshopper.

Smutty and his wife are here together at three and five and six and seven. (Where are the babies?) When

I am in Smutty flies to and fro from the meal-worm dish by my sofa, and when I come out he comes and sits on the back of the rocking chair and almost comes to me over and over again, but not quite.

At sunset time the Catbird comes twice to eat currants and the second time has his wife in the tree. Where are their babies? I have had no June babies as yet in my tree and till this last two or three days it has been surprisingly birdless for a fortnight or more.

The Thrushes were never in fuller song nor more invisible. The Robins are having a second period of song.

July 1. (Baby month.)

Not so bright, and very windy. Out only three and a half hours. See both Tanagers (the female in my tree), Catbird on the table, Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee, my first Kingbird, Mrs. Black-throated Green gathering wicking, Swifts and Barn Swallows. At luncheon time hear a chirping of young voices which prove to be a Black-and-white family; one grown-up looking young one is being fed by a parent.

Toward supper time hear Baby Chickadee voices and find one tailless little darling in my gutter. He joins a still more youthful baby brother on the piazza below, who lets himself be caught by Sophie and brought up to me. He objects to being held, but consents to sit quietly under my little table, and after some futile little pecks eats a small meal worm from my hand. Then we leave him — after a little he flies bravely into the suet branch and then into the hemlock hedge, calling loudly for his mamma and papa, "dear — dear — dear."

July 7.

Bright and windy after fog at daybreak. Out, on and off, ten hours. The Chickadee babies so grown in a week — sit in my tree or near by, and Smutty flies to and from the dish till ruin stares me in the face.

A Baltimore Oriole sits chooking in the crooked pine, Cedar Waxwings fly over, and a grown-up "Policeman" (White-breasted Nuthatch) hangs about my tree. See Catbirds, Oven-bird and Chippy, Flicker, Pewee, Swifts and Black and-white Warblers. At sunset time, paying no heed to Ellen and Paulina, Smutty dashes to and from the dish in my hand — sits on the chairs and the watch-stand and bell, and several times hops up to my knees with throbbing heart and blinking, beady eyes. Babies flutter after him and two land on the bird-table.

July 26.

Exquisite blue morning and the little Chickadees learning their love songs against next spring, though they only manage a sweet "Phoe—e," to the indignation of Smutty; Virginia still only a faithful tail and patient pink beak. Three Baby Black-and-white Warblers, one Baby Redstart and a Baby Chestnut-sides all come into my tree at once, two of them land on the bird-table and are hissed at by "Theocrite." See Baby Black-throated Greens, Catbirds, Chippies, Miss Downy, Humming-bird, Swifts, Vireos, Robins, Barn Swallows. In the late afternoon Virginia comes off the nest, not for two minutes, but for twenty, leaving Florider in complete charge of the eggs.

Oct. 9.

Seventh shining day (fifty-three degrees at 7 A.M.). When I move out to breakfast a dear little Thrush is tamely hopping up the path below, eating cracker crumbs and one raisin. He joins a friend on the mound who jerks his tail, and yet our little fellow's tail is not "distinctly rufous" enough for a Hermit, and he has white eye-rings and gray lores like a gray-checked, and all the tameness of a Hermit. Later one sits in the sumachs. Out seven perfect hours (sixty-four degrees at 11 A.M.). Cooler afternoon, but exquisite. Hear the Towhee and Kinglets. See Blackpolls, Myrtle Warblers, one young male Black-throated Green, Cedar Waxwings, Robins, Chickadees, Chippies, and at lunch time a Policeman who comes onto the piazza rail and then again and again onto the table to eat nuts and hemp. Later see a Jay. Bright moonlight night again after a pale pink afterglow.

Oct. 11.

A gray morning and the first gray Junco feeding on the path when I step out early. He flies up into a yellow birch with a clatter of his little castanets. Later he and a friend, one Chippy and one White-throat, feed together on the path and one Junco comes from under the piazza, where he has been seeking his refuge.

See a Blue Jay, a Brown Creeper, Robin, Chickadees, and Miss Downy and Mrs. "Policeman" (who feeds on the table and behind the little bird-house), Blackpolls, Myrtles and Nashville Warbler. (High wind; indoors all day.)

To MISS ELIZABETH BALCH.

MANCHESTER, June 10th.

Dear Bessie,

This is to wish you God-speed and a beautiful summer.

When you are rested you must write me the promised long letter and tell me *why* "Whitby," and if "Miss Baker" is a friend or only an address.

I was so very sorry to hear of the grief that has come to your young people, and thro' them to you all.

How piteous to have to part with the little life — the bud of their joy, before it blossomed!

Oh, I quite understand how big a place that going left. It isn't length, but depth, is it? and little things strike roots down into the eternal.

But they bear it together in true love, and sorrow is the most sacred of bonds.

Did you know that Mrs. Whitman had left directions for a gold chalice for Trinity? In the stem are set the jewels from the bracelet she always wore and at the base her name is inscribed, and "*Sursum Corda*."

As Bessie Foster says, when you think how many hearts she lifted up, it makes this beautiful memorial the closer.

Always yours affectionately,
ALICE WESTON SMITH.

To HER SISTER.

Sunday, July 23.

Well, my darling, how goes it?

I tell Theocrite he is a fascinating egoist, but he says all birds are more or less so. "Peep!"

And that reminds me, Virginia is "crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes," though the rim is so high one sees scarcely more than a patient pink beak. When she comes off ecstatic old Florider slips on, first looking in with a murmur of "These are my jewels [or jewel]," like your favorite "Father of the Gracchi." Yesterday there was "a corner" in meal worms and Sophie and I could hardly bear the reproachful beady eyes of Smutty and little "Short-hair." We telephoned and were instantly frowned on by Mr. Ludlam. If meal worms were to be had they would have come. The heat had produced, not prostration, but beetles. However, in the evening some drove up in state by Smith's Express, and we were forgiven.

Give my human Red Squirrel a hug.

Your devoted
SISTER.

To HER SISTER.

Tuesday Morning.

Dearest Teeny,

You ought to see my *clientèle* — my *clientèle* of feathers!! When Sophie or I step out to the clamourous cries of dee-dee not only do Smutty and Short-hair feed from our hands, but Short-hair's brother "Dimple" and the six fat "little Uncles."

Little Uncles have a Russian sound, and remind me that when Mr. Paine was here last night I read him some extracts from Conrad's "Autocracy and the War" that I had jotted down for you, and then exhibited an accurate and profound knowledge of Russian history from chaos to the present time that I had gleaned hastily from "Fisher" the day before.

However, I had the grace to say so instead of acting as if I "had known it from all Eternity."

Did we tell you that we had suddenly dropped fathoms deep into the realistic horrors of "Anna Karénina"? It depressed us very much at first, but when I asked Gamdge how she liked it she answered that she thought it "very pleasing." Almost as much the inevitable word as our *genial* Day of Judgment.

Your dress came last night and is sweet. I am glad you and "Linkstress" have a room alone. A Presbyterian would have been bad enough, but a total immersion Baptist!!

Yours,
ALICE.

To HER SISTER.

Sunday, Aug. 5.

Dear Teeny,

We hear little voices from Hampton Court. Do you really think — ?

I try hard not to be hopeful. There's a cheery frame of mind! But it isn't every one who can get that delicate poise advised by the copy-books.

Bullen is still somewhat hipped, and *says* it is pink-stomachic trouble. And Theocrite has two beautiful wing-feathers to send you, but I refuse to encourage so base a bird.

And now to the humanities. I am ever so much better and can't think what possessed me Friday.

We again summoned Dr. Washburn from the vasty deep. The other note had been lost and he was so distressed that he wouldn't rest till it had been found.

"But," I said, "you see it wasn't pressing. 'If convenient, would he within the next few days.'" "Oh," he said, "I know how you feel when you send that kind of a note. I always come just as quick as I can."

He never saw me buy parsnips of "Oh! Mr. Clark," and butter them myself beforehand.

I had a dear call from Mrs. Peabody last night ("Heaven forgive me, Mrs. Lewis, but I do love that woman"), and we were very merry, but not as merry as Thursday afternoon. Did you tell Ethel it was all her fault that we were so "red-squirrelous," and then we relapsed into the highest Russian Society? It makes me reckless, for when Mamma exclaimed, "Why, it's quarter of nine," I answered I didn't care if it was *twenty minutes past!!* "Idiot," I hear you say, — "Stop her," said Krututsk.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August 8.

Darlingest Mauves,

So this will reach you in the desert island set in unknown seas?

Mamma wrote Aunt Florence that you were going "to visit one of the Miss Curtises," and there flashed before me an early scene when, after watching you and Bella in charades, we ended an informal evening with dates and threw the stones into an emptied milk jug.

I hope, by the way, you admire all the light literature I have been able to get into this envelope.

Fanny was here yesterday after her wanderings among "philanthropi whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

She gave me a sketch of —— whose last great idea is that democracy is a played-out farce and that what we want in this country is an aristocracy and the feudal system.

Do you think Seattle, North-West, a happy field for this crusade?

Did Bella tell you of Elinor's answer when Mrs. Curtis, laying down the Cabot memoir, begged no one to publish her literary remains: "The world would be so thrilled over Mrs. G. S. Curtis, Her Life and Postal Cards."

I see Mrs. Peabody this afternoon for the last time before she returns to her Miltonic heights. I know beforehand we shall talk of Sts. Paul and Paulina.

To HER SISTER.

August 10th.

Dearest Mauves,

Mamma told you one of the Baby Cardinals had died — a pathetically tiny creature — but the one who is left, "Mississippi," tho' small for her days, seems a strenuous little person, who insists on having her meals served at least every twenty minutes. "And such a tyke," says Virginia proudly, when she fluffs down over her to get her to sleep, and a little, wobbly, open beak *will* push up between the nest-rim and her feather-double chin. She is more than "a voice and an appetite," is little Miss, and no one could possibly take her mouth for a wrinkle in her forehead.

Florider sings for joy even when his mouth is full, which it is half the time, devoted fellow.

Mrs. Peabody was here again last night—my Cornelius—and now we shan't meet till winter. She heard some one preach last Sunday on Cornelius who, he said, was at a time of doubt and difficulty. "I wanted to say if there was ever a man who knew his own mind," she said, "it was Cornelius, the centurion." Luckily, the Elect Lady restrained herself.

What more have I to add except that life with Gamdge might be described "as a letting down and pulling up of the yawning"? Oh, yes, and that getting you home Saturday will make it a birthday to me, if it isn't quite one for you, my poor darlingest.

Your old
SISTER.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 20.

Darling Ethel,

I hoped to write you Sunday a note, to put its arms round your neck, and say, "Welcome home." Instead I had to lie still, but like the speechless parrot, I "took it out in thinking."

And when I think of you it makes a warm spot at my heart, "my other little sister," — a name not too sacred for you, though you know how sacred I hold it.

Whether you are here in the flesh — a sunshiny presence — or "the voice and appetite" in the spare room above, to be bullied and neglected at our sweet will, or among your own people, you are always one of that close circle that means Home.

In our joy and in our sorrow, on the heights or depths or the long, flat levels of life, you never fail, my darling, and are knit into our hearts, not only by the great cables, but by all the little foolish heartstrings of fondness and trivialities and shared laughter and easy tears.

Yours always and always, here and beyond, please God.

ALICE.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

MANCHESTER, Thursday, Oct. 5.

Dear Mr. Allen,

Here we are on my tree-top piazza this early morning — Paulina before the long tea-table covered with volumes, loose sheets, scrap book, and the priceless paste at her right hand. If only you could work on George Herbert with this background.

It isn't Indian summer yet, I suppose, but seems to have gathered the beauty of all the seasons up into one. It was sixty degrees at seven o'clock and there is a golden haze over everything.

Faithfully yours,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO MRS. FREDERIC DEXTER.

(Christmas) Monday Morning.

My dearest Mrs. Dexter,

When you started out into the dark and cold alone last night, looking so piteous and fragile, I longed to put my arms round you and keep you, as I do in my

heart, always. And you mustn't feel lonely. But I know you won't on Christmas Day. Then the heavens seem to open and we realize how close it is to the dear old earth. They that sit in darkness have seen a great light.

I read somewhere that the Germans speak of the dead as "those who are ours forever." May their felt presence be very near to you — may God comfort you and make His face to shine upon you more and more till the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

Yours in true love,

ALICE.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Blessed are they who know their own insufficiency, their own poverty and weakness, sufficiently to feel their need of the powers of the world to come, of the Kingdom of God in their souls. — DUBOIS.

By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draught of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they.

CRASHAW.

O friend, as God might be my friend,
Thou only hast not trampled on my tears ;
Life scarce can be so hard 'mid many fears
And many shames when mortal heart can find
Somewhere one healing touch as my sick mind
Finds thee — and should I wait thy word to endure
A little for thine easing ? Yea, or pour
My strength out in thy toiling fellowship.

He that hath so many causes of joy is very much in love with peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The nobler a soul the more objects of compassion it hath. — BACON.

About the Christian there should be a sort of courageous gaiety. — NASH.

January 23, 1906.

Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond that is to be.

March 9th. Anniversary of Mrs. Paine's death.

Oh, thou undaunted daughter of desires,
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove.

Warm both hands at the fire of life.

The death of anguish which Scripture declares to us to be "necessary," though it does not explain wherein its dire necessity resides, convinced me that God was not content to throw, as moralists and theologians can do so easily, the whole weight and accountability of sin and suffering upon man, but was willing, if this burden might not as yet be removed, to share it with His poor finite heavily burdened creature.

When I looked upon my agonized and dying God and turned from that world-appealing sight, Christ crucified for us, to look upon life's most perplexed and sorrowful contradictions, I was not met, as in intercourse with my fellow-men, with the cold platitudes that fall so lightly from the lips of those who have never known one real pang nor whose lives one crushing blow; I was not told that all things were ordered for the best, nor assured that the overwhelming disparities of life were but apparent, but I was met, from the eyes and brow of Him who was indeed acquainted with grief, by a look of solemn recognition such as may pass between friends who have endured between them some strange and secret sorrow and are through it united in a bond which cannot be broken. —DORA GREENWELL.

Passion Week.

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things unto His hands.

"All things"—the sense of absolute sovereignty is the more impressive in the prospect of apparent defeat. Even through treachery and death lay the way to the Resurrection.

"Into His hands"—to deal with as He pleased, even when He was given into the hands of men.

WESTCOTT.

Our Comrade Christ.

The Christian religion is Christ's friendship. We cannot come to any truer friend, as we cannot find a simpler story to tell of it than that.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Death of Hamlet. April 3, 1906.

Hands had stroked them which are cold
Now for years in churchyard mould ;
Comrades of our past were they,
Of that unreturning day.

Some Greek speaks of life as a shuddering thing.

Farewell, ye walkers on the shore
Of death. A God had counselled you.

GILBERT MURRAY'S "Electra of Euripides."

One of the sacramental things of life where the eternal bursts into beauty.—NASH.

June 24, 1906. Anniversary of Mrs. Whitman's death.

There was no lingering, nor acute pain, nor consciousness of separation, but God took her to Himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light.

ROBERT BROWNING, on his wife's death.

Natural death is, as it were, a haven and a rest to us after long navigation.

And the noble Soul is like a good mariner; for he, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails and enters it softly with gentle steerage. In such a death as this there is no grief nor any bitterness . . . but as a ripe apple is lightly and without violence loosened from its branch, so our soul, without grieving, departs from the body in which it hath been. — DANTE's "Convito."

Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.— GLADSTONE.

The vision belongs solely to such as have clean and disciplined hearts.— MEREDITH.

Even an injured dog has his Erinyes.

Greek Proverb.

As God loveth a cheerful giver so He also loveth a cheerful taker, one who takes hold on His gifts with a glad heart. — DONNE.

Nothing characterized him more than the eagerness with which he greeted the advent of every newly discovered truth. He was not a watcher by the tomb, but a man of the resurrection. He lived on the mountain of hope.

The years teach much which the days never knew.

EMERSON.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

(Jan.) Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Allen,

We had the nicest seminar last evening over your Herbert — only this time you had your say without interruption.

We should have known it was you had it been dug up in undiscovered lands, and laughed for joy when his mother and father struggled for mastery in his temperament and Church and State walked in arm in arm followed closely by St. Augustine and Boethius.

But we prefer you and George Herbert to Mr. Palmer.

By the way, your article on Mr. Brooks was found in the mouth of Benjamin's sack — or rather in our big carved chest — and I am very glad and am going to read it.

We hope the cold is better, and all wish you a Happy New Year.

Affectionately,

ALICE WESTON SMITH.

TO PROF. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN.

[Reprinted from the "Pacific Monthly" of January, 1908.]

A Parody. — Richard Hodgson.

By

The subject of our study is the expression of three great world tendencies almost so subtle as to escape analysis. First the psychic mood seen in the Gnostics, temporarily suppressed under the historical necessities of the Roman system. Then the joyous phase, know-

ing no bounds, the contribution to Europe of Bohemia, tracing its origin to John Huss and having its logical end in the Latin Quarter in Paris — a tendency having a more beautiful development in Boccaccio and its modern Anglican expression in Prebendary Webb-Peploe. With these two moods was fused, in organic unity, the modern corporate movement — the gift which the great Anglo-Saxon race received of the Renaissance.

Richard Hodgson entered into his legitimate heritage and in him these phenomena contended in order to a higher adjustment in the Society for Psychical Research. Of his mother we know almost nothing, but we are led to believe that her relations were those of Monica to Augustine. His friends, in rearranging his papers, have brought out more clearly the outlines of the great Piper crisis. This is epoch making.

The lesson of Mr. Hodgson's career is that "wise passiveness" which enabled him to receive messages of spiritual content from inanimate objects.

To MISS ELLEN S. HOOPER.

Dearest Ellen,

The day after our talk I came across this passage from Eugénie de Guerin which says one of the things I tried to say when we spoke of the heart of the Gospel not being the Sermon on the Mount, but the Person of Christ.

"The mystery of suffering makes one grasp the belief of something to be expiated, something to be won. I see it in Jesus Christ, the Man of Sorrows. It was necessary that the Son of Man should suffer. That is all we know in the troubles and calamities of life."

It was dear to have you for a real long spell the other night and see and touch you, but I always keep you in my heart, darling.

Mr. Allen says you carry "an atmosphere of inward serenity with you," but I'm human and want the cup to brim for you with red joy.

Your very loving

ALICE.

January 24th.

To HER MOTHER.

HOME, Wednesday Morn.

My Dearie O!!

It was nice to get your pencil note from the abode of the "Plug Uglies" last evening, and still nicer, this breakfast time, to get your Washington letter.

Bright-eyed people in their beds are not to be encouraged, tho' it ill becomes me to say so, and we are afraid they are spoiling you for your cold and ascetic home—a home rather colder than usual, as I am taking advantage of your absence to thoroughly air the front of the house, while Paulina "tends that b'ar for a while"—that cinnamon b'ar, Peter—and appropriately hauls him over the coals for misdemeanors!

Yesterday Paulina ran out at noon to the Diocesan House and the service at St. Paul's, and in the afternoon walked out to the Bay State Road, left her card on Mrs. Merriman, and called on Diana.

In the afternoon we had Mrs. Curtis and then Fanny. Did you know that when Steen was married an hysterical passage appeared in the "Post"—"Fireman, who has risen by merit, marries beautiful heiress!!"

We think Fanny is beginning to be a little homesick!!

I don't know that anything else has happened except that Ward has sent the note-paper. There's what is called sensation. ("Now don't waste it.") But we haven't fallen into the mistake of Aladdin's wife yet, and changed old lamps for new.

We miss you sleeping in the big red chair — and sitting up very animated in the small red chair over your muffler — the toasted brown-bread muffler.

We are getting on bravely and are tickled to death at the thought of your spree.

Don't forget either "Darling" or

"Only me."

To HER MOTHER.

Monday Noon.

Dear old Mère, — spelling it with an "are," — the colts still frisk, but what will they do when night falls and gloom sets in?

• • • • •
We have not changed our spots as yet. I have just written a bird letter to an ornithologist and Paulina has come home with two books on the Jews and three on ethics. She has also beheaded "The Social Register" — or rather, on my pathetic pleading, spared them this once. They wrote and she answered. A sort of "First I will warn you and then I will tell sire."

What she hasn't done this morning while out is hardly worth the doing.

My love to Cousin Mell, Mrs. Lodge and THEOCRITE.

Your devoted

ELIZABETH.

To Miss GERTRUDE BROOKS.

March 27th.

Dearest Gertrude,

This is your birthday, isn't it? and I don't want to let the day pass without sending you a word of affectionate greeting. May this new year touch you and yours gently. This last year has brought you so much anxiety and distress, and of that "helpless compassionate pain" that is the hardest of all to bear. But it has brought you other things of which, perhaps, you know less: the spiritual strength which has grown thro' trial, and that heroic, cheerful heart which is a help to us all.

You have borne your troubles as none of us could have borne them,—meeting fretting anxieties with a smiling face,—and we look on and admire that modest courage and gay unselfishness.

You must have felt your Uncle Phillips's spirit with you thro' many a dark and lonely hour—dark and lonely but for him—and Christ, whom he brought in to all our lives so closely.

Your most affectionate

ALICE.

To Miss ETHEL L. PAINE.

48 MOUNT VERNON ST.,

March 29.

[Dictated.]

Dearest Ethel,

"And beat him when he sneezes." An excellent remedy, but rather heroic if it is his last call. Do you remember my saying that I spoke my mind once on some occasion, to which Paulina rejoined, "Herculaneum and Pompeii tell the story." The awful part is

we can't say we miss you, or need you, or can't live without you for a whole week. Only you are a perfect darling, and do care for your precious self. Have you come in Chesterton's Browning to the passage, "When a man begins to think that the grass will not grow at night unless he lies awake to watch it he generally ends either in an asylum or the throne of an emperor"? Which things are an allegory. Just you lie still and let the human greenery take care of itself.

And now for our news.

Keeping an annex to the Diocesan House "works sad havoc with the features." Six clergymen in one week is all very well, but when they are like the fox and the goose and the bag of corn! Mr. — must not meet Mr. —. Mr. — accuses Mr. — of wanting to get rid of him, and Mr. — can meet none of them. We think of having a block system to prevent collisions, only our aim is to keep things off the track.

I meant to write this myself yesterday, but my heart took to skirt dancing with the daffodils and rather forgot how old it was.

My love to my little brothers, the Chickadees, and more to my sister, the Skylark.

ALICE WESTON SMITH,

Per P. C. S.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Palm Sunday.

Darling Ethel,

You were born of a Palm Sunday, weren't you? so that today is symbolically your birthday, and the

weather acts according, and is as sweet and bright and sunshiny as it ought to be.

I wonder if people scolded St. Paul for saying he would "gladly spend and be spent for them"? Very likely.

Ah! well, my dearest, after all our proud boasts we miss you and need you every hour of every day. And are so sorry that our little torch-bearer has been called on to endure weakness and weariness.

Your loving old sister

NANNY.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Dearest Ethel,

Here's a little poem I came across in the "Oxford Book of Verse." It seemed to me very dear, as if Blake might have written it. I send it to you this Holy Week with a whole year more of love and devotion.

Your devoted

ALICE.

Thursday.

All in the April morning
April airs were abroad ;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary and crying,
With a weak, human cry ;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet ;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hilltop green ;
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad ;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

BIRD TABLE-TALK.

May 15.

Waked by chirping and the squawk of a Pheasant. At 5 A.M. see a pair of Chickadees eating on my bird-table and the suet, and courting on my oak. Also see before breakfast one Barn Swallow, Robins on the path, Black-throated Green in my oak, Chestnut-sided Warbler on Paulina's oak and in the scrub, Black-and-white Warblers, and hear Vireos, Towhee, Catbird, perhaps, and Oriole or Grosbeak. Get out at breakfast time; cool and lovely. See Black-throated Blue Warbler flitting all about. On the mound he is joined by Canadian Warbler, in a necklace, and then the darling Chickadees fly to the dish in my hand, and Smutty gives his little wife a meal worm on the fence rail, and then in my tree, and talks again and again of taking the "gutter bird-house."

Bright afternoon, with a very high wind. At last, at supper time, through the woods towards the sunset, hear the first Thrush song. Paulina says a Hermit Thrush, whom I never heard before!!

Come down, come down, my bonnie birds,
Come sit upon my hand.

May 16.

Exquisite and much warmer. Out eight and a half hours. Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee, tamer than ever, sitting on me and my watch-stand, and when I am indoors begging from my pillow in love-sick whimpers.

See my first Tree Swallows, Barn Swallows, Black-throated Greens (many males and one little lady), Oven-bird mincing among the dry leaves, Chestnut-sides everywhere and Black-and-white in my tree;

Parula singing his little head off in my tree. Mamma, on the way to Manchester, sees an Oriole. We hear him whistling about all day and Purple Finches far and near. . . . Clouded sunset, but a chorus of Wood Thrushes from the hillside towards the brook— bless their spotty hearts!

May 28.

Pouring rain, after a night of pouring rain, and only forty-six degrees at 7 A.M. A few Warblers try to start little songs, but give it up. The wind does the whistling and the trees are the wood instruments. Half a dozen times during the day the Chickadees call us to the door, fly in under the dripping awning and eat their fill of meal worms, Phoebe taking five to Smutty's one, on an average. The night settles down, more and more of a howling storm than ever, and icy cold. Alas, my Dickories!

June 3. Whitsunday.

Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew.

TENNYSON.

Most exquisite of shining days (sixty degrees at 7 A.M.). A very full bird chorus. Thrush, Warblers, Robins, Orioles, Purple Finches, Vireos and the Towhee again. (Let dear Virginia out into Hampton Court, where she flies to the familiar perch alone.) A pair of Humming-birds make love in my oak with squeaks and buzzings like infuriated bees. In the middle of the morning hear sharp chirps and Bluety, after a silence of weeks, bursts into song. He must have seen his friends, invisible to me.

I see Purple Finches flying past and Cedar Waxwings and Swifts, Robin, Wood Pewee, Black-throated Green and Chestnut-sided, Chickadee and Chippies, and what is, I think, the Blue-headed Vireo flying.

Hear the call of Bluebirds, the first I've heard.

In at tea time for callers and out again for an hour to moon and afterglow — the music of evening birds and church bells.

June 8.

Clouds and rains at breakfast time after a moonlight night and bright dawn. Get out at ten into the sun and the wind. Dear little Mrs. Chickadee sits on the rail waiting for me; Mr. Chestnut-sides sings in my tree. Chippy on the path. Swifts overhead and an Oven-bird in a flight-song. Phoebe makes four visits before Smutty appears at 11 A.M. At 11.30 they come together. (He takes one meal worm at a time, but by noon she had had twenty-three meal worms, besides nuts, and three times has flown off with three in her beak to a distance. Has she babies?) The Ruby-throated Hummingbird flashes along just outside the piazza rail, inspecting his nasturtiums like a red signal light.

June 10.

The birds awake which slumbered all night long,
And with a gush of song,
First doubting of their strain, then full and wide,
Raise their fresh hymns through all the country side.
Already above the dewy clover
The soaring Lark begins to hover
Over his mate's low nest.

L. MORRIS.

June 10. Trinity Sunday.

An exquisite hot day (sixty-eight at 7 A.M.) all shining after the rain, with the Thrush singing matins behind a choir screen of budding hemlocks. Moved in for the Holy Communion Service. Out again at eleven o'clock. It is eighty degrees at noon, but with a fresh wind blowing from the sea, a perfect day till after five, when we are driven in again by black clouds followed by a mild thunder storm. Saw fewer birds than ever today. Knowing I was out of meal worms yesterday, Phoebe Chickadee came over once for walnuts in the morning and not again till just before the storm, when Smutty escorts her as far as the piazza rail and she hastily snatches two meal worms and they are blown away like Francesca and Paolo.

At dinner time, while it is still raining, the whole west, to the highest pine tops, grows deep-rose pink and fades as suddenly as it came.

June 11.

Indigo-bird flies into the crooked pine and after he has gone hear him singing near and far, hidden in green leaves. A blue-letter day!!!

Before in the crooked pine, all about, singing his little head off, a brilliant male Parula Warbler, with a bronze necktie on a gold throat — unheraldic!

June 12.

Only fifty degrees at 7 A.M., but still and bright and blue. The first bird's song I hear when I come out to breakfast is Indigo-bird, and we see him flying from a pine to an oak; then more song. Then I hear a Wood-

pecker squawk, not heard for days (was it Downy or Flicker?)—and, behind all and before all, the beautiful Wood Thrush down the hillside. The Pine Warbler sits in the crooked pine and my tree and trills sweetly all about. See, of course, the Chickadee pair; Phoebe toys languidly with the meal worms and Smutty talks again of taking the little bird-house and then takes to whistling his love song at length on the mound. What has happened, that time seems to hang so heavy on their claws? A high wind springs up at eleven, which blows me in directly after lunch. Later see an Oven-bird in a flight-song and Barn Swallows against the afterglow. The Thrush sings vespers behind the hemlock hedge.

June 20.

If all the world were June,
With tangled roses and the bumble bee
In honeysuckle murmuring happily,
In lilies deep asleep at noon,
While sweet birds fill the sky,
How could I die?

June 25.

In the early chorus hear the whistling of my lost Chickadees, as well as the near-by singing of Indigo and Song-sparrow. Before and above everything the chanting of the Wood Thrush. (Fifty-eight degrees at seven, with the gray morning clearing to tender blue with soft clouds, an English sky.) When I come out to breakfast a family of Baby Crows are being fed on the lower oaks—whimpering for more.

The male Scarlet Tanager sits in Paulina's oak and then flames by. See Robins and Cedar Waxwings flying. Blue-headed Vireo singing his head off, and the

little Chestnut-sides singing off his in a lower sphere. See the Oven-bird in a flight-song at high noon, and lots of Swifts and a Gull or so.

Hear the drumming of Downy at last! the squawk of the Flicker, choke of Pheasant, complaining of Pewee, whistle of Oriole, warble of Purple Finch, and songs (?) of Black-and-white Warbler and Red-eyed Vireo. See ten kinds of birds today and hear twelve other kinds — not counting the Crow family, who are almost as omnipresent as the baby Red Squirrels (one feeds from a dish in my hand on a table close to my sofa), and the pair of grays, who are better tempered and always together, poor worn old dears.

June 27.

Waked at 5.30 by a loud Chickadee call, and at six, after much shilly-shallying, distant whistling and talk, Smutty flies to my hand and takes off thirty-three meal worms to the Chickadee babies in the first hour. They are in the oak scrub, the crooked pine, hemlock hedge, and, finally, my tree (such pretty, white little fellows, but with long tails). But where is Phoebe? Resting from her labors?

The Wood Thrush sings through sunset, but it is Robins who sing to the crescent moon.

June 28.

Exquisite summer morning, with all the birds singing from dawn on (like light-hearted lovers rather than settled family men). Among them, very near the house, I hear the Scarlet Tanager and Baltimore Oriole. Sixty-eight degrees at 7 A.M., and when I come out to break-

fast in the hot stillness a silence has fallen on all the singers. Then into the topmost spray of the gate-post-pine fly two gorgeous Baltimore Orioles and flame there against the sky while we gather to watch them. (What are two males doing together so peaceably?)

July 4.

Sudden burst of wind and rain like a Sou'-Wester after a wet night. Sixty-nine degrees at 7 A.M. Chippies chittering like tree toads over their wet breakfasts on the path, and the Chickadees rushing after their over-worked parent among the wet leaves and piazza rail. Above stairs Virginia singing about George Washington and Oven-birds patriotically making themselves into rockets from before breakfast till after sunset — exquisite! A clouded, muggy day with a high, hot wind and constant little showers. Clears off beautifully at five, when I get out to Thrush music and stay till moonlight, starlight and fireworks.

Birds which be Angels of God.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

St. Francis's love for the little larks whose brown habits and heavenward disposition reminded him of the earth-colored gowns and heavenly dispositions of his own brothers.

July 12.

At supper time I see my first well-seen Wood Thrush sitting for a long while on a bare branch of the dead baby pine, singing with a rival on the hillside below. We could see his mouth opening, and his beautiful au-

burn head and spotted waistcoat over his round breast.
His singing is still at the height of its solemn splendor.

And like the mavis on the bush
He gart the valleys ring.

SCOTCH BALLAD.

July 18.

A pink sunrise in the wet, gray sky, and the Thrush singing matins in his favorite "bare ruined choir" (the baby pine), where I watch him long. See Mr. Black-throated Green singing and his little wife silently at work. Goldfinches flying by (and one who lands in my tree with a shrill "Sweety-wee"), Chickadees (Smutty wet from a bath), Chippies, Blue Jay and Swifts. Last of all I see an Owlet, who flies with another quarrelling into my tree and then sits near the trunk glaring over his shoulder at me with green glass eyes. Big, without ear-tufts. (Barred Owl.) For the first time no flight-song today, but three Thrushes sing together in the afterglow.

Aug. 14.

Bright and cool. Step out for a few minutes at seven o'clock and see first the Scarlet Tanager blazing by me, then Chippies and Chickadees, Mrs. Redstart, and Black-and-white Warblers, Goldfinch flying over, and Cedar Waxwings flying and sitting on trees very "crestfallen" (were they babies?) and Mrs. Humming-bird. A lovely afternoon and sunset. Hear a "Qua, qua," and see about the distant pines the first young Red-breasted Nuthatch. Then he flies into the crooked pine and sticks his long nose into everything, a perfect little

beauty in his postman's blue coat, beaver hat, and melon-pink waistcoat. Later the crooked pine is a flurry of little wings. All the Chickadees again, and numbers of Black-and-white Warblers again, and with them Red-eyed Vireos and young Black-throated Greens.

Aug. 29.

Glorious sunrise and shining blue day. Get out on my sofa from 5.30 to 7 A.M. Two Red-breasted Nuthatches fly up into the gilded top of the crooked pine and talk over their work. A big Robin sits in the crooked pine, wearing a spotted bib instead of the *toga virilis*. A Goldfinch flies into the crooked pine, and the Pewee, and we hear the cry of "Wee-pees" and what is, I think, the Baby Thrush's call, and Pheasant, Blue Jays, Flicker and Screech Owl — sixteen kinds of seen and five other kinds heard. A deep primrose sunset and a moonlight night.

Aug. 30.

By noon the fog has blown back to sea and the west is deep blue. Stay out till after supper. At one o'clock a Baby Tanager comes into my tree and hops up the tuft, where she sits staring at us with innocent eyes in her big, woolly head, which is almost as yellow as a chicken's. Then a second Tanager joins her, who, we think from her shapeliness, is the mother, and they hop about my tree together. See Tree Swallows, Swifts, and a Night-hawk, and hear, besides, Blue Jays, Goldfinches, Downy, the pseudo "gathering call of the Thrush clan," and at sunset time one long, faint Ovenbird's flight-song.

Sept. 10.

One of the birds fled from the tree to St. Brendan and with flickering of her wings made a full, merry noise like a fiddle.

Sept. 15.

The Spirit of delight comes often on small wings.

STEVENSON.

Oct. 5.

Fifty-one degrees at 7 A.M. and a dripping fog. Get out to breakfast to the tolling of the harbor bells, scream of Jay, and the faint song of a Song-sparrow. See Chickadees and Red-breasted Nuthatches, Robins (one sang his spring song), lots of immature Black-polls, and two Black-throated Greens (one dear little fellow with very fat gold cheeks, "gilded mumps," repeatedly walks along the piazza rail and twice lands on the table) and a Kinglet with his crown in my tree.

Oct. 30.

Bright sunrise, then clouds over, but no wind. Move out to breakfast into a gray Novemberish day. Forty at 7 A.M. My last day among my Dickories. Chickadees and Nuthatches and "Policeman" are going deep into Hampton Court, and again today a Redbreast (or is it many, one at a time?) eats constantly from the granary doors and on the new suet.

Juncos and White-throats are rustling about in the leaves below — on the path — and in the bushes, but I never see more than three or four of each at a time. Two Juncos hop about on the lower piazza floor. The

Chickadees constantly whistle "Phoebe," to keep my spirits up, and one eats from the nut dish beside me as an attention. A flock of biggish birds fly over. Robins, perhaps.

Hear Goldfinches and Blue Jays. See Golden-crowned Kinglets, Brown Creeper, and one Myrtle Warbler. Where are the Thrushes who used to hop about the dry leaves on the avenue last year? The barberry tangle is still green, but the hillside has a stripped and desolate look under the leaden sky.

(Before lunch "Fleda," in her black fur winter coat, is led round to say good-bye and have her last sugar from her grandmother, which she takes with her front hoofs on the porch.)

The evening settles in early and dark, with a sky that looks like coming snow.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

Trinity Sunday.

We have just had the Holy Communion Service in my room—set in this exquisite summer day and with the Wood Thrush joining in the “Holy, Holy, Holy,” from behind the hemlocks.

It was beautiful to have Mr. Nash, and I only wish you could have been here too—our other human Comforter.

To HER SISTER.

(June.)

Wednesday, 10.15 A.M.

Mrs. Squirrel has just quoted Mr. Micawber and told me that “in fact, they are weaned,” but one of the twins didn’t agree and tried to relapse. It was a pretty scene. She refused him milk, but combed his hair and kissed him. It is hard to cuddle on a twig!! but they managed somehow.

If I tell you I have an Indigo-bird on the top of a little cedar and that Shamah has sung, you will think there is a depth below the fish story.

When you and Sherrard got to Boston did you mount the subway or descend to the elevated? His bump of locality must suit him for Topsy Turveydom. Dost love?

Tell Forrest I feel as if I knew him.

Your female relative,

ALICE.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

(Aug. 11.)

MANCHESTER, Saturday Morn.

Weather: A tapioca pudding just off the stove.

Well, my darlings,

Try to imagine the loneliness of two dusty old hens
on the shore, while their yellow ducklings paddle off
into Dublin Lake!

Mamma called on Mrs. William Brooks at tea time
and found her prettily dressed, receiving her friends.
She forgot to tell her that I had a new black hair-ribbon.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peabody called on me, and if I did
keep a green-eyed monster among my pets he would
have grown monstrous green-eyed as she talked of you,
Miss Linkstress.

I was trying to think this morning whether it was
“The Return of the Druses” Susie read when Arthur
was defeated as mayor, and why not “Two Votes in the
Campagna”?

Your same old fleering, sneering

NANNY.

To MISS ETHEL L. PAINE.

MANCHESTER, August.

“In Cuba most of our Wood Warblers are known
simply as ‘Mariposas’— butterflies; but the Redstart’s
bright plumage has won for him the name ‘Cande-
lita’— the little torch.”

And so, my dear Candelita, let me tell you how lonely
it is to drink my chocolate without my Linkstress in

her blue wrapper just inside the other door — or, at least, the knowledge that there is a voice on the bed — perhaps you would call it an Ear, you pert child. "Squidjums" is here, and so is "Cleopatra," but in the fur and not in the flesh.

And how are you, darling, and has a glorious October just reached you? If Dublin air and memories are doing you good I hope you will stay on and let the Baby of thirty-four years come home by herself. I don't believe she will chew off her tag.

News? There is none, except that we are making a clam-soup for Mrs. Brooks, and this pen might have been in it for salt sea damp.

This afternoon I see Mrs. Peabody — your friend — and here's a quotation from "The Cloister and the Hearth" to fit the occasion: "'Ah, this is hair,' said the old lady. The poor girl who owned it was not quite out of the reach of flattery; owing, doubtless, to not being dead."

I love you with all my heart, and that's not flattery, but just sober, everyday, working truth.

Your adopted sister,
NANNY.

To HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August.

Dearest Teeny,

It is another bright October morning and a world of song. I am trying to wield two pair of opera-glasses and a pen at once — to say nothing of meal worms and

an inkstand, a feat worthy of you and what's-his-name — Mr. Allen's rival in getting out of things.

If I should tell you how many kinds of birds were served with my chocolate you would allude to Ellen Emmons's ten strike. So I will only say that a young Red-breasted Nuthatch appeared this morning and that Sunday the Scarlet Tanager — knowing it was a red-letter day for this household — appeared in full-dress uniform.

Mrs. Peabody made her last visit yesterday and Mrs. Higginson was here with her, and later — to show you haven't a monopoly in paladins — I had a glimpse of Dickson, Charley and Melville, who all three came to supper.

And with them came your Saturday letter. What a rich field Cleopatra and her attendant Charmian have found. Like Mrs. Bell, I didn't know there were so many live men.

Cleopatra was a wonderful woman, and if I remember rightly, nothing could stale her infinite variety, but even she didn't have Bible Classes and enjoy a clergyman's reduction at theological bookstores!!

My love to Joe and Corinna and Mrs. Smith. We shan't write again, but keep our strength to hug you when you get here.

Your devoted
ALICE.

TO HER SISTER.

MANCHESTER, August 12th.

Well, little Brown Head,

Thirty-four years ago you opened your big eyes on this strange world to gladden your folks all the days of

their life. And ever since you have been climbing on and up, no matter how steep and rocky the path, and when the Mount of Vision was hidden by the mists of mortal anguish.

Your heart has often fainted, but it has not failed, and to those who have been true in the darkness what will the light mean?

God grant that I may be near my darling there as here — her sister always.

FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

It is in our power, if not to annihilate pain at least to lessen it by patience, and, even though the body should be perturbed by it to maintain, nevertheless, the soul and the reason by firmness.— MONTAIGNE.

Circumstances spur us as much as they hinder us; it is in the struggle, day by day, with them that we gain muscle for the real life fight. One must look greatly forward to the great. In the light of it one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's work to the end. — JOHN H. GREEN.

Blessed are they that mourn, for their souls shall be Queens of Consolation. — DANTE.

But the human heart, yearning for sympathy in its weakness, and stricken with terror in its defilement, cries out passionately for an incarnate God.

HITCHCOCK.

She has taught the beautiful science of bearing infirmity without losing dignity.

Keep your eyes open for your mercies; that part of piety is eternal, and the man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life. — STEVENSON.

I prayed to God that He would baptize my heart into a sense of the needs and conditions of all men.

GEORGE Fox.

These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven

golden candlesticks: I know thy works and thy labour and thy patience.

October 21st.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished.

The last words, written so short a time before she passed into the shadow, were from a passage on Isaiah vi, by Professor Nash:

"Thus faith creates Israel, who fears no odds and never dreams of turning to the left to build a palace of Art or a Monastery, but goes straight forward and takes his wounds in his breast."

PRAYERS.

From impure thoughts, hasty words and harsh judgments, Good Lord, deliver us.

O thou great Physician, heal me; help me to bring to Thee not only this feeble body, but this perverted mind; this imagination full of impurity and disease. Lay Thine hand upon me and I shall be whole. So fill my heart with love toward Thee that I shall give out light and not darkness.

Thou knowest how weak and sinful I am — how I take Thy name upon my lips and deny it in my life, and have put a barrier of falsehood and self-indulgence and passion between my life and Thee. I am a sheep that is gone astray — I sink in the mire where no ground is. O Lord, let my crying come unto Thee. Teach me to bring my life to Thee that in Thy Strength I may live it as Thy faithful servant and soldier; teach me to bring my grief to Thee, that it may be sanctified of all that is base and selfish, and turned into an inspiration and help, and that by the discipline of all the years I may be made worthier to meet him in Thy presence if it be Thy will.

O God, through whatever pain and darkness and disappointment, draw me to Thee, that I may lose my life in love to Thee and service for Thy children for His sake who came to seek what was lost, to bind up the broken-hearted and to say to the weak and erring: Thy sins be forgiven thee — arise and walk.

O Almighty God, who has given Thine only Son to take our nature upon Him and to suffer death upon the Cross that He might call not the righteous but sinners to repentance, have mercy upon me — release me from my sins — the burden of them is intolerable. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. I

am weak — fill me with Thy strength. Uplift me, strengthen me, sanctify me; give me grace that I may be so brave and patient, so faithful over a few things, that I may do some little work for Thee in Thy good time thro' Him who liveth and was dead and is alive for evermore.

O God, help me to dedicate my spared life in loving service to Thee.

Make me so pure and humble that I may speak Thy words of comfort to those who are in sorrow.

Teach me to live that I may do some little work for Thee elsewhere or here.

O God, train me and use me to relieve some wrong or misery before I leave the world.

O God, Thou knowest all things, purify the thoughts of my mind, pour into my cold and faithless heart such love toward Thee that all life shall glow with new purpose and new meaning.

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